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ART. I. — *The Poets and Poetry of America*; an Article in the Foreign Quarterly Review, for January, 1844. London.

THE earliest notices we have of Britain represent it as fruitful in barbarians, tin, and lead. It has continued so ever since. The Greeks knew something of it, but their notions were vague and uncertain; the Phœnicians, who were to the ancients what the American navigators are to the moderns, found out the island, and drove a profitable trade, exchanging trinkets, that always please the fancy of barbarians and children, for the useful metals which their advanced civilization knew how to put to good use. Herodotus is supposed to have included it in his *Cassiterides* or Tin islands. The barbarous condition of the inhabitants is indicated even by the name, which is derived from the old word *brit*, meaning painted: for they painted their bodies, like the North American Indians.

Cæsar made two expeditions into Britain, as an interlude in his Gallic conquests; and from his graphic pen we have two or three paragraphs describing their manners, — that is, all the manners they had; and it is curious to see how many traits are still preserved, in spite of innumerable mutations, and the silent action of more than eighteen centuries. *Pecorum*, says he, *magnus numerus;* "they have a vast number of sheep"; they have them now. *Ære utuntur importato;* but this at present is unnecessary, as they have brass enough of their own. The ancient Britons thought it im-

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pious to "taste the hare, the hen, and the goose"; this, with a great many other religious scruples, the modern Britons have thrown off; but they still raise game-cocks, *animi voluptatisque causâ*, "for the sake of intellectual delight." In Cæsar's time, the seaboard was settled by people who went over from Belgium, *prædæ ac belli inferendi causâ;* and from these persons came not a little of the partiality for plunder and war, which has ever since been characteristic of the English people. The inhabitants of the interior, he states, fed on milk and flesh, and were clothed with skins. It must be admitted, that, in these respects, a great change has taken place, and for the worse; for, at present, great numbers of the British people are utterly unable to procure milk or flesh, and have no other skins to wear than their own. All the Britons dyed themselves with woad, which produced a blue color, and gave them a more horrible look — a thing quite unnecessary — in battle; the cerulean tint is now confined to the females, and its terrors are exhibited only in society. They did not cut the hair or shave the upper lip; and the same fashion exists to the present day among the dandies, who are their most direct descendants. *Uxores habent deni duodenique inter se communes;* and the records of Doctors' Commons show, that, in these particulars, the English are not a whit behind their barbarous ancestors; nay, the present laws of England carry out the principle, so well stated by the Roman conqueror, *si qui sunt ex his nati, eorum habentur liberi, quo primum virgo quæque deducta est.*

The poets, especially Virgil and Horace, make frequent allusions to the barbarity of the ancient Britons. Horace talks of bringing them in chains down the Sacred Way; of the remote Britons; of visiting in safety — which he never did — the Britons, *hospitibus feros*, "cruel to strangers"; language prophetic of the manner in which he was long afterwards mutilated by the ferocious Bentley; and, in another place, he hints at turning war, famine, and pestilence against the Persians and Britons, regarding them as equally extreme points from the centre of civilization. Virgil speaks of them as divided from the whole earth; which, in a moral sense, they have continued to be ever since.

Tacitus, in his admirable life of Agricola, gives some interesting notices of this barbarous people. He begins, in

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his usual pithy style, by saying, *Britanniam qui mortales initio coluerint, indigenæ an advecti, ut inter barbaros, parum compertum.* He then mentions the light or red hair of the Caledonians, and their brawny limbs; and, in describing the whole nation, he says, they had the same bravery as the Gauls in demanding to be led into danger, and the same cowardice in running from it when it actually came. Here we see the very germ of John Bull's love of bullying; though candor compels us to confess, that he stands fight a little better now than, according to the great historian, he did in former times. The Britons had a notion, too, that respectability consisted in driving a chariot, — *honestior auriga;* undoubtedly the source of the modern reverence for a coach and six,—a feeling which is very nicely graduated for vehicles of every degree of pretension, down to a gig, — constituting what Carlyle very justly calls the "gigmanity" of the British nation. Tacitus proceeds to describe the physical peculiarities of the island, which he does in a masterly manner, and the description is as true to-day, in most particulars, as it was when first written. The Romans, for various reasons, but chiefly because they thought the play was not worth the candle, made but little progress in the conquest, until the enterprise was intrusted to the vigorous genius of Agricola. Even in the time of Quintilian, so little was known of this barbarous dependency, that he expressly affirms, that, in the schools of rhetoric, a common question discussed by the young students as an exercise in elocution was, whether Britain was an island or not; and we are told by no less an authority than a committee of the House of Commons, that precisely the same question being put in the course of their inquiries on the subject of education, many Englishmen, born in the interior probably, exhibited the same geographical uncertainty as formerly existed in the Roman schools.

The early Druidical religion or superstition of these barbarians left its imprint on the national character, and may be traced to the present day. The ancient hierarchy, like the modern, had the exclusive right to teach the doctrines of religion, which they inculcated in verses that sometimes had a hidden meaning; the modern Druids make no verses, and their sermons sometimes have no meaning at all. In other respects, they are very much the same; like their predeces-

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sors, they utter terrible curses on all who dissent from them ; they advocate the keeping of religious knowledge from the people, especially at the great Druidical establishment of Oxford, where the ancient superstitious rites are maintained with a punctilious observance worthy of the darkest ages. They insist on having the exclusive control of the education of the young ; and so great is their power, that, under its influence and the terror of their infuriated denunciations, a reformed House of Parliament recently refused to make a grant of money for a system of national education, unless it should be placed entirely under the direction of the modern Druids, the priests of the established church ; — so priest-ridden have the inhabitants of that Tin island been from the days of Cæsar and Tacitus.

Just as Roman civilization had gained a slight foothold in Britain, the disturbances in the empire compelled the government to withdraw their troops, and leave the half reclaimed barbarians to fall back into their aboriginal condition. Their labors of four centuries were thus completely lost ; and it is a striking proof of the stupidity of the British race, that, just before the Romans bade a final adieu to Britain, they had to " erect anew the wall of Severus, which was built entirely of stone, and which the Britons had not at that time artificers skilful enough to repair." The Britons, then, did not know enough, after some four hundred years of training, to build a stone wall. They have not built many since, but have used hedges, which require less genius, and only need occasionally to be trimmed.

A modern historian judiciously remarks, that " the sudden, violent, and unprepared revolutions incident to barbarians are so much guided by caprice, and terminate so often in cruelty, that they disgust by the uniformity of their appearance ; and it is rather fortunate for letters, that they are buried in silence and oblivion." This train of reflections was suggested to his mind by the contemplation of the *origines* of the English nation ; and it has been recalled to ours by the same process. We shall not, therefore, trace the formation of the national character through its successive stages, under the Saxon robbers, the Danish pirates, and the freebooting adventurers from Normandy, all of whom left distinct marks upon the moral development of the Englishman, until at length the constitution — as a nonentity, about

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which a vast amount of nonsense is dealt out at every session of Parliament, is facetiously termed — was consolidated by the revolution through which the Prince of Orange received the crown ; — of whom it was said, by one who knew whereof he spoke, that " the receiver is as bad as the thief."

Of a people descended from such a stock it would be unreasonable to expect either morals, manners, or poetry ; and we are not at all surprised or disappointed, therefore, by the unfavorable results of a cursory survey of their literature and their public and private history during the last century or two, and of their condition at the present time. The population of England is made up of masters and serfs, otherwise called the aristocracy and the people ; the former being the legitimate, or rather the illegitimate, descendants of the marauding tribes who conquered and settled the country ; and the latter being the present representatives of the barbarous and ignorant races who were subjugated by them. No other theory will account for the insufferable arrogance and haughtiness of the higher class, or the tame submissiveness and cringing servility of the inferior tribe. Among no people in the world, excepting perhaps the Hindoos, are the distinctions of caste more rigidly preserved than in Great Britain. Barriers and fences of every sort are multiplied with the most jealous care, to prevent the dreaded effects of a mixture of races ; and these obstructions are usually sufficient to preserve the purity of blood from any *known and acknowledged* contamination, except when a bankrupt man of rank condescends to repair his ruined fortunes by espousing the daughter of a wealthy merchant, or a titled debauchee forms a matrimonial connection with an actress or an opera-dancer. But usually, a peer and a tradesman, a baronet and a laborer, a country gentleman and one of his tenants, are the representatives respectively of what we might almost call two orders of being. It would be as great a blunder for an Englishman to put the two into the same class, as for a naturalist to place quadrupeds and *quadrumani* in the same order, or, in other words, to rank together a horse and a monkey. It is difficult to say which of the two persons is the most to be pitied, — the one for his overbearing insolence, or the other for the cowed and slavish manner in which he submits to it ; the one who browbeats his inferior with every token of lordly and supercilious contempt, or the

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other, who, "with bated breath, and whispering humbleness," receives the full measure of scorn and contumely.

Some of the most offensive peculiarities of English manners, as they appear to foreigners, have resulted naturally from this absurdly exaggerated estimate of the importance of rank. Hence, an Englishman's coldness and reserve, — his sulkiness in mixed society, — his repulsive manner towards strangers, — his overbearing treatment of domestics and dependents, — his horror at the idea of dining at a *table d'hote*, or of travelling in a crowded conveyance, where he might find himself "cheek by jowl" with an inferior. He manifests all the petty jealousy of a man who is himself half conscious, that his factitious claims to respect and distinction are vastly above his real merits. He is punctilious in exacting all the little observances of station and etiquette, in order that this mortifying consciousness may not be increased by the apparent insensibility of the world around him to his absurd pretensions. Hence, also, the discomposure that he suffers, when he becomes a traveller, and finds the people of continental Europe or of this country not at all inclined to respect those arbitrary distinctions of social life, on which so much stress is put in his own petty island. All the world laughs at a travelling John Bull and his ridiculous humors; his pride and his mortifications; his *hauteur* and his gullibility; his insolence and his ignorance. The polite Frenchman shrugs his shoulders and laughs at the haughty airs of "Milord," and compares him to his own *bouledogue*; the supple Italian cheats him and despises him; the independent Yankee pesters him with questions, annoys him with cool sarcasm when he becomes testy, and treads most remorselessly on the corns of his self-esteem and his prejudices. Bull is obliged to suffer it all, and only finds his revenge, after he returns home, by writing a book to prove that all the nations of the earth are a set of Yahoos, except the inhabitants of enlightened England.

Illustrations of these remarks are so common, that it is useless to cite any, or to specify particular cases in which they are specially applicable. But one instance of the annoyances to which this class of travellers are subject is directly in point. Half the pleasure that an Englishman experiences at a public house in his own country consists in bullying the waiter, who is hectored most unmercifully about

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all the faults, real or supposed, of the whole establishment; and the cringing domestic receives the scarifying lecture with a subdued face and a patient shrug, "for sufferance is the badge of all his tribe," knowing that every box on the ear will be recompensed by a handsome *douceur* to his pocket. This same Englishman goes abroad, to America perhaps, and attempting to practise the same insolence in a hotel there, runs imminent risk of being kicked for his pains by the independent waiter, who, instead of being mollified by the subsequent offer of a shilling or a half crown, actually throws the intended gratuity in his customer's face. The indignant traveller hurries home, and writes a book in a perfect frenzy, in which he expatiates, with great earnestness, upon the insufferable impertinence of republican domestics.

A writer in a late number of the Edinburgh Review, speaking in the name of the English nation, observes, with admirable complacency, "We have a sound, rational, philosophical respect for birth." Of course, this profoundly respectful feeling is entertained only on account of the high moral qualities that are invariably displayed by men of noble blood. We will mention a few facts, therefore, that may throw some light on the moral character of the nobility of England; and, that the examples may not appear obscure or far-fetched, we will begin with royalty itself. George the Fourth, and his brother, the Duke of Cumberland and present King of Hanover, were probably the most profligate men in Great Britain. The character of the former was marked with almost every stain of moral turpitude that can dishonor and degrade a human being; the latter was charged, and that not obscurely, with crimes at which human nature revolts. Before he came to the throne, the former was expelled from the Jockey Club for his dishonest practices; he put a lie into the mouth of his champion in the House of Commons, in regard to his marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert; he appeared as a beggar at the bar of that House, for money to pay the immense debts that he had incurred in his career of gambling, intemperance, and debauchery; he was guilty of the meanest and foulest ingratitude towards his early friend, Sheridan; he persecuted his wife to the death for incontinence, after he had separated from her without cause, and given her a "letter of license," and while, in his own private life, he was emulating the orgies of Tiberius at Capreæ. All the world

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knows the history of that disgusting trial, when a queen of England was brought to the bar of the House of Peers, for adultery; and the storm of popular indignation, roused by the story of such nefarious and disgraceful conduct, was diverted from the guilty wife to fall upon the still more guilty husband. *Sed maxime in lubrico egit acceptâ in matrimonium Juliâ, impudicitiam uxoris tolerans aut declinans.*

Of the wicked and imbecile tyrant whom England has given to Hanover, we can only say, that he is a worthy brother of this English Tiberius. As there are some crimes with the bare mention of which we may not soil our pages, we will only allude to the death of his *valet de chambre*, and the foul circumstances which are supposed to have led to that event. One other passage of his life may be mentioned, as it is involved with the conduct of some other titled personages of the realm. Lady Grosvenor was prosecuted by her noble husband for an intrigue with this Duke of Cumberland, and the guilt of the two parties was fully established; but the lady had recourse to recrimination, and produced abundant testimony to prove the low debaucheries of the Earl, so that his application for a divorce was refused. The facts here cited are no revival of secret scandals or half forgotten calumnies; they stand on the records of the legal tribunals, and were published in all the newspapers of the day.

The next illustration of the morals of the royal family is even a more notorious one; for the affair was investigated by Parliament, and the full and damning proof may be found in the published "Debates." One of the most stately monuments that now arrest the attention of the stranger in London is a circular column of stone, that rises to a great height in a fine situation, on the border of one of the parks. If the traveller asks what is its object, he is told that it was erected in honor of the Duke of York, another brother of George the Fourth, and one who was for a long time commander-in-chief of the British armies. If he asks further, by what virtuous or heroic deeds the Duke merited this high station during life, and this splendid and enduring monument to his memory, the answer is to be found in the proceedings of the House of Commons in 1809. He was then charged with allowing the profligate Mrs. Clarke, who had long been his mistress, to dispose of commissions in the army by bargain and sale; and in the

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investigation that followed, all the essential parts of the accusation were fully established. His connection with this abandoned woman was admitted, and British officers were not ashamed to confess, that they had purchased of her their promotion, which she had obtained by her influence with the Duke. He was compelled to resign the command of the army, but before two years had passed, a venal ministry reinstated him in office. To complete this picture of the royal family, we need only mention the guilty connection of the Duke of Clarence, another of these brothers, with the actress, Mrs. Jordan. The base-born offspring of this shameless union were placed by their father, when he became king of England, among the nobles of the land; and the Fitz Clarences are still conspicuous in the English church, in fashionable society, and at the court of the youthful Queen.

"These are thy gods, O Israel!" These are the members of that royal house of Brunswick, in whose veins flows the blood of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts, and to whom England professes such unbounded loyalty. Such have been the lives and characters of the men who have profited by Englishmen's "sound, rational, philosophical respect for birth." A more lucky family than that of George the Third was never known. Three of the royal profligates, whose conduct we have noticed, ascended a throne, and, since the days of the Roman emperors, never has the sceptre fallen into more weak and wicked hands. Their scandalous courts were often frequented by men of rank, whose morals were as corrupt, and whose lives as dissolute as their own. In our own day, we have seen a Minister of State and a Lord Chancellor, who had run away with other men's wives, and subsequently married the partners of their infamy, admitted, with their consorts, to the councils and the drawing-rooms of their sovereign. As the facts are so notorious, it is only necessary to mention the names of the late Lord Holland and the present Sir Edward Sugden. The English people have a "philosophical respect for birth," and therefore they tolerate such things; but nothing can equal their virtuous indignation at profligate conduct, when the offender is not of high rank. They collect in crowds to hoot a poor actor off the stage, for no other offence than that of "disturbing the conjugal felicity of an alderman."

An abundance of other facts might be cited, to show the

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corruption and dissoluteness that exist in high places in England; but the record is a disgusting one, and we forbear. We will merely allude to some very recent facts, — to the bankruptcy of Lord Huntingtower, the midnight exploits of the Marquess of Waterford, the notoriety of the noble lover of Madame Grisi, and the late prosecution of Lord Cardigan by Lord William Paget. The filthy details of this last case were spread out at length, a few months since, in the columns of the *Times*, the *Morning Chronicle*, and the London *Examiner*, and were thus brought to the knowledge of nearly every family in the land, by means of the very journals which profess a holy horror of the degraded and licentious condition of the newspaper press in America. And English writers, who witness and record such things, continue to boast of "the high standard of morals established in England," and to contrast it, with great pride, with "Parisian laxity."

As they are so fond of preaching morality to other nations, it may be worth while to look for a moment at the conduct of their clergy, their own instructers in virtue. In the course of the last century, a Doctor of Divinity was hanged for forgery; and about thirty years ago, a Lord Bishop of Ireland, a scion of one of the noblest families in the realm, was compelled to fly his country, for a crime not fit to be mentioned. This wretch bore the title of Bishop of Clogher. Within a few months, the particulars of another case of clerical licentiousness have come to light. The Rev. Herbert C. Marsh, son of the distinguished bishop of that name, and rector of Barnave and prebendary of Peterborough, two situations in the church producing about six thousand dollars a year, one or both of which he has held for twelve years, appeared before a court of law to give evidence for establishing his own infamy. He had kept a mistress, and had been intimate with women of the town, both in London and Paris, for many years, while he was all the time wearing the robes, and officiating at the altar as a minister of religion. And these sacred offices and revenues he still holds, having suffered no other punishment than that of exposure and being prohibited from preaching, — a thing of no importance to him, as the active duties of his station are performed by a curate.

The common vices with which the dignitaries of the Eng-

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lish church are chargeable will appear by a brief extract from a tract by Dr. Watson, himself a respectable and beneficed clergyman of the establishment. In the very act of confuting infidels and putting scoffers to silence, he was obliged to use this language of his brethren of the clergy.

"The lofty looks of lordly prelates shall be brought low; the supercilious airs of downy doctors and perjured pluralists shall be humbled; the horrible sacrilege of non-residents, who shear the fleece, and leave the flock, thus despoiled, to the charge of uninterested hirelings that care not for them, shall be avenged on their impious heads. Intemperate priests, avaricious clerks, and buckish parsons, those curses of Christendom, shall be confounded."

Another unimpeachable witness respecting the character of the English clergy is Dr. Southey, among whose polemical writings is a most learned and argumentative defence of the English church. But in "Espriella's Letters," he is compelled to speak of the conduct of its priests as follows:

"The customs of England do not exclude the clergyman from any species of amusement; the popular preacher is to be seen at the theatre, and at the horse-race, bearing his part at the concert and the ball, making his court to old ladies at the card-table, and to young ones at the harpsichord; and in this way, if he does but steer clear of any flagrant crime or irregularity, (which is not always the case, for this order has had more than one Lucifer,) he generally succeeds in finding some widow or waning spinster, with weightier charms than youth and beauty."

When the nation is afflicted with such licentious kings and nobles, and such a profligate clergy, it is not surprising, that immorality and crime should prevail to a frightful extent among the lower classes. The aristocracy, with all the brutality which they inherited from their marauding ancestors, endeavoured to suppress these evils among their serfs, by the terrible severity of the punishments which they enacted. Nothing could equal the appalling character of the criminal code of England during the last century, except the number and the atrocity of the crimes against which it was directed. The laws of Draco were not half so bloody; the American Indian showed less ingenuity in torturing his prisoner at the stake. A hundred and twenty crimes were punishable with death; and Dr. Southey affirmed, in 1807,

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that "more persons annually suffer death in England than in the whole of Christendom besides." The parricide and the fire-raiser were dragged to the scaffold, together with the poor thief who had stolen only a sheep, and the girl who had filched a few yards of lace from a shop. A criminal who refused to plead was laid upon his back, and enormous weights piled upon his breast till he was pressed to death. Women were burned alive at the stake for the same offences for which men were only hanged. As late as 1763, Mary Heald was burned alive at Chester, England, for poisoning her husband. Mrs. Hayes, a murderess, was burned at London, about a century ago, and a crowd stood around, listening to her screams, and watching her vain efforts to push away the fagots. Indeed, there seems to be a mania among these brutal islanders for witnessing public executions. When one is to take place in London, the householders near the spot make large profits by letting out their windows to spectators, and noblemen and ladies of rank are their best customers. Lord William Paget and some ladies of his acquaintance were accommodated in this way at the recent execution of Courvoisier.

The most appalling severity was exercised, of course, on those wretched vassals who conspired to throw off the intolerable yoke of their tyrannical masters. The doom of traitors in this unhappy realm was one at which humanity sickens. The wretches were sentenced to be hanged, but to be cut down while still alive, their bowels to be torn out, and their bodies to be cut into four quarters, and sent to different parts of the land. The ghastly heads were severed from the trunks, and stuck up on spikes over a gate dividing the most crowded thoroughfare in London. Who does not recognize in these atrocities the savageness of the old Danish and Norman vikings and pirates, reducing the conquered barbarians of Britain to tame submission by their frightful cruelties? To mangle, or in any way abuse the dead, has always been deemed an act worthy only of nations in the lowest stage of barbarism. And yet, till within a short period, along the great highways of England were erected numerous gibbets, on which the decaying carcasses of executed highwaymen were hung in chains. "Some five and twenty years ago," says Southey, writing in 1807, "about a hundred such were exposed upon the heath (at Staines, a

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few miles from London) ; so that, from whatever quarter the wind blew, it brought with it a cadaverous and pestilential odor." And this execrable barbarity was allowed by a people who pride themselves on their morality and refinement, and read grave lectures to foreign nations on their vicious conduct and cruel practices !

But all these severities were not adequate to repress the frightful propensity of the English for crime, and therefore a new expedient was to be tried. The attempt is now made to repress vice and wickedness, by thrusting out the participators in them to other shores. Thus it seems, that England produces criminals enough, not only to fill her own borders, but to people other islands and continents with them. Beginning at Botany Bay and Norfolk's Island, she has tried a new experiment in the theory of colonization ; she has actually peopled New Holland and Van Dieman's Land with cheats, thieves, and forgers. A wholly original state of society exists there, the guardians of the laws being the former breakers of them ; housebreakers and highwaymen are converted into jurymen and petty constables, and the pickpocket Barrington is appointed chief justice. We are curious to know what sort of criminal law is enforced in such a court ; their "revised statutes" probably consist of an inverted decalogue.

The barbarous character of the English appears, also, in the brutal sports which are indigenous in the island. The baiting of bulls and bears, it is true, is not common now, though it was much in vogue in the last century. But their proficiency in horse-racing and boxing is still the glory of Englishmen. To their eagerness for the former even their absurd pride of rank gives way ; and on the turf at Epsom and Derby, jockeys and members of the House of Commons, blacklegs and noblemen, meet and cheat each other on a footing of perfect equality. More fortunes and reputations are every year ruined at these noted places, than were ever sacrificed, in the same space of time, at the most noted gambling saloons of Paris. The cruelty to the poor animals is not the worst feature of this savage amusement ; every species of knavery, every extravagance in the way of gambling, is practised without reserve and without remorse. Drugs are given to the horses, or they are poisoned, jockeys are hired not to win, and various other expedients are used,

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by which the ignorant and the unwary are plundered. And among the participators in these nefarious transactions are the noblest personages in the land. These abominable games are not only tolerated, but favored, by the laws ; they are called the "manly, rural sports of England."

Another favorite diversion of John Bull is boxing, one of the most vulgar and savage kinds of personal encounter that was ever peculiar to a nation. Two blackguards, stripped to the waist, and surrounded by their seconds and "bottle-holders," are put in the midst of a ring formed by blacklegs and noblemen, to pummel and bruise each other out of any vestige of the human shape. The most noted of these bruisers, the one who is able to thrash all his fellows in the noble game, is called the champion of England. Such a brute might well be chosen to sustain the fantastic part of the personage who bears the same title at that mountebank show called a "coronation." In what estimation this sport is held appears from the fact, that, a few years ago, Gulley, one of the most notorious of these prize-fighters, was chosen a member of Parliament. At one of these encounters, between Tom Cribb and Molyneux, a negro, when the prize of victory was the "championship," after a battle of thirty-nine minutes, the poor black was carried senseless out of the ring, and the whole kingdom resounded with the praises of the victor. His engraved portrait appeared in all the print-shops ; songs were indited in his honor, and his exploit was heralded in all the newspapers. And at this disgraceful scene, Lord Yarmouth, a senator, a diplomatist, and a statesman, was present, and, we believe, was one of the "backers." The game not unfrequently terminates in the death of one of the parties ; and when this is not the case, the bruised and bloody combatant usually offers a more shocking sight than a man who has just undergone a frightful surgical operation. Certainly, the contests of the Roman gladiators with each other, and with wild beasts, formed, comparatively speaking, a humane and ennobling spectacle.

The evidences we have presented of the essential brutality and licentiousness of the English character are sufficiently striking ; but the picture would be incomplete, if a sketch were not added of the misery and oppression to which the laboring classes, the unhappy descendants of the subjugated

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tribes of savages who once held the island, are exposed. The materials here are so abundant, and the facts so appalling, that we know not how to make a selection, or how to avoid wearying our readers with the sickening details. It is necessary to be brief and moderate, — to give only a few items, and those not the most fearful ones, in the long catalogue of woes and vices that lies open before us, confirmed by undoubted authority. We will say nothing, then, of the immorality, misery, and crime that exist in Ireland, where the conquest of the native barbarians is of most recent date, and where, consequently, the ruthless sway of the brutal victors is most keenly felt. We will say nothing of the condition of the Irish poor, huddled together in mud cabins by the wayside, in which fowls, pigs, women, and children occupy one room, and share one couch, the hard earth, — the human creatures clad in rags not sufficient for decency, feeding upon a little store of potatoes and buttermilk, going forth in crowds to beg, and often dying of starvation at the very gates of the sumptuous castles and country-seats in which the licentious nobles and pampered clergy of the land are wallowing in luxury. We will say nothing of the outbreaks of popular disorder to which these miseries urge the unhappy people, — of the conflagrations and murders that often abound over a whole district, till an overwhelming force of troops is poured into it, and after a number of the wretches have been transported or hanged, the remainder of the excited populace sink back into their dens. We will pass over the general condition even of the English poor, worn out by hard labor and dying of unhealthy food in their cottages, or sinking under exhausting employments and a pestilential atmosphere in the garrets and cellars of the manufacturing towns, or crowded into workhouses, in which a graduated system of starvation has been established by law. We will speak only of the sufferings and brutality to which the women and children are exposed, since these classes seem to have the strongest claims on the humanity of a civilized and Christian nation.

The reports recently made to Parliament, respecting the employment of women and children in the factories and the mines, present a multitude of heart-sickening details, to which, we dare affirm, neither the present experience nor the past history of any other country affords a parallel. In

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most of the large manufactories throughout the kingdom, children, or rather infants, of both sexes, many of them being less than nine years of age, were kept at hard labor for twelve, fourteen, or even sixteen hours every day. Made dizzy with the hammering and clatter of engines and the whirling of wheels, breathing an atmosphere full of dust, and flying cotton, and every species of noisome effluvia, these little victims were kept at the incessant task under the lash of their tormentors. No provision was made for their moral or intellectual culture, and the pittance that was given them hardly supplied them with necessary food. Stunted alike in mind and body, bruised by kicks and blows from the brutal overseers, often falling asleep on their feet before the untiring engines, and dismissed at night to gnaw a crust for supper, and then to catch a few hours of slumber on the straw, — these poor children might well envy the condition, not merely of slaves in the West Indies, but of the brutes at home, in the stall and the sty. For a long period, this atrocious system of tyranny was continued without attracting notice or comment. British philanthropy had no time to listen to the wail of infants at its own doors ; it was busily occupied in preaching about the horrors of slavery at the antipodes, and in "hemming moral pocket-handkerchiefs" for black babies in the West Indies. At last, the subject attracted the attention of Parliament, and that body, two or three years ago, mercifully fixed the age of admission *at nine years*, and the period of work for children at *eight hours* daily, except in the silk factories, where they might be admitted at any age, and employed for any length of time.

Dark as this picture is, there is a still blacker page in the account of the infamous treatment of children in England. British barbarity has hunted its victims into the bowels of the earth, and in the depths of the coal mines atrocities are practised, the bare recital of which makes the whole heart sick and the head faint. To comprehend the nature of the employment, it is necessary to understand the construction of the mines. Perpendicular shafts are sunk to a great depth in the earth, and from the bottom of them horizontal galleries, usually several hundred yards in length, branch off in various directions. At the end of one of these passages, in a dark but hot cell, the air filled with the stifling coal dust,

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and feebly lighted by a single lamp, a swart and brawny man, entirely naked, is at work with a shovel and pickaxe, breaking down the coal from its primitive bed, and heaping it into little wagons. Male and female children, from four to twelve years of age, are employed to pass the whole length of these galleries on their hands and knees, dragging these wagons behind them, to the foot of the shaft. The necessity of employing very young children for this work arises from the low and narrow dimensions of the passage, which is often but twenty, and seldom more than thirty-two, inches high. The poor child, wearing only a pair of coarse and ragged trousers, is fitted with a girdle to which a chain is attached, that passes between its legs, and is fastened to the wagon behind. Slowly then, through the long gallery, over the broken and sharp surface, often through water several inches in depth, the poor wretch creeps on its hands and knees, dragging the heavy weight behind. Sometimes, instead of wearing the girdle and chain, it creeps behind the wagon, the forehead resting against it, and thus pushing it forward. The skin is often rubbed and bruised against the board or by the pressure of the girdle, and the heavy chain strikes against the legs and excoriates them. And to these sufferings, half-naked girls, from six to twelve years of age, are exposed for twelve hours in the day. Frightful accidents sometimes occur, from the earth above the galleries falling in, or from the explosion of the "fire-damp," and the children are buried alive, or miserably scorched, or burned to death.

These facts appear so extraordinary and appalling, that it is necessary to substantiate them by testimony; and the evidence lies before us, to an overwhelming amount, in two great folios containing the reports of the commissioners, made to Parliament in 1842. The commissioners visited the mines, and the evidence was taken on oath. The following is an abridged extract from the report of S. S. Scriven, Esq., sub-commissioner for inspecting the mining districts of Halifax and Bradford.

"I have often been shocked in contemplating the hideous and any thing but human appearance of the colliers, who are generally found in a state of bestial nakedness, lying their whole length along the uneven floor, and supporting their heads upon a board or short crutch. Black and filthy as they are, in their

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low, dark, heated, and dismal chambers, they look like a race fallen from the common stock. It did not much surprise me to be told, that old age came prematurely upon them, and that they were 'mashed up' at forty or forty-five. The only wonder is, that human life should be even so far prolonged in an atmosphere constantly impregnated with noxious gases, together with the exhausting effect of excessive perspiration."

In respect to the number of children employed in the mines,

"I should say they average at least twelve to every pit in the two unions (of Halifax and Bradford); there being upwards of 300 pits, it follows that there are near 4,000 children and young persons between the ages of five and eighteen, employed as hurriers, thrusters, trappers, &c. Joseph Gledhill, a banksman, states, that he took his child into the pit at three years old; it was made to follow him to the workings, there to hold the candle, and when exhausted with fatigue, was cradled upon the coals till his return at night. This child he took *regularly* to work at the age of *five;* another he took between four and five, and a third between five and six. A reference to the tables will show seventeen out of thirty, in six pits, between that age and *nine.*

"Hurriers are children who draw loaded corves or wagons, weighing from two to five hundred weight, from the headings to the main gates. In the thin seams, this is done upon their hands and feet, having frequently no greater height from the floor to the ragged roof, than sixteen, eighteen, and twenty inches. To accomplish their labor the more easily, they buckle round their naked persons a broad leather strap, to which is attached in front a ring, and about four feet of chain terminating in a hook. The younger children thrust in pairs. The average of their wages is 4*s.* 8½*d.* a week.

"Girls from *five* to *eighteen* perform all the work of boys. There is no distinction whatever in their coming up the shaft or going down, — in the mode of hurrying or thrusting, — in the weights of corves or the distances they are hurried, — in wages or dress. Indeed, it is impossible to distinguish, either in the darkness of the gates (galleries) in which they labor, or in the cabins, before the broad light of day, an atom of difference between one sex and the other. They are to be found alike vulgar in manner, and obscene in language. But who can feel surprise at their debased condition, when they are known to be constantly associated, and only associated, with men and boys, living and laboring in a state of disgusting nakedness and bru-

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tality, while they have themselves no other garment than a ragged shift, or a pair of broken trousers, to cover their persons?

"The children that excite the greatest commiseration are those who stand behind the doors to open and shut them for the thrusters to pass; they are called 'trappers,' who, in the darkness, solitude, and stillness as of night, eke out a miserable existence for the smallest amount of wages. I can never forget the first unfortunate creature that I met with; it was a boy of about eight years old, who looked at me, as I passed, with an expression of countenance the most abject and idiotic, — like a thing, a creeping thing, peculiar to the place. On approaching and speaking to him, he slunk trembling and frightened into a corner, from which neither coaxing nor temptations would draw him out."

Thomas Mitchell, a boy thirteen years of age, gave the following evidence.

"I have hurried four years for Thomas Mitchell (his uncle); I do n't know what you mean by *uncle;* I never heard of Jesus Christ; I do n't know what you mean by *God;* I never heard of Adam, nor know what you mean by Scriptures. I have heard of a Bible, but do n't know what it is about. If I tell a lie, I do n't know whether 't is good or bad."

Mr. James Wilcox, a proprietor of mines, says: —

"You have expressed some surprise at Thomas Mitchell not having heard of God. I judge that there are very few colliers about here that have."

Sally Fletcher, eight years old, testifies: —

"I have worked here short of two years; I cannot read or write; I never went to any school, day or Sunday; I go to work between six and seven o'clock in the morning; I thrust corves with Josh Atkinson; he is ten years of age; I do n't go home to dinner, I get it at the pit's mouth. I always have my trousers and jacket on, and also my clogs. We sometimes hurry 20 corves a day, and have 400 yards to hurry them."

Esther Craven, aged fourteen, says: —

"I have been hurrier for Joseph Ibbotson all the time of five years. I have one brother a hurrier, and a sister a hurrier, and a little one at home. I get my breakfast before I come, and bring my dinner with me, — a piece of cake; when I go home, I get milk and meal, sometimes potatoes. I hurry in trousers,

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bare-legged, and a pair of old stays. Joseph Ibbotson often *brays* (beats) us; he was beating my sister when you came down. I many a time hurt my feet by hurrying; I get all the skin off my leg sometimes by the stones in the gate, and with the rail ends when they are loose. A pick struck me once and broke my finger. I cannot read or write. I never think naught about being brayed a bit by the getters."

Harriet Craven, aged eleven, says: —

"I am sister of Esther Craven. What made me cry when you came down was because Ibbotson had been braying me; he flung a piece of coal as big as my head at me, and it struck me in my back. I have thrust for him three years. I cannot read or write; I do not go to Sunday school, — never went in my life. I hurry in trousers, bare-legged."

And could no sharp cry of anguish, or dull groan under stupefying pain, reach even from the depths of these dreadful pits to the ears of the philanthropists of Christian and enlightened England? Alas! no; they were occupied with projects for promoting the spiritual welfare of the Chinese, and for ameliorating the condition of the fat and indolent negroes, the happy though brutish dwellers in the tropical climate of the West Indies. Far be it from us to extenuate in any way the evil and the wrong of slavery; but we may affirm, that the condition of the galley slaves in France, or of the blacks in Cuba and the Carolinas, compared with that of English children immured in the coal mines, is like the contrast of Elysium with Tartarus. We could almost find it in our hearts to adopt the project ascribed to the Spanish philanthropist, Las Casas, and advocate the bringing of negroes from Africa to be slaves in England, so that these infants might be released from the horrors of the mines, and be clothed, fed, and taught. The subject is now at last before Parliament, and probably some scanty and inefficient measure of relief will be proposed and enacted; but no compensation can be made for past sufferings, nor will any effectual preventive of such cruelties be established for the future, lest it should somewhat diminish the enormous incomes of a few of the coal-digging nobility.

As we have been led to speak incidentally of slavery and the slave-trade, it may be worth while to examine for a moment the exclusive and arrogant pretensions of England to humanity and disinterestedness in endeavouring to put a stop

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to these evils. Let it be remembered, then, that little more than thirty years have elapsed, since Englishmen were the leaders in the abominable traffic; that under her laws slaves were first introduced into this country; that English capital and English ships were largely employed in "Guinea voyages"; and that there are men still living in Liverpool and Bristol, whose immense fortunes were solely acquired in this trade. John Newton, the pious friend of Cowper, once commanded a Guinea ship, and was accustomed, in his trips to Africa, to provide himself with a large store of "prayer-books and handcuffs." The traffic was long obstinately defended in Parliament, and the speeches of some of the most eminent British statesmen, in its support, are now on record among the published debates. "For twenty-five years," says Lord Brougham, "I am ashamed to repeat, for twenty-five years, to the lasting disgrace of the Parliament, the African slave-traffic was thus defended." Tardily and reluctantly did England consent to the abolition of the trade, more than twenty years after the time when the United States, by the adoption of the Federal Constitution, had fixed a period for its termination. Still, she continued to hold slaves in the British West Indies, and to subject them to sharper sufferings than any that the corresponding class were exposed to in any other country. Such were the barbarities practised in Barbadoes and Jamaica, that, in spite of the natural fruitfulness of the negro race, there was, between 1818 and 1824, a frightful decrease of the slave population; while the negroes in North America, where they were better fed and better treated, multiplied rapidly. We quote the fervent language of Lord Brougham, applied to one case of English cruelty towards slaves, which occurred as lately as 1826.

"It is painful to me that I cannot stop here, — that I must try faintly to paint excesses unheard of in Christian times, — which to match we must go back to heathen ages, to the days and to the stations, wherein absolute power made men, but pagan men, prodigies of cruelty exaggerated by caprice, — that I must drag before you persons moving in the higher walks of life, and exerting proportionable influence over the society they belong to: an English gentleman and an English gentlewoman accused, guilty, convicted of the most infernal barbarity; and an English community, so far from visiting the enormity with contempt

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or indignant execration, that they make the savage perpetrators the endeared objects of esteem, respect, and affection."

It is useless to give the details of the case here referred to, or of a multitude of others, which incontestibly establish the fact, that, while the English continued to hold slaves, the essential brutality and savageness of the English character led to a treatment of them far more inhuman than that of the negroes owned by Spanish, Portuguese, or American masters. The institution existed under the protection of British law, and these atrocities were practised by British hands, till about ten years ago, when the first great step was taken by Parliament for the abolition of slavery. The policy then commenced was consummated only six years ago, when the act was passed for the final emancipation of slaves throughout the English colonies. And thus having professed a sullen and dilatory repentance, having thus lately cleared her own skirts of an evil which she had done more than any people in the world to establish and perpetuate, while the gold earned for her by slaves was still in her coffers, and before the chains had yet grown rusty with which she had bound them, England suddenly appoints herself *custos morum* for the universe, and attempts, by Quintuple Treaties and other means, to bully all the nations of the earth into philanthropy.

The repentance of a profligate and a debauchee, if it be but sincere, may justly demand from mankind a fair measure of charity and forbearance. We would not taunt him with his former vices ; we would not always open before him the foul record of sins not yet atoned for, and of a course of iniquity so long pursued, that it has left a permanent taint in the constitution. But the zeal of the new convert to virtue must be tempered with some discretion and humility. He must not arrogantly claim the privilege, that belongs only to men who have always preserved a spotless character, of rebuking with severity the imperfections of a fellow-man. He must not attempt to assume the part of Cato, when his own early career was that of a Catiline. He must not harshly censure the faults of another, lest men should be tempted to think of the devil reproving sin. As long as slavery continues to be tolerated in America, as long as a single negro remains in the British West Indies, so long it behooves England to lay her hand upon her mouth, and to bow her head in

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the dust ; for the institution and the man are there in consequence of her own acts.

Of the tyrannical character of the English government, and the inhumanity of the people when engaged in war, the present condition and past history of Ireland afford the most melancholy proofs. Few pages in the annals of any nation are so deeply stained with blood as the records of the Irish rebellion in 1798. The North American savages might have learned a lesson from the atrocities practised on both sides, — by the insurgents, maddened by a long course of suffering and oppression, and by the troops and magistrates who were employed to put them down. "Although no public act," says Plowden, "sanctioned the picketings, stranglings, floggings, and torturings to extort confessions, yet under the very eye of government, and with more than their tacit permission, were these outrages practised, in breach of the constitution, and in defiance of humanity and policy." We learn from the same authority, that, three or four hours after an unsuccessful attack by the rebels on the town of Naas, where Lord Gosford commanded, the royal forces murdered fifty-seven persons out of a crowd in the streets ; "and many of them were shot when escaping from their huts, which were set on fire. Others were taken out of their houses, and instantly hanged in the street. Such was the brutal ferocity of some of the king's troops, that *they half roasted and ate of the flesh of one man, by the name of Walsh, who had not been in arms.*" After the battle at Vinegar Hill, a house used as a hospital by the rebels was set on fire, in which many sick and wounded were burned to death. One ingenious mode of torture was the application of a *pitched cap* to the head of a rebel, or *croppy*, as he was called, because the insurgent party wore their hair short. If one of these "roundheads," or a person having any part of his dress of a green color, was seen in the streets, he was seized by the soldiers, and a cap made of coarse linen or strong brown paper, smeared with pitch on the inside, was put on his head, to which it adhered so firmly, that it could not be disengaged without laceration of the hair and skin.

These barbarities, it is admitted, were practised reciprocally ; though the most trustworthy historians assert, that "more cold blood was shed, more property destroyed, more houses burned, and more women abused by the troops, than

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by the insurgents." Parties of the former were sent out to scour the country, "who hunted, not unfrequently with dogs, in the brakes, hedges, ditches, and woods, to spring any unfortunate peasant that might have concealed himself from the fury of these blood-hunters." The practice of shooting prisoners in cold blood, without trial, was quite common. At Carnew, twenty-eight prisoners were brought out of the place of confinement, and deliberately shot by the yeomen; and at Dunlavin, thirty-four were shot without trial, and, among them, the informer, on whose evidence they were arrested. Every kind of mockery was practised, to enhance the bitterness of death. The rebel general, Murphy, "being a priest, was tauntingly desired to work miracles, scoffed at, and particularly insulted by a young officer, who went the length of offering indecent insult to his person; which so irritated his feelings, that, though on the brink of eternity, with his fist he knocked down the officer at a blow. He was then flagellated, and instantly hanged."

The accounts of such atrocities must appear incredible; but we have not made a single statement that is not confirmed by Plowden, the able and faithful historian of Ireland. Let the reader remember, that these acts were perpetrated within the lifetime of the present generation, in a Christian land, under a government that professes to be the most civilized, intelligent, just, and humane of any on the globe. We are not here reciting traditional tales of the cruelties practised in the contests of the Danish pirates and Norman invaders with the native, painted barbarians of the island; we are not narrating the horrors of the war of extermination waged by the infidel Turks against the Greeks; we have simply culled a few facts from the history of Ireland under the administration of Cornwallis, Castlereagh, and Pitt. And these deeds were done by men who affected to shudder at the crimes of the first French revolution; who wept over the fate of the victims of the guillotine; who are now besieging all the courts of Europe with importunities to put a stop to the slave-trade; and who lift up their voices in righteous indignation, when they hear that Lynch law has been occasionally practised in a frontier town in the backwoods of America, in order to drive some gamblers and horse-jockeys out of the neighbourhood. What consistent humanity! What just, enlightened, and impartial philanthropists!

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If we look at the foreign policy of England, — her intercourse with other countries, her diplomacy in peace, and her conduct in war, — we find fresh and striking illustrations of the perfidy, cruelty, and injustice of the government, supported and sanctioned by the people. The full proof of this assertion would carry one over a wide tract of the recent history of the country, and fill a volume rather than an article. We are able only to glance at two or three passages in the last great struggle of England with France. The first point to be noted is, that the war itself was brought about by a gross and shameless violation of faith on the part of the former country. She had formally covenanted to surrender Malta, and though the performance of this engagement was demanded again and again, she obstinately refused to yield possession. The avowed breach of a solemn treaty, executed only a year before, was considered as nothing, so long as her strength at sea enabled her to be faithless with impunity. Bonaparte indignantly remarked to the English minister, "The English people have no respect for treaties; henceforth, they must be shrouded in black crape. Woe to those who violate them! they must answer for the consequences to all Europe."

A still more atrocious act, in violation of plighted faith and the laws of nations, was committed by the English government in 1804, by which Spain was compelled to take part with France in the war against Great Britain. The arrogant demands and hostile aggressions of the latter country had failed to drive the feeble Spanish government out of that neutral position, in which alone it could hope for any safety from the piratical attacks of that power, which then seemed to covet the title of "the great robber of the seas." But England was not thus to be foiled, when she wished for war as a pretext for plundering an inert but wealthy people. The treasure frigates of Spain were on the ocean, homeward bound from America, bearing an immense sum in bullion and coin. Without any declaration of hostilities, in a state of profound peace, which the Spanish ministry had dearly purchased by submitting to every insult and aggression, "at the very moment when English vessels were enjoying the full rights of hospitality in the harbours of Spain," England resolved to seize and plunder these frigates. A naval force, just sufficient to make resistance hopeless, though

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not large enough to justify the Spanish commander in striking his flag without a contest, was sent out on this freebooting expedition. The squadrons met, and an action ensued, in which, after one of the Spanish vessels was blown up, and nearly four hundred Spaniards were killed, the three frigates were captured, and, with the treasure they contained, amounting to more than ten millions of dollars, were carried into an English port. A more high-handed act of piracy and murder on the high seas never was committed — we will not say, by a civilized nation — but by the buccaneers of the West Indies, or by the corsairs of northern Africa. The ministry and the nobility of England, who sanctioned the deed, showed that they had not only inherited, but had improved upon, the cruelty and lawlessness of their ancestors, the piratical Danes and Normans. Mr. Pitt and Lord Hawkesbury seemed to be emulous of the reputation of Captain Kidd, and if strict justice had been meted out to them, they would have "suffered," like that noted freebooter, at Execution Dock. In vain did a few members of the opposition in Parliament raise their voices against this deed, as "an unwarrantable invasion of the rights of nations, and an act derogatory to the honor of the British name." To acknowledge the criminality of the action was to assume the duty of making restitution of the money; and the English people were bribed by the ten millions of dollars to sanction the conduct of their ministers, and to share their guilt.

Mr. Alison, the Tory historian of the war, who seizes every occasion and pretext to defend the conduct of his countrymen, and vilify that of their antagonists, is shamed into impartiality by the flagrant character of this transaction, and is compelled to speak of it as "the darkest blot on the character of England which the annals of the revolutionary war can exhibit." We differ from him in opinion, and think the censure is too strong. Three years afterwards, a deed of darker atrocity, surrounded with greater horrors, stained more deeply with blood and crime, was ordered by the ministry, was effected by the army and navy, and was sanctioned by the parliament and the people, of Great Britain. We refer to the bombardment of Copenhagen, and the seizure of the Danish fleet, in 1807. The two countries were at peace with each other, the most amicable relations existing between

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them, and not the slightest complaint was made of the conduct of the Danes. At this period, England suddenly demanded, that the Prince Royal of Denmark should surrender his whole fleet into her keeping, to be retained till the conclusion of the war; and that this modest request might be made with due formality, it was brought to Copenhagen by an envoy who was accompanied by twenty-seven ships of the line, and twenty thousand land troops.

Though the Danes were wholly unprepared for hostilities, the ramparts being unarmed, the fleet unequipped, and few regular soldiers within the walls, the Prince indignantly refused to submit to the arrogant demand. "No example," said he to the British envoy, "no example is to be found in history of so odious an aggression as that with which Denmark is menaced; more honor may now be expected from the pirates of Barbary than the English government. You offer us your alliance! Do we not know what is its worth? Your allies, vainly expecting your succours for an entire year, have taught us what is the worth of English friendship." As the Danes persisted in this refusal, the envoy coolly informed them, that "the horrors of a besieged and bombarded capital must fall on their own heads." The troops were accordingly landed, the ships were drawn up before the city, and the bombardment began, and was continued for three days and nights. The inhabitants sustained with heroic resolution the flaming tempest; but in spite of all their efforts, the conflagration spread with frightful rapidity. "From the top of a tower," says an eyewitness, "I beheld the extent of the devastation; whole streets were level with the ground; eighteen hundred houses were destroyed; almost every house in the town bore some marks of violence; fifteen hundred of the inhabitants lost their lives, and a vast number were wounded." The Danes defended themselves like men, but the obvious danger of the total destruction of the city at last compelled them to yield; and the only terms they could obtain were the unconditional surrender of the whole fleet, and all the artillery and naval stores that the place contained. The English armament then returned, carrying "the magnificent prize" of eighteen ships of the line, fifteen frigates, and a number of smaller vessels.

"The Copenhagen expedition," says Mr. Alison, "ex-

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cited a prodigious sensation throughout Europe; and as it was a mortal stroke levelled at a neutral power, without any previous declaration of war then ascertained, or ground for hostility, it was generally condemned as an uncalled for violation of the law of nations."* "Blood and fire," said Napoleon, "have made the English masters of Copenhagen." A general cry of indignation burst forth against them, and was echoed all over the Continent, and throughout the civilized world. No language is strong enough to characterize an act of such atrocity that it would be difficult to find a parallel to it in the annals of mankind. The common epithets, with which we stigmatize the conduct of the pirate and the felon, seem ludicrously inadequate to describe a crime of such stupendous magnitude. It is little to say, that it combines the guilt of highway robbery, arson, and murder; for never before were these crimes committed on so grand a scale. Amidst the flames of that devoted capital, on which the storm of war suddenly burst with such ruthless violence, while its inhabitants were looking up in confidence to a peaceful sky, in which murdered women and children sunk down by the side of the strong men and active

* Mr. Alison contradicts himself more than once in his comments upon this affair, and exhibits in this and other places a pitiable confusion of ideas, that we can hardly reconcile with his other high qualities as a historian. The passage quoted above seems to convey a strong censure upon this measure of the British ministry; but on the very next page, he alludes to the secret articles of the Treaty of Tilsit as affording a complete vindication of this abominable breach of international law, and showing that "the conception of the measure was honorable to the government." Then again, he goes on to speak of the detestation with which the act was regarded by a small party of his countrymen, as being "creditable to the public mind *and the severe principles of morality which religious faith and long established habits of freedom had produced in Great Britain.*" This is admirable. If the measure itself was an *honorable* one, how happens it, that it was *creditable* to the moral feelings of a portion of the British public, that they visited it with the severest censure? And what shall we think of the historian, who concludes his account of the expedition to Copenhagen with the following ludicrous exhibition of twaddling morality and national self-esteem? "Contrasting this honorable feeling (the detestation aforesaid) with the utter confusion of all moral principle which in France resulted from the Revolution, and the universal application to public measures of no other test than success, it is impossible to deny, that the religious feelings and the tempered balance of power, which in England both saved the country from a disastrous convulsion, and, by restraining the excesses of freedom, preserved its existence, were equally favorable to the maintenance of that high standard of morality, which, in nations as well as individuals, constitutes the only secure basis of durable prosperity." Certainly, Mr. Alison's *forte* does not consist in irony.

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combatants, pierced by sharp shot, or buried under the fall of the burning houses, — in that dreadful scene, continued for three days and nights, appeared an awful illustration of that regard for honor, justice, and humanity, which has been claimed as characteristic of the British government and people.

We know it is urged, in palliation of this fearful crime, that Napoleon was prepared to seize the Danish fleet, if England had not anticipated him. But what consolation did this plea afford to injured Denmark, thus placed between rival plunderers ? Is the highwayman justified in robbing and murdering the peaceful traveller, because he knows there is another footpad on the road, into whose hands the victim will be likely to fall, if he escapes from the first robber ? Instead of palliating the crime, this plea only fixes a deeper stain on the character of the perpetrator, who confessesthat he is actuated only by a desire to rival another brigand in the career of blood and crime. And yet, the government which is guilty of such acts, and is guided by such motives, assumes the right of reading a moral lecture to other nations on the obligations of natural law, and the necessity of conforming to the high principles of humanity and justice !

It is impossible that so peculiar a history, and so unexampled a state of morals, as the preceding brief survey has shown to exist in England, should not have produced singular effects in the literary and poetic development of the nation, when it had partly emerged from barbarism. We trace the successive steps of their intellectual formation in the changes through which their anomalous language has passed, from the earliest monuments that have come down to us. We have nothing to illustrate the language of the original Tin-men, who held the island in the time of Cæsar and Tacitus ; but the culture of the Romans must have had some influence upon the speech of that portion of the inhabitants who were not too leaden to receive it. After the Danes and Saxons had conquered the tribes more barbarous than themselves, some traces of a poetical spirit begin to appear. But the piratical Danes and robber Saxons were men of large fists and small brains ; men of many blows and few thoughts ; harsh, hard-headed, gruff as northern bears, whom they strongly resembled in temper, manners, and tones of voice. Their language corresponded to the paucity

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of their ideas; it was brief, snappish, growling; harmonious as the howl of wolves, intelligible as the scream of vultures. The best productions of Anglo-Saxon genius have but little interest, except as the monuments of an ancient race. They are obscure and awkward; they abound in those tricks of assonance and alliteration, that indicate the love of the savage for jingle, and the total absence of art and refinement.

The Normans, bad as they were when judged by any moral standard, were less barbarous than the Saxons. They had some tincture of civility, inherited, at a long remove, from the Romans. Their language, degenerate daughter as it was of the ancient mother, was not a stranger to the expression of gentle sentiments, or to the poetry of the softening passions. They came in, it is true, like a swarm of vagabond robbers; but they brought with them the elements of culture, and a certain high aristocratic cast of manners and countenance, which doubtless benefited the boorish tribes over whom they tyrannized. They made slaves of the churls whom they found on the island, and, to a certain extent, by their own somewhat polished dialect, supplanted the Saxon language, which was wholly insufficient and unfit for the wants of civilized life. The Norman French became the language of the court and the politer circles, — politer only in comparison with the Saxon savages. In the natural progress of things, an amalgam of the two was produced, by the eclectic process of adding to the Saxon the words expressive of those ideas which had never entered the hard heads of the barbarians. It is a curious proof of the entire absence of civilization in the Saxon race, that the Norman French supplied the language of the island with nearly all the terms descriptive of articles of food, when prepared for the use of civilized man, while the names of the raw materials remained Saxon; proving, by the incontestible evidence of etymology, that the Saxons were scarcely acquainted with the common arts of cookery, and probably devoured their food like the beasts of prey. We may remark, in confirmation of this view, that the Norman aristocracy of England have been obliged, ever since the Conquest, to import their cooks from France, having found their subjects wholly incapable of preparing a dish of any description, that a stomach of less power than an ostrich's could digest. The Saxon sheep was boiled into

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Norman mutton; the Saxon calf was *fricandeaued* into Norman veal; the Saxon ox was roasted into Norman beef; and so on, through the whole national bill of fare. This language, thus compounded of the rude Saxon materials and the more cultivated Norman, is substantially the spoken and written language of the present day, among those, at least, who claim to be civilized; for the great mass of the English nation gibber their scanty thoughts in a complication of hideous sounds, which neither gods nor men can comprehend. They are not merely like their savage ancestors; but having so long been trodden in the dust by the Norman robbers, they have lost the consciousness even of their former beastly liberty, and with it all the virtues, such as they are, of savage life.

From a nation composed of such discordant elements, descended from such dishonest ancestry, speaking a language made up of such harsh, jarring, and hostile vocables, it would be unfair to expect a free and harmonious intellectual development. At every period of their literary history, they have had to look abroad for models; all the arts which exist in England have been laboriously transplanted from other countries, to whose genius the barbaric British mind was compelled to go to school. Music came from Italy, but, taking cold and growing hoarse in the eternal damps of that seabound realm, fled back again in dismay. John Bull was trained to dance quadrilles by the French, and he has succeeded as well as a dancing bear; the waltz and transcendental philosophy were borrowed from Germany; and surely, in the whole range of modern spectacles, there is not one so well suited to inspire serious reflections upon the uncertainty of human affairs, as an Englishman of the present day attempting to wind through the mazes of a waltz, or to thread a dark problem of Teutonic metaphysics. Historical painting has been attempted, but each attempt has been a failure; portrait-painting has met with a little better success, because that branch of the art appealed to the personal vanity of the Normans, — the most self-conceited race, probably, that ever played off their fantastic tricks before high heaven. But what picture, displaying a particle of original genius, has ever been painted by an Englishman? When, after the burning of the parliament-house, it was proposed to build a new one, and adorn it with historical pictures, so thoroughly ignorant were

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the Tin-islanders of the principles of art, that the government was obliged to send to Bavaria, and intreat the illustrious Cornelius, who is one of the fifty or sixty great historical painters in that small kingdom, to help them out of their distress with his advice. He went over and tried to make the British barbarians comprehend something; but his success was not very encouraging. The world is on tiptoe to see with what savage embellishment these slow-witted and aping islanders mean to blazon the halls that are destined to hold the wordy wisdom of the nation. He who wishes to know the best that British genius can do in the way of sculpture may look at Chantrey's equestrian statue of George the Fourth, which, with that delicate perception of appropriateness that marks all their insular attempts in the fine arts, is to form part of the monument to Nelson. A recent journal says, "It may now be seen, as the bard of Blarney singeth,

> "'Like Alexander or Helen fair,
> Standing all naked in the open air,
> Nigh the cocked-hat column of Trafalgar Square.'"

The statue of the profligate King, whose knavery degraded him even in the eyes of British blacklegs, is a fit companion to a monument raised by the gratitude of the nation to the Admiral-Duke, who shamelessly violated his marriage vows, lived in adulterous connection with a prostitute, and, to complete the tale of his infamy, at her bidding, put to an ignominious death, by hanging, a gray-haired Italian nobleman, who threw himself on British honor, protected, as he imagined, by the express and solemn terms of an amnesty.

It may be asked, if the English are such universal plagiarists, where they got their manners. What foreign nation had the honor of teaching John Bull the minor morals? Where did he go to school to acquire good breeding? Nowhere, because he has none. Here he resembles no other being under heaven; "none but himself can be his parallel."

Turning, for a moment, from this cursory survey to the special subject of literature, — British literature, as some of the native writers humorously call it, — we find the same pilfering and aping disposition. Italy, Spain, France, and more recently Germany, have successively been laid under contribution to supply the deficiencies of English intellect. Even in individual cases, few and far between, where original talent was not wanting, as in that of Shakspeare, the

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natural tendency of the Englishman, inherited through a long line of intellectual pickpockets, has broken out, and he has stolen, when stealing was quite unnecessary, — by preference, and, as it were, to keep his hand in. How little scruple had the Stratford deer-stealer, in enlarging the sphere of his practice! With what natural ease and grace did he turn his light and nimble fingers to the conveying of plots, scenes, and long passages *verbatim*, from the works of other, perhaps forgotten, writers, to his own wonderful plays! Milton was the very Napoleon of poetry; he levied taxes and heavy contributions on all ancient and modern writers. Take away the loans he forced from the Greeks and Romans, and the large supplies from the Italian narrative poets, — reclaim the devils' battles, and silence the devils' speeches, which he stole from Saxon Cædmon, the old Monk of Whitby, — strip him of the ornaments which he has picked with grasping hand from every storehouse of the literary world, not disdaining to borrow largely even from the Jews; and you will leave him as helpless as Bonaparte, after the battle of Waterloo; — you will bind him to a barren rock of St. Helena in the ocean of poetry, an object of curiosity and wonder, and a warning example of the downfall of literary usurpers.

The highest effort of national genius is undoubtedly an epic poem. Shakspeare was too indolent to steal enough to make one; Milton had several epic schemes, but executed none of them; for, whatever "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" may be, they are not national epics. It was reserved to men of bolder and more aspiring genius to achieve this great task; to place their names in characters of living light upon the immortal scroll of heroic bards. Homer heads the list of the epics of the world, and — *Robert Pollok* closes it. The constellation of English genius includes those bright stars, Cowley's "Davideis," Glover's "Leonidas," Joseph Cottle's "Alfred," and Robert Pollok's "Course of Time." Montgomery — sometimes called "Satan Montgomery" — has written a good deal of nondescript verse, which occasionally soars into the region of the English epic, but he is not in the least like Milton. Several other bards, more recently, have essayed the heroic strain, but no judgment of less authority than the consenting voices of successive centuries justifies us in placing a poet on the epic catalogue. We cannot, therefore, at present, class

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such versifiers as Southey, Byron, and the other lesser names of the present age, with the great and famous worthies whom we have above enumerated. A rapid survey of these works will show what the British have regarded as epic poetry; what a very peculiar conception they have formed of this the highest display of genius. The following lines are part of the invocation with which, according to ancient custom, the grocer bard of the "Davideis" opens the high heroic strain.

> "Ever *thou* my breast with such blest rage inspire
> As moved the tuneful strings of *David's lyre*,
> Guide my bold steps with thine old *travelling flame*,
> In these untrodden paths to *sacred fame;*
> Lo, with pure *hands* thy heavenly *fires* to take,
> My well changed *muse* I a chaste *vestal* make!
> From earth's vain joys, and love's soft witchcraft free,
> I consecrate my *Magdalene* to thee!"

The Italics as well as the poetry are Mr. Cowley's.

This great poet had an ingenious mode of bringing together abstract nouns and proper names, and by that means animating the one into something like life, and softening the others, so that they might not be too lively for the sustained flow of heroic verse; thus:

> "Much danger, first, much toil did he sustain,
> *Whilst Saul and Hell crost his strong fate in vain.*"

And again:

> "Angels and men did *peace* and *David* love,
> But Hell did neither *him* nor *that* approve."

As hell seems to have been Mr. Cowley's strong point, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of copying a part of his description of it, again following his Italics.

> "Beneath the dens, where *unfletched tempests* lye,
> And infant *winds* their tender *voices* try,
> Beneath the mighty *ocean's* wealthy caves,
> Beneath the eternal *fountain* of all waves,
> Where their vast *court* the *mother-waters* keep,
> And undisturbed by *moons* in silence sleep,
> There is a place, deep, wondrous deep below,
> Which genuine *night* and *horror* does o'erflow,
> No bound controls the unwearied space, but *hell*
> *Endless* as those dire *pains* that in it dwell."

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The following lines describe Satan's advent into these comfortable quarters.

> "Once general of a gilded host of sprights,
> Like Hesper leading forth the spangled nights;
> But down like lightning, which him struck, he came,
> And roared at his first plunge into the flame."

We cannot withhold from our delighted readers the description of the way Saul jumped out of bed, after envy had put her "dear worm" into his bosom, to be her "viceroy."

> "Th' infected king leaped from his bed amazed,
> Scarce knew himself at first, but round him gazed,
> And started back at pieced-up shapes, which fear
> And his distracted fancy painted there.
> Terror froze up his hair, and on his face
> Showers of cold sweat rolled trembling down apace.
> Then knocking with his angry hands his breast,
> Earth with his feet; he cries, O, 't is confest,
> I 've been a pious fool, a woman-king;
> Wronged by a seer, a boy, *every thing*."

The last part of the last line we understand has been greatly admired in England, as a most impressive close of a masterly description. What would be thought of such stuff among any civilized people?

Not content with the circle of English readers, the author of this wonderful epic translated and published it in the Latin tongue, to the end that it might be read by the whole literary world, and with a secret purpose, no doubt, of supplanting the Æneid of Virgil. This secret purpose, so characteristic of English ignorance and arrogance, it need hardly be said, has had no other effect than to excite the laughter of the world.

The next great English epic on our list is the "Leonidas," by Mr. Richard Glover. This famous author was the son of a tradesman, but he early felt the flame of poetic ambition, which burned out from his soul all thoughts of tea, herrings, and candles, and fired him with a determination to immortalize his own name by immortalizing the Spartan hero. The loftiness of his aspirations is well expressed by a motto on his title-page from Pindar. In accordance with the spirit of this citation, the muse-struck youth sat down and wrote nine mortal books of exceedingly blank verse. The rhythmical

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character of this production is remarkable for its smoothness; unaccented and accented syllables alternate without breaking the continuous and sleepy flow, from the beginning to the end. So great was the reputation of this epic, that, on the strength of it, Mr. Glover was elected to a seat in Parliament, as an excellent anodyne for a nervous House of Commons. "Leonidas" has not, by reason of its equable and slumberous excellence, any of those prominent passages which distinguish the "Davideis" of Mr. Cowley; and we shall therefore adorn our essay only by short extracts — double extracts of poppy — from its paregoric pages. We first take Leonidas "at home."

"But to his home Leonidas retired.
There, calm, in secret thought, he thus explored
His mighty soul, while nature to his breast
A short-lived terror called. What sudden grief,
What cold reluctance, thus unmans my heart,
And whispers that I fear? Can death dismay
Leonidas, so often seen and scorned,
When clad most dreadful in the battle's front?
Or, to relinquish life in all its pride,
With all my honors blooming round my head,
Repines my soul? or rather to forsake,
Eternally forsake, my weeping wife,
My infant offspring, and my faithful friends? —
Leonidas, awake! Lo! thy country calls."

The wonder is, not that Leonidas had to call on himself to awake after such a composing draught, but that he ever got sufficiently over the lethargy it must have produced to fight as he did at Thermopylæ. We must give a few lines more:

"Thus passed these heroes, till the dead of night,
The hours in friendly converse, and enjoyed
Each other's virtue; happiest of men!
At length, with gentle heaviness the hand
Of sleep invades their eyelids. On the ground,
Oppressed with slumber, they extend their limbs;
When, sliding down the hemisphere, the moon
Now plunged in midnight gloom her silver head."

This is what the English — the *grosse Krämernation*, the great shop-keeping nation — trumpet to the world as epic poetry!

The third epic on our list is "Alfred," in twenty-four

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books, by Joseph Cottle. It is fully equal to the Iliad in the number of lines; it resembles the Iliad in having a national subject, and in containing a great deal of swearing and killing. It is, however, more *subjective* than the Iliad; that is, we see more of the personality of Mr. Cottle in "Alfred," than we see of the personality of Homer in the Iliad. For instance, the singer of Chios opens with the following invocation:

"Sing, O Muse, the wrath of Achilles, son of Peleus."

The bard of Bristol, with a loftier consciousness, exclaims,

"Alfred, victorious o'er the Danes, *I* sing."

We must give a few lines of the admired speech of Ivar.

"At Regner's name, Ivar uprose; his eye
Beamed fearful indignation, when he cried,
'Death to our foes! my spirits thirst to see
The blood of Saxons flowing ocean-like
Before my greedy eyes, whilst ever round
Some mangled corse, writhing in agony,
Shall add new transport to my bounding heart.
Odin, immortal chief! I hear thy call,
And like thee, forth I go, to scorn the looks,
And scatter wide the bones, and heap the skulls
Of vanquished enemies. Death, view in me
Thy proudest champion, soon ordained to swell
Slaughter's rank pile, and for the ravenous wolves
Provide new banquets! By the rapturous hope
Of one day joining the celestial throng
Amid Valhalla, hearing, as I stalk,
From each brave warrior, gratulations loud: —
By that proud confidence, here do I swear
To scorn all mercy.'"

And he keeps his word; for he goes on through two terrible pages of like bombast, breathing nothing but fire and slaughter. From one of the innumerable fine descriptions, we cite two or three lines:

"The third approach to earth
Is through an avenue, at whose dark mouth
Two furious toads, opposing, stand and spit
Their deadly venom, whence the pestilence
Steams up."

O Joseph Cottle! — The well known and heroical incident

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that befell the cakes in the neatherd's cottage, is thus related to her husband by the scolding dame, who had but too just cause for anger : —

> " Never came beneath a door a man
> More thoughtless, or perversely bent on dreams
> Bewildered. Many an hour he sits and hums
> About old Cædmon, and then stops and frowns
> At something in the air; then rises up,
> And walks with stately mien, then sits again,
> And shaves his bow, or, with more furious eye,
> Gazes in vacancy. In truth, I think
> The man half mad ; for, not an hour ago,
> The household cakes, that yonder lie half burnt
> And smoking on the hearth, I to him gave,
> And with strict charge, and caution often told,
> Warned him to turn, and with due care preserve
> From scorching heat; then to the fields I sped
> To mark the kine ; and now again returned ;
> When, as the door I opened and looked round,
> There on his wicker chair he sat, his eyes
> Fixed on the floor, his knife beside, while near
> Lay many a half-formed bow. But, sad to tell !
> My cakes, for thy return, prepared to show
> A wife's affection, *lay involved in smoke !*
> Now nothing worth ! and this great loon at hand,
> Unmindful. 'Dost thou hear?' she cried,
> And stamped her foot, and, with indignant ire,
> Vowed oft and bitterly, no other food
> His lips should touch, till he had eaten all
> The black-burnt cakes."

No reader of discriminating taste can fail to admire the perfectly un-Homeric style of this whole description. Now what must our readers think of English taste, when we assure them that this poem has passed through more than one edition, and that all who have read the work consider it a most remarkable production.

We have indulged so largely in heroics, that we almost fear to proceed to the next great epic, Mr. Pollok's " Course of Time." But it is so universally admired in England, has passed through so many editions, has been reviewed in so many quarterlies, and committed to memory by so many old women, that we must spend a few moments on its brilliant beauties, by way of further illustrating the epic taste of

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England. It is a highly religious poem, and its dulness is equalled only by the scandalous licentiousness of some of the favorite passages. We have no idea of citing these, even for the purpose of exhibiting the moral hideousness of the English character. This favorite epic has been so well described by an American critic, that we cannot resist the temptation to quote his introductory paragraphs.

"The Reverend Mr. Balwhidder, the author of the 'Annals of the Parish,' had the design of writing 'an orthodox poem, like Paradise Lost, by John Milton, wherein he proposed to treat more at large of original sin, and the great mystery of redemption.' What he only contemplated, the Reverend Mr. Pollok has executed, and in a manner so satisfactory, so accordant, as far as we can judge, with the conceptions of the Reverend Mr. Balwhidder, as to leave no room for regret that his design was not carried into effect. The great popularity of Mr. Pollok's production is a sufficient pledge of its merit. The copy before us is of the fifth Edinburgh edition; and it has, as we are told, been twice stereotyped in our country.

"It is indeed a poem treating of high matters. The time supposed is some period beyond the consummation of this world. A beatified spirit, whom we should have supposed to have been that of a Calvinistic divine, if the writer had not informed us that it was the spirit of some great poet, is represented as giving an account of this world to another blessed spirit, newly arrived from a distant planet, and to two seraphs, who accompany him, for the purpose of having their curiosity satisfied also. He explains to them all those facts respecting the past and yet future history of man, which we find stated in Ridgeley's 'Body of Divinity,' and other works of like authority on the subject; and introduces a great variety of matter upon a multitude of interesting topics, such as pride, ambition, vanity, avarice, infidelity, Unitarianism, government, modern politics, and modern authors. The writer has made quite an extensive display of his powers; and we must confess, that, in attempting to follow him, our faculties have been so 'strained by this celestial colloquy divine,' that we could, we think, have 'sought repair' even from a novel by Lady Morgan. Our perceptions have become confused. We have at times almost lost the consciousness that we were reading. We seemed to make no progress; and were disheartened, like a traveller in one of those solemn deserts where nothing is to be seen but sand and sky." *

* *Christian Examiner*, Vol. VI., pp. 86, 87.

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We give a single short passage, which has less to revolt the civilized taste than perhaps any other of equal length in all the ten dreary books.

> "The other, Disappointment, rather seemed
> Negation of delight. It was a thing
> Sluggish and torpid, tending towards death.
> Its breath was cold, and made the sportive blood
> Stagnant, and dull, and heavy, round the wheels
> Of life. The roots of that whereon it blew
> Decayed, and with the genial soil no more
> Held sympathy; the leaves, the branches drooped,
> And mouldered slowly down to formless dust;
> Not tossed and driven by violence of winds,
> But withering where they sprung, and rotting there,
> Long disappointed, disappointed still,
> The hopeless man, hopeless in his vain wish,
> As if returning back to nothing felt;
> In strange vacuity of being hung,
> And rolled, and rolled his eye on emptiness,
> That seemed to grow more empty every hour."

Satan Montgomery's very popular works we are obliged to pass over for want of room. The same is the case with a great many other favorite poets. Some departments, also, of English poetry will not bear touching on account of their revolting indecencies. English comedy, for example, is absolutely unreadable. Its genuine character was stamped upon it in the licentious and debauched reign of Charles the Second. Bawdry is the only wit the Englishman relishes or knows.

> "For witty, in his language, is obscene."

The indescribable nastiness and brutality of the British comic theatre are even greater than the history of the people would lead us naturally to expect; but when we observe how naturally their religious poetry, like Mr. Pollok's, runs into licentiousness, perhaps we ought not to wonder at the excesses of the stage. Passing from this disgusting limbo, we enter upon a region where leaden dulness — prose and decency, at least — await us, — the lyric poetry of England.

We are far from regarding it as a just ground of reproach to the English, that their lyrical poetry is little better than a far-off echo of antiquity; but we think it *is* a reproach to them, that they should be eternally thrusting their pretensions

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to the lyrical character in the face of educated nations. In this particular, as in most others, what they want in the integrity of their assumption, they make up in swagger and impudence. To believe themselves, they are the finest lyrical poets in the whole world; but with two or three exceptions, there has not been a lyrical poet of mark since the Saxon Heptarchy, nor before. Having no lyrical poetry of their own, they have imported such as their scanty learning has enabled them to get from other countries. But, alas! how does the lyric muse lose herself amidst the damps and fogs of uncongenial England! The lyrical poetry of all other countries is distinguished by particular characteristics, by its forms, coloring, and temperament. There is nothing of this kind in English lyrical poetry; it takes all forms and colors. It is national only in one sense, — it never fails, opportunity serving, to hymn the praise of

> "Britannia's happy isle,
> Blessed by a patriot monarch's smile."

Upon this point all the lyrists are unanimous. The want of historical elements is made up by the intensity of the glorification. The great topics are British liberty, British loyalty, British supremacy over the sea and — the East Indians. More unfortunate topics could not have been hit upon. To speak of British liberty, in the face of the crushed descendants of the Saxon savages; of British loyalty, with two millions of Chartists ready to rise in arms, with all Wales in insurrection, with the starving hordes of Ireland on the eve of rebellion; to boast of British naval supremacy, with the history of Dutch and American triumphs staring at them in the annals of the world; is an absurdity of which nothing but the dull arrogance of the Englishman is capable. As to the East Indians, nothing can exceed the interest these oriental lyrists take in their picturesque heads and flowing limbs, — except the interest they take in their lacks of rupees and their lands. It is quite impossible to account for the incredible folly which tempts them to indulge in such themes, unless we refer it to the same infatuation which makes them boast of their morality, in the face of their filthy newspaper and weekly press, and the disgusting debaucheries of their priests and nobles, and to plume themselves upon their honesty, in the teeth of a government which has loaded the country with a debt it never dreams of paying, and despite a nine-

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teen years' suspension of cash payments by the Bank of England, still fresh in the memory of the present generation.

Gray was a meritorious imitator of the ancients; he explored industriously all the mines of the lyric poetry of Greece and Rome; he is entitled to the praise of a skilful stringer together of foreign gems; but he is no English lyrical poet. Cowley's metaphysical conceits were mostly stolen from the Italian. Dryden, Pope, and Addison wrote a few pieces of lyrical jingle, to be set to music on special occasions. Coleridge stole *his* lyrical poems, as well as his pretended philosophy, from the Germans. Campbell is a Scotchman, and so was Burns. Tom Moore is a licentious Irishman. The only representative, therefore, of English lyrical poetry is Henry James Pye, Esq., poet-laureate of George the Third. On account of his preëminence among the poets of his day, he was appointed to fill the place once occupied by the ponderous Ben Jonson; and his new year's and birthday odes, composed in honor of that heroic and muse-inspiring Dutchman, George the Third, present the lyrical genius of England in a favorable light. They produced an immense excitement in their time, and continue to be read with unabated enthusiasm by the lovers of that highly popular work, the "Annual Register." That Americans may see what trash satisfies the coarse taste of the English, we quote two or three passages.

"O'er the vexed bosom of the deep,
When rushing wild with frantic haste,
The winds with angry pinions sweep
The surface of the watery waste;
Though the firm vessel proudly brave
The inroad of the giant wave,
Though the bold seaman's firmer soul
Views unappalled the billowy mountains roll,
Yet still along the murky sky
Anxious he throws the inquiring eye,
If haply through the gloom that round him lowers
Shoots one refulgent ray, prelude of happier hours.

"So Albion, round her rocky coast,
While loud the rage of battle roars,
Derides Invasion's haughty boast;
Safe in her wave-encircled shores,
Still safer in her dauntless band,
Lords of her seas, or guardians of her land,

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Whose patriot zeal, whose bold emprise,
Rise as the storms of danger rise;
Yet, tempering glory's ardent flame
With gentle mercy's milder claim,
She bends from scenes of blood the averted eye,
And courts the smiles of peace 'mid shouts of victory." *

The following stanzas, full of sound and fury, were sung on his Majesty's birthday.

"Triumphant o'er the blue domain
Of hoary Ocean's briny reign,
While Britain's navies boldly sweep,
With victor prow, the stormy deep;
Will Gallia's vanquished squadrons dare
Again to try the watery war,
Again her floating castles brave,
Terrific, on the howling wave,
Or on the fragile bark adventure o'er,
Tempt her tempestuous seas, and scale her rocky shore?

"Or, should the wind's uncertain gale
Propitious swell the hostile sail;
Should the dim mist, or midnight shade,
Invasion's threatened inroad aid;
Shall Britain, on her native strand,
Shrink from a foe's inferior band?
She vows by Gallia, taught to yield
On Cressy's and on Poictier's field;
By Agincourt's high trophied plain,
Piled with illustrious nobles slain;
By wondering Danube's distant flood,
And Blenheim's ramparts, red with blood;
By chiefs on Minden's heaths who shone,
By recent fame at Lincelles won;
Her laurelled brow she ne'er will veil,
Or shun the shock of fight, though numerous hosts assail." †

We rather think this is enough. If the reader desires more of this delectable poetry, we refer him to the volumes of the "Annual Register," about the beginning of the present century. In the words of a brother poet,

"Here 't was thou mad'st the bells of fancy chime,
And choked the town with suffocating rhyme,
Till heroes, formed by thy creating pen,
Were grown as cheap and dull as other men."

* *Annual Register*, Vol. XXXIX., p. 442. † *Ibid*, Vol. XL., p. 444.

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If our readers are surprised at the tone and temper of this article, so unlike any thing which has hitherto appeared in the pages of this journal, we commend them to an attentive perusal of the paper from the "Foreign Quarterly Review," the title of which we have placed at the head of our remarks; and "we conclude by saying," in the words of another of our respected English contemporaries, "that we have no national prejudices ourselves, nor any wish to foster them in others."

ART. II. — *Speeches and Forensic Arguments.* By DANIEL WEBSTER. Boston: Tappan and Dennet, 1830–1843. 3 vols. 8vo.

THE verbal honors of literature in this country are lavished with a free hand. The mind of the nation is held responsible for all the mediocrity which rushes into print. Every thin poetaster, who wails or warbles in a sentimental magazine, is dignified with the title of an American author, and is duly paraded in biographical dictionaries and "specimens" of native poets. Literary reputations are manufactured for the smallest consideration, and in the easiest of all methods. A *clique* of sentimentalists, for example, find a young dyspeptic poet, and think they see in his murmurings a mirror which reflects the "mysteries" of our nature. Two or three excitable patriots are in ecstasies at discovering a national writer, when they bring forward some scribbler who repeats the truisms of our politics, or echoes the slang of our elections. These fooleries, it must be admitted, are not peculiar to this country. They are now practised in most civilized communities. In England, a poem by Mr. Robert Montgomery passed through eleven editions, attaining a greater circulation in a year or two, than the writings of Wordsworth had obtained in twenty. The art of puffing, an art which has succeeded in consummating the divorce between words and ideas, is the method employed on both sides of the Atlantic for effecting this exaltation of mediocrity.

For our own part, we deny that the swarm of writers, to

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whom we have adverted, are to be considered as the representatives of the national mind, or that their productions are to be deemed a permanent portion of our national literature. A great portion of the intellectual and moral energy of the nation is engaged in active life. Those who most clearly reflect the spirit of our institutions are those who are not writers by profession. If we were to make a list of American authors, a list which should comprehend only such as were animated by an American spirit, we should pass over the contributors to the magazines, and the select men who lead representative assemblies or contend for vast schemes of reform. We should attempt to find those who were engaged in some great practical work, who were applying large powers and attainments to the exigencies of the times, and who were stirred by noble impulses, and laboring to compass great ends. The thoughts and feelings, which spring warm from the hearts and minds of such men in such positions, would be likely to possess a grandeur and elevation before which the mere trifling of amateurs in letters would be humbled and abased.

Believing thus, that our national literature is to be found in the records of our greatest minds, and is not confined to the poems, novels, and essays which may be produced by Americans, we have been surprised that the name of Daniel Webster is not placed high among American authors. Men in every way inferior to him in mental power have obtained a wide reputation for *writing* works, in every way inferior to those *spoken* by him. It cannot be, that a generation like ours, continually boasting that it is not misled by forms, should think that thought changes its character, when it is published from the mouth instead of the press. Still, it is true, that a man who has acquired fame as an orator and statesman is rarely considered, even by his own partisans, in the light of an author. He is responsible for no "book." The records of what he has said and done, though perhaps constantly studied by contemporaries, are not generally regarded as part and parcel of the national literature. The fame of the man of action overshadows that of the author. We are so accustomed to consider him as a speaker, that we are somewhat blind to the great literary merit of his speeches. The celebrated argument in reply to Hayne, for instance, was intended by the statesman as a defence of his

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political position, as an exposition of constitutional law, and a vindication of what he deemed to be the true policy of the country. The acquisition of merely literary reputation had no part in the motives from which it sprung. Yet the speech, even to those who take little interest in subjects like the tariff, nullification, and the public lands, will ever be interesting, from the profound knowledge it displays, its clear arrangement, the mastery it exhibits of all the weapons of dialectics, the broad stamp of nationality it bears, and the wit, sarcasm, and splendid and impassioned eloquence, which pervade and vivify, without interrupting, the close and rapid march of the argument.

Considered merely as literary productions, therefore, we think the three volumes of "Speeches and Forensic Arguments," quoted at the head of this article, take the highest rank among the best productions of the American intellect. They are also thoroughly national in their spirit and tone, and are full of principles, arguments, and appeals, which come directly home to the hearts and understandings of the great body of the people. They contain the results of a long life of mental labor, employed in the service of the country. They give evidence of a complete familiarity with the spirit and workings of our institutions, and breathe the bracing air of a healthy and invigorating patriotism. They are replete with that true wisdom, which is slowly gathered from the exercise of a strong and comprehensive intellect on the complicated concerns of daily life and duty. They display qualities of mind and style, which would give them a high place in any literature, even if the subjects discussed were less interesting and important; and they show also a strength of personal character, superior to irresolution and fear, capable of bearing up against the most determined opposition, and uniting to the utmost boldness in thought the utmost intrepidity in action. In all the characteristics of great literary performances, they are fully equal to many works which have stood the test of ages, and baffled the skill of criticism. Still, though read and quoted by every body, though continually appealed to as authorities, though considered as the products of the most capacious understanding in the country, few seem inclined to consider the high rank they hold in our literature, or their claim to be placed among the greatest works which the human intellect has produced during the last fifty years.

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If the mind of Mr. Webster were embodied in any other form than speeches and orations, this strange oversight would never be committed; but the branch of literature to which his works belong has been much degraded by the nonsense and bombast of declaimers and sophists. It is edifying to read some of the "thrilling" addresses, which have "enchained the attention" of thousands, were it only to observe what tasteless word-piling passes with many for eloquence. Thought and expression, in these examples, are supplanted by the lungs and the dictionary. A man who is to address a crowd or a jury deems it necessary that a portion of his speech should be imaginative and passionate; and accordingly he painfully elaborates a mass of worn and wasted verbiage into a style senselessly extravagant or coldly turgid. The success with which he practises this deception emboldens him to continue his rhetorical foolery, and he soon obtains a reputation for affluence of fancy and warmth of feeling. A vast number of examples of detestable bad taste might be selected from the orations of eminent men, who have fallen into this style, and labored to make their eloquence "tell" upon the "masses." In these examples, we are not more struck by the poverty of thought than the poverty of feeling and invention. We find that the fine raiment of the orator is the mere cast-off clothes of the poet, — that he mistakes vulgarity for graceful ease, — that his images are bloated, coarse, and flaring, — and that he has all the meanness of mediocrity without its simplicity of language. Amidst all the tasteless splendor and labored frenzy of his diction, we can hardly discover one genuine burst of feeling.

The speeches of Daniel Webster are in admirable contrast with the kind of oratory we have indicated. They have a value and interest apart from the time and occasion of their delivery, for they are storehouses of thought and knowledge. The speaker descends to no rhetorical tricks and shifts, he indulges in no parade of ornament. A self-sustained intellectual might is impressed on every page. He rarely confounds the processes of reason and imagination, even in those popular discourses intended to operate on large assemblies. He betrays no appetite for applause, no desire to win attention by the brisk life and momentary sparkle of flashing declamation. Earnestness, solidity of judgment,

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elevation of sentiment, broad and generous views of national policy, and a massive strength of expression, characterize all his works. We feel, in reading them, that he is a man of principles, not a man of expedients; that he never adopts opinions without subjecting them to stern tests; and that he recedes from them only at the bidding of reason and experience. He never seems to be playing a part, but always acting a life.

The ponderous strength of his powers strikes us not more forcibly than the broad individuality of the man. Were we unacquainted with the history of his life, we could almost infer it from his works. Every thing in his productions indicates the character of a person who has struggled fiercely against obstacles, who has developed his faculties by strenuous labor, who has been a keen and active observer of man and nature, and who has been disciplined in the affairs of the world. There is a manly simplicity and clearness in his mind, and a rugged energy in his feelings, which preserve him from all the affectations of literature and society. He is great by original constitution. What nature originally gave to him, nature has to some extent developed, strengthened, and stamped with her own signature. We never consider him as a mere debater, a mere scholar, or a mere statesman; but as a strong, sturdy, earnest man. The school and the college could not fashion him into any foreign shape, because they worked on materials too hard to yield easily to conventional moulds.

The impression of power we obtain from Webster's productions — a power not merely of the brain, but of the heart and physical temperament, a power resulting from the mental and bodily constitution of the whole man — is the source of his hold upon our respect and admiration. We feel, that, under any circumstances, in any condition of social life, and at almost any period of time, his great capacity would have been felt and acknowledged. He does not appear, like many eminent men, to be more peculiarly calculated for his own age than for any other, — to possess faculties and dispositions which might have rusted in obscurity, had circumstances been less propitious. We are sure, that, as an old baron of the feudal time, as an early settler of New England, as a pioneer in the western forests, he would have been a Warwick, a Standish, or a Boon. His childhood was pass-

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ed in a small country village, where the means of education were scanty, and at a period when the country was rent with civil dissensions. A large majority of those who are called educated men have been surrounded by all the implements and processes of instruction; but Webster won his education by battling against difficulties. "A dwarf behind a steam-engine can remove mountains; but no dwarf can hew them down with a pickaxe, and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms." Every step in that long journey, by which the son of the New Hampshire farmer has obtained the highest rank in social and political life, has been one of strenuous effort. The space is crowded with incident, and tells of obstacles sturdily met and fairly overthrown. His life and his writings seem to bear testimony, that he can perform whatever he strenuously attempts. His words never seem disproportioned to his strength. Indeed, he rather gives the impression, that he has powers and impulses in reserve, to be employed when the occasion for their exercise may arise. In many of his speeches, not especially pervaded by passion, we perceive strength, indeed, but "strength half-leaning on his own right arm." He has never yet been placed in circumstances where the full might of his nature, in all its depth of understanding, fiery vehemence of sensibility, and adamantine strength of will, have been brought to bear on any one object, and strained to their utmost.

We have referred to Webster's productions as being eminently national. Every one familiar with them will bear us out in the statement. In fact, the most hurried glance at his life would prove, that, surrounded as he has been from his youth with American influences, it could hardly be otherwise. His earliest recollections must extend nearly to the feelings and incidents of the Revolution. His whole life since that period has been passed in the country of his birth, and his fame and honors are all closely connected with American feelings and institutions. His works all refer to the history, the policy, the laws, the government, the social life, and the destiny of his own land. They bear little resemblance in their tone and spirit to productions of the same class on the other side of the Atlantic. They have come from the heart and understanding of one into whose very nature the life of his country has passed. Without taking into view the influences to which his youth and early manhood were sub-

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jected, so well calculated to inspire a love for the very soil of his nativity, and to mould his mind into accordance with what is best and noblest in the spirit of our institutions, his position has been such as to lead him to survey objects from an American point of view. His patriotism has become part of his being. Deny him that, and you deny the authorship of his works. It has prompted many of the most majestic flights of his eloquence. It has given intensity to his purposes, and lent the richest glow to his genius. It has made his eloquence a language of the heart, felt and understood over every portion of the land it consecrates. On Plymouth Rock, on Bunker's Hill, at Mount Vernon, by the tombs of Hamilton, and Adams, and Jefferson, and Jay, we are reminded of Daniel Webster. He has done what no national poet has yet succeeded in doing,— associated his own great genius with all in our country's history and scenery, which makes us rejoice that we are Americans. He has made the dead past a living present. Over all those events in our history which are heroical, he has cast the hues of strong feeling and vivid imagination. He cannot stand on one spot of ground, hallowed by liberty or religion, without being kindled by the genius of the place; he cannot mention a name, consecrated by self-devotion and patriotism, without doing it eloquent homage. Seeing clearly, and feeling deeply, he makes us see and feel with him.

That scene of the landing of the Pilgrims, in which his imagination conjures up the forms and emotions of our New England ancestry, will ever live in the national memory. We see, with him, the "little bark, with the interesting group on its deck, make its slow progress to the shore." We feel, with him, "the cold which benumbed," and listen, with him, "to the winds which pierced them." Carver, and Bradford, and Standish, and Brewster, and Allerton look out upon us from the pictured page, in all the dignity with which virtue and freedom invest their martyrs; and we see, too, "chilled and shivering childhood, houseless but for a mother's arms, couchless but for a mother's breast, till our own blood almost freezes."

The readiness with which the orator compels our sympathies to follow his own is again illustrated in the orations at Bunker Hill, and in the discourse in honor of Adams and Jefferson. In reading them, we feel proud of our country,

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and of the great men and great principles it has cherished. The mind feels an unwonted elevation, and the heart is stirred with emotions of more than common depth, by their majesty and power. Some passages are so graphic and true, that they seem gifted with a voice, and to speak to us from the page they illumine. The intensity of feeling, with which they are pervaded, rises at times from confident hope to prophecy, and lifts the soul as with wings. In that splendid close to a remarkable passage in the oration on Adams and Jefferson, what American does not feel assured, with the orator, that their fame will be immortal?

"Although no sculptured marble should rise to their memory, nor engraved stone bear record to their deeds, yet will their remembrance be as lasting as the land they honored. Marble columns may, indeed, moulder into dust, time may erase all impress from the crumbling stone, but their fame remains; for with AMERICAN LIBERTY it rose, and with AMERICAN LIBERTY ONLY can it perish. It was the last swelling peal of yonder choir, 'THEIR BODIES ARE BURIED IN PEACE, BUT THEIR NAME LIVETH EVERMORE.' I catch the solemn song, I echo that lofty strain of funeral triumph, 'THEIR NAME LIVETH EVERMORE.'"

Throughout the speeches of Mr. Webster we perceive this national spirit. He has meditated so deeply on the history, the formation, and the tendencies of our institutions; he is so well acquainted with the conduct and opinions of every statesman who has affected the policy of the government; and has become so thoroughly imbued with the national character, that his sympathies naturally flow in national channels, and have their end and object in the land of his birth and culture. His motto is, "Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country." It is the alpha and omega of his political alphabet. It is felt in his blood, and "felt along his heart." It is twined with all his early recollections, with the acts of his life, with his hopes, his ambition, and his fame. Strike it from his works, and what remains?

We do not mean, that Webster's patriotism, as displayed in his speeches, is a blind, unintelligent impulse, leading him into fanaticism, and inspiring a rash confidence in every thing American. He has none of that overweening conceit, that spirit of bravado, that ignorant contempt for other countries,

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that undiscerning worship of his own, which have done so much to make patriotism a convertible term for cant or folly. His opinions belong not to the same class with those which are "equivocally generated by the heat of fervid tempers out of the overflowings of tumid imaginations." He goes deeper than declamation, when his country is his theme. He is too profound a student of government and human nature to indulge in "Fourth of July orations." In nothing is his love of country more manifest, than in the sense he has of its dangers. His voice is raised to warn as well as to animate. A warm enthusiasm for popular rights is often accompanied by recklessness in the use of means; and mere mouthing, in such instances, is so apt to be confounded with eloquent patriotism, that a man who breasts the flood, instead of being whirled along with it, subjects himself to the charge of opposing the cause of humanity and freedom. His firmness at such periods is the test of his patriotism. Forms are liable to be overthrown and trampled under foot, in the march of a victorious party, flushed with warm anticipations and mad with zeal. In every free community, there are many, whose quick sensibilities would lead them at any moment to barter the slow gatherings of years of experience for one mad plunge into untried experiment. In nothing is the statesmanship of Mr. Webster better displayed, than in the strength with which he combats fanciful theories of impracticable reforms, and the sturdiness with which he intrenches himself in principles which have stood the test of experience. His patriotism "looks before and after." He would defend what liberty we possess from the impetuosity of those who are clamorous for more. All encroachments of power on right and precedent, for whatever purpose they may be designed, he resists with the full force of his nature. His notion of the duty of a representative of the people, and the cautious jealousy with which he would view the slightest attack upon established declarations and safeguards, are admirably illustrated in a speech on the President's Protest.

"We have been taught," he says, "to regard a representative of the people as a sentinel on the watch-tower of liberty. Is he to be blind, though visible danger approaches? Is he to be deaf, though sounds of peril fill the air? Is he to be dumb, while a thousand duties impel him to raise the cry of alarm? Is he not,

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rather, to catch the lowest whisper which breathes intention or purpose of encroachment on the public liberties, and to give his voice breath and utterance at the first appearance of danger? Is not his eye to traverse the whole horizon, with the keen and eager vision of an unhooded hawk, detecting, through all disguises, every enemy advancing, in any form, towards the citadel he guards?"

Again he says :—

"The spirit of liberty is, indeed, a bold and fearless spirit; but it is also a sharp-sighted spirit; it is a cautious, sagacious, discriminating, far-seeing intelligence; it is jealous of encroachment, jealous of power, jealous of man. It demands checks; it seeks for guards; it insists on securities; it intrenches itself behind strong defences, and fortifies, with all possible care, against the assaults of ambition and passion."

Sentiments similar to these are found in all portions of his political discourses. They have nothing in common with that shrinking timidity of conservatism, which fears every thing new, for the reason that it is new; but they evince the profound knowledge and wisdom of one whose studies and experience have led him to look for theories of free government in other sources than the imagination and sensibility; of one, who knows when it is proper to watch the approach of enemies, and when to march to the attack of abuses; and of one who is aware that patriotism and courage are as often displayed in resisting the impulses of the time, as in being borne forward on their fiery course.

The mind of Mr. Webster is eminently comprehensive, and fitted for large speculations. Its range is so wide, that there is little danger of its being fixed permanently on one department of thought to the exclusion of others. It is not a mere reasoning machine. It is neither misled by its own subtilty, nor bewildered by the fallacies of the feelings. It is rather telescopic than microscopic, — more conversant with great principles than minute distinctions. In his speeches, we are struck more by the general mental power they display, than by the preponderance of any particular faculty. Through them all we perceive the movement of an intellect strong enough to grapple with any subject, and capacious enough to comprehend it, both in itself and in its relations. Force and clearness of conception, exact analysis, skilful arrange-

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ment, a sharp logical ability, and a keen insight, "outrunning the deductions of logic," indicate a mind well calculated for the investigation of truth and the detection of error; a mind capable of testing the validity of principles by the usual processes of reasoning, and of penetrating through all the heavy panoply of argument in which falsehood is often concealed. His common sense, a quality which does not always accompany mental power, is as prominent as his dialectical skill. Folly, assumption, fallacy, however cunningly hid in metaphor or formula, cannot stand for one moment the keen glance of his intellect. He seems to have a feeling and sense of the false and baseless, as well as the capacity to expose it by logical methods. He tears away the labored defences of a sophism, and exhibits it to the light in its native littleness and deformity; or, perhaps, in the consciousness and plenitude of power, he will play with it awhile, and make it the butt of sarcastic trifling, and cluster around it all the phrases and images of contempt, and then spurn it from his path as a thing too mean even for scorn.

His understanding embraces the whole extent of a subject, methodizes its complicated details, discerns its general laws and their remote applications, and exhibits the whole to view with a clearness of arrangement which renders it perceptible to the simplest apprehension. As a reasoner, he has hardly an equal among his countrymen, either in the sharp, swift argumentation of vehement debate, or in the calm survey and powerful combination of facts and principles. Some may excel him in the discussion of abstract questions, — questions which rather require fineness than depth or reach of thought, and which have no immediate relation to practical life; but none, in that large inductive method, which comprehends all the facts that lead to general laws, and which modifies all general laws when used as principles of action. He has little of the fanaticism of reasoning, little of that spirit which pushes one idea to its remote results, without regard to its limitations. He is also powerful in reasoning *a priori*, if the term be admissible, of applying universal principles of reason or morals to particular cases, and forcing the mind into assent to their application; which is, perhaps, a greater sign of genius than slowly travelling up the ladder of induction, and arriving at a general law by successive steps.

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Many examples might be selected, in illustration of his felicitous use of great sentiments and universal ideas, in elucidating a question of national policy or constitutional law. We believe, that the power to grasp, and rightly to employ, these ideas and sentiments, constitutes the difference between a great reasoner and a mere subtile logician. It is certain, that skill in dialectics is more an art than an effort of genius. The merit of picking flaws in an argument is about on a par with the wondrous ability displayed by young rhetoricians, fresh from Blair, in detecting faults in the sentences of Addison and Burke. It is merely a knack. Many a young lawyer at the bar has nearly as much of it as can be found in Chillingworth or Butler. It is little better than quibbling, and is within the reach of any who have sufficient ingenuity to make a pun. Constantly practised, it vitiates and narrows the mind, and renders it skeptical on trifles, only to make it dogmatic on things of importance. At all events, it cannot be called force of thought, and is altogether unfitted for the discussion of great practical questions.

The power of Mr. Webster's mind is seen to greatest advantage, when employed on questions relating to universal truths in morals, in government, and in religion. He then displays a grandeur and elevation of thought, a confidence in the permanence of principle, a freedom from the technicalities of the lawyer and politician, and a ponderous might of expression, which convey a stronger impression of the essential greatness of the man, than his most celebrated triumphs over personal adversaries, and his most overpowering declamation in debate. In these examples, there is a union of calmness and energy, a grave, severe, determined, almost oracular, enunciation of lofty truths, and a trust in the eventual triumph of the eternal principles of justice and equity, before which all the subtile speculation of the sophist, and all the philosophy of the worldling, appear tame and debasing. This grandeur of moral tone, accompanying the most daring exercise of the understanding, and giving to abstractions a power to thrill the blood and kindle the noblest affections, — this soaring of the soul above the common maxims which regulate existence, and bringing down wisdom from on high to shame authority into acquiescence, is the more remarkable as coming from a practical statesman, whose life for thirty years has been passed in the turmoil of politics. That a

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man exposed to such influences should preserve a steady faith in ideas and principles, should rise continually above the question and policy of the hour, should accustom his intellect to the contemplation of eternal truths, must appear as an anomaly to a large majority of politicians. Perhaps, if they would reflect more deeply on the matter, they would discover, that, even in political life, more real confidence is reposed in a man of this stability and grasp of intellect, and force of moral principle, than in the cunning trimmer, who shifts his ground with every change of national feeling, who relies for favor on giving a brilliant echo to every shout of the multitude, and who keeps faith with nothing but his selfish interest or his ravenous vanity.

In that noble burst of eloquence, in the speech on the Greek Revolution, in which he asserts the power of the moral sense of the world, in checking the dominion of brute force, and rendering insecure the spoils of successful oppression, we have a strong instance of his reliance on the triumph of right over might.

"This public opinion of the civilized world," he says, "may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary power. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations; it calls upon him to take notice, that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him, that the sceptre of his victory is a barren sceptre, that it shall confer neither joy nor honor, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation, it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice, it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind."

The most splendid image to be found in any of his works closes a passage in which he attempts to prove, that our fathers accomplished the Revolution on a strict question of principle.

"It was against the recital of an act of Parliament, rather than against any suffering under its enactments, that they took up arms. *They went to war against a preamble!* They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water, in a contest in opposition to an assertion, which those less sagacious, and not so well schooled in

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the principles of civil liberty, *would have regarded as barren phraseology, or mere parade of words.* ..... On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared, — a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

This passage is worthy the attention of those who deem that Mr. Webster is too practical in his system of politics, to allow his mind to be swayed by any great general ideas and principles. It would not be difficult to select other passages displaying an equally firm faith in the supremacy of truth and right. The jealous eye with which he watches the smallest encroachments on established safeguards of liberty is another illustration of his habit of looking at the principles and tendencies of things, rather than at their specious shows. In truth, in all questions relating to life and duty, whether the mind declares what *may* be, or what *must* be, whether it declares probabilities or certainties, his understanding is never found deficient in insight or comprehension.

To this power of intellect, thus capable of such various exercise, and restrained from sophistical aberrations by such strength of moral sentiment, it is owing, that Mr. Webster's speeches have that character of solidity, which has been so often acknowledged and so loudly praised. There is substance and body in them. They do not crush in the hand, like so many subtile reasonings and so much declamatory rhetoric. They are, in some respects, authorities on the subjects of which they treat. In them, a person is enabled to obtain a view of the different political theories and practices which divide the nation into parties, without any of the extravagance and perversions of the mere advocate and partisan. Holding on to his own principles with an iron-like firmness, despising all shifts to accommodate them to popular prejudice, and expressing them with a force derived from his whole nature, he still never indulges in the ranting subterfuges of the one-sided politician, and is no spendthrift of invective in opposing the champions of different measures. If the stern, rapid argument of his speeches be compared,

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or rather contrasted, with the fanatical fury which disgraces so many political discourses, delivered by men of both parties, the distinction we desire to make will be more clearly seen, than by any description it is in our power to give.

We have incidentally seen, in these remarks, that the sensibility of Mr. Webster, though not dominant, is deep and strong. No American writer has more fire in his productions. His passions, when roused, seem to pervade his intellect, and give it additional clearness and power. The same impulses, which blind, confuse, or madden others, and lead them astray from their objects, only affect him by giving a quicker spring to his style, and more intensity and vehemence to his reasoning. His sensibility is not the master, but the ally, of his understanding. It never forces his mind into passionate fallacies, nor substitutes declamation for argument; but it sharpens his insight, it condenses and vivifies his diction, and infuses into his "ponderous syllables" a fiery energy, by which they smite their objects with an overpowering effect. The fact, that there is such a mass of intellectual power behind his sensibility, to fix, condense, and direct its mighty impulses, confers upon it greater potency, than if it swept along with more uncontrolled fierceness, and prompted more daring flights. It addresses the heart and the understanding at the same moment. It forces the mind directly along the path of clear reasoning to the object in view. It is argument, but argument gifted with animal life and energy; it is reason, but "reason penetrated, and made, as it were, red-hot with passion."

There are occasions, when Mr. Webster's sensibility is less under his control, when it gives out scorn and denunciation,

> "As the rock
> Gives out the reddening, roaring fire";

but generally, it is exercised in the service of reason. When attacked, he has his faculties most under the guidance of his judgment, and deals back blow for blow with tenfold force, from being able to concentrate his powers. There is a provoking condescension, even in his wrath, which must be more galling to an adversary, than the most ungovernable outbreak of rage and invective. Passion, to a debater, is the most useful of servants and the most tyrannical of masters. When it leads to shrewishness, or petu-

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lance, or wild sophistries, or malignant hatred, it vitiates the intellect and enfeebles the judgment. Statesmen and orators, who have mingled much in the warfare of debate, have rarely preserved a due medium between fury and *nonchalance*. The strong understanding of Edmund Burke was not proof against the delusions of his feelings. It has been said of him, that he chose his position like a fanatic, and defended it like a philosopher. We sometimes find in his writings an almost gigantic power of reasoning, exercised to defend an unreasonable prejudice; and an exhaustless fertility of fancy, employed to adorn a rotten institution. His intellect was so entangled in a web of associations and tastes, that it rarely had free play. In the fierce sway of his sensibility over his other powers, his dignity and self-possession were often lost; and he directed some of the most potent efforts of his genius against those self-evident truths which no dialectical skill can overthrow. Lord Brougham's large acquirements and high position do not preserve him from the servitude of petulance and rage. Many of his later speeches are the offspring of excitement and whim, valuable, chiefly, to show that the mere scolding of a great man is not without its eloquence.

We have referred to the strength of personal character which the productions of Mr. Webster evince. This, we think, is to be attributed, in a great degree, to the depth and intensity of his feelings, and especially to his passions. Mental power, alone, could not have sustained him in the many emergencies of his political position. No one can read his works without being struck with the stout courage, both moral and physical, with which they are animated. He never seems touched with fear or irresolution. The hall of debate is not so dangerous, to be sure, as the field of battle; but we can conceive of valor which would brave the cannon's mouth, and yet shrink from the trials and responsibilities of political warfare. Not only is a man obliged to repel personal attack, but character, station, and influence are perilled by the speech or the decision of the moment. A mere passionate partisan, whose insignificance is his shield from the scorn of posterity, can ill appreciate the responsibility which presses on the heart of the great statesman. The latter is acting in the very eye of history; indeed, he is living history. His vote and his opinions are to be remembered against him,

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if they support a pernicious law, or spring from ignorance or excitement. His advocacy or denunciation of a measure is to affect for evil or good the condition of millions. His conscience, his patriotism, all the conservative principles of his nature, though they would impel him to act and speak for the right, are liable to perplex his determinations, if they are not based on clear conceptions of the subject. With posterity and its inevitable verdict before him, and a clamorous party, urging him to do every thing unreasonable, at his back, he is forced to come to a decision, and maintain it with his whole power. To do this requires courage and resolution. Now, if we examine Mr. Webster's speeches, we find that they display no disposition to shrink from the consequences of his conduct, no evasion of responsibility, no expressions studiously framed to bear two interpretations, but a plain, sturdy, unflinching expression of judgment, fortified by clear arguments, and ever ready to be tried by the result. This intellectual hardihood, unaffected by skeptical distrust, and daring the verdict of the present and the future, must be deemed a great quality by all capable of appreciating it. If the measure supported be evil, he is to suffer from one of two imputations. If his conduct sprung from ignorance or rashness, it is folly ; if it sprung from selfishness, it is crime. In view of this fact, a little timidity is excusable in a statesman placed in a prominent station, whose opinions are axioms to great parties, and who is surrounded by partisans and enemies, while all his acts and words are scrutinized with the sharp analysis of malice and hatred ; and it requires the rare union of a piercing and comprehensive intellect with great force of character, to enable a man to act, in such a position, with wisdom, boldness, and decision.

Much has been said and written in praise of Mr. Webster's imagination, often, we think, from overlooking the claims of his understanding and sensibility. A careful examination of his works will lead us to speak more guardedly of the degree in which he possesses this faculty. We think, that loftiness of moral principle, reach of thought, and depth of passion are more apparent, than affluence of imagery. Imagination, however, is a word so loosely employed, that, in the common meaning of the term, it would be no compliment to apply it to any man of large intellect. The

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same term which is applied to the most marked characteristic of Shakspeare's "Tempest" is indiscriminately used in speaking of some florid oration, or some wild nonsense of passion. A poem is published, teeming with absurdities, and full of confused rant and bloated metaphors, and its faults are ascribed to an excess of imagination. A speaker indulges in the wildest vagaries of sentimentality, talks about the stars, the ocean, the progress of the species, and jumbles them all up in one series of worthless figures; and sensible people call him a fool, but a fool by virtue of his strong imagination. Flowery and feeble declaimers — writers like the Rev. Mr. Hervey, orators like Counsellor Phillips — are accused of possessing imagination. Thus a term, which, more than any other in the vocabulary of criticism, requires to be employed cautiously and with qualifications, is made a convenient word to cover the feebleness of a critic's insight and the clumsiness of his analysis.

The imagination, "the vision and the faculty divine," is by no means predominant in Mr. Webster's mind. With him, it is not a spontaneous, shaping power, but acts chiefly at the direction of reason and feeling, and is most fruitful when his intellect is most active in its operations. Many of its analogies may be referred to the reason. The images which it calls up are generally broad, distinct, and vivid, speaking directly to the eye, and informed with the feeling of the moment; but it has little of that subtile influence which touches minute shades of feeling, suggests remote analogies, sheds ineffable beauty over the common realities of life, detects the latent spiritual meaning beneath rough forms, and combines things seemingly different into one consistent whole. Its power bears little comparison with the power of the understanding which directs it, — an understanding which often dives deeper and soars higher than his imagination, with the disadvantage of acting under more laborious processes. In some of his most splendid efforts, his imagination works rather by allusion than creation; by vivifying and applying old images and forms of expression, than by originating new. Throughout the speech in reply to Hayne, there is a constant reference to figures and phrases which are in the memories of all who have studied the Bible, Shakspeare, and Milton. Though suggested and applied to his own purposes by the imagination, and wonderfully felici-

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tous in their introduction, they still receive their great effect from the spirit and feeling with which they are pervaded. Indeed, if Mr. Webster's invention were equal to his understanding, he would be a poet, before whose genius the brightest names in our literature would "pale their ineffectual fires." The mere fact, that his imagination is subsidiary to his reasoning powers, and that its products are not esteemed of equal value, proves that it is relatively inferior.

The imagination of Mr. Webster, if not that of a poet, is eminently the imagination which befits an orator and debater. A statesman, who is to present his views on a question of national policy in lucid order, and to illustrate them by familiar pictures, would fail in attaining his object, if he substituted fancies for reasons, or linked his reasoning with too subtile images. Mr. Webster's imagination never leads him astray from his logic, but only illumines the path. It is no delicate Ariel, sporting with abstract thought, and clothing it in a succession of pleasing shapes; but a power fettered by the chain of argument it brightens. Even in his noblest bursts of eloquence, we are struck rather by the elevation of the feeling, than the vigor of the imagination. For instance, in the Bunker Hill oration, he closes an animated passage with the well known sentence, — "Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of morning gild it, and parting day *linger* and *play* upon its summit." If we take from this passage all the phrases which are not strictly original, and separate the sentiment from the invention, we shall find that it is not eminently creative. Wordsworth in one word conveys a similar but more subtile imagination, in the lines commencing,

> "There is an eminence, of these our hills,
> The last that *parleys* with the setting sun."

When we consider, that the first comes from a mind in that excited state which prompts great images, and that the other is conceived in the calm of thought, we see the difference between a mind habitually looking at things with the eye of the understanding, and a mind habitually looking at things with the eye of imagination. Again, it would be difficult to believe, that the sound of exquisite music would suggest to a mind like Mr. Webster's an image of such grace, fineness, and beauty, as the following from Shelley:

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> "My soul is an enchanted boat,
> Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
> Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
> And thine doth like an angel sit
> Beside the helm, conducting it,
> While all the winds with melody are ringing."

Here, the most inexpressible of all sweet emotions is shaped into a palpable form. Shelley, we know, is an extreme case, but therefore the best to illustrate the distinction we wish to make.

Mr. Webster is celebrated for his use of images drawn from familiar objects. Here, likewise, we discern the difference between the poet's imagination and the imagination of the orator and reasoner. The products of the one are of "imagination all compact," and those of the other can be easily distinguished from the idea they illustrate. From Shelley, a multitude of examples might be taken, in which the most familiar things are linked with the most profound and most recondite analogies. We will quote one from his prose works, as a specimen. "The mind in inspiration is a *fading coal*, which some inconstant influence, like an invisible wind, wakes into momentary brightness." In this, the imagination not only suggests the analogy, but selects, with unerring tact, the words which best convey it to other imaginations; and yet, to Shelley, the whole process of its conception and expression was as natural an exercise of his peculiar mind, as to Mr. Webster would be the deduction of a conclusion from a premise. Indeed, we think that those who assert for our great statesman the inventive power of a poet misconceive both poetry and him. The most rapid glance at his productions shows, that he lacks the "inwardness," the brooding spirit, which characterizes those men who "accommodate the shows of things to the desires of the mind." With all his tremendous power of thinking, he has little thoughtfulness,—little of the habit of quiet meditation. He could do things worthy of being recorded in a great poem; but he could not write a great poem.

We do not know, but that this predominance of the reasoning over the imaginative power, in Mr. Webster's mind, is owing to the severe training to which his faculties have been subjected in the exercise of his profession. It is said, that the compositions of his youth were more replete with images than deductions. But however this may be, it is certain, that

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his manhood has witnessed the triumph of his understanding over the impulses of his passions and the analogies of his fancy. If one of his speeches be compared with one of Burke's or Curran's, it will be seen, that in affluence of imagination he does not hold the first rank among orators. The writings and speeches of Burke's later years are studded all over with images. So capricious and wayward was his imagination, that it scattered its rich treasures on themes the least congenial to the faculty, and the least apt to be benefited by its exercise. It began to work, the moment he began to write or speak. Analogies of the understanding and analogies of fancy are blended somewhat confusedly in many of his discourses, where the subject demanded a rigid adherence to reason. Allusions, metaphors, comparisons, cluster thickly round almost every argument. The clear, keen, penetrating logic, casting aside every thing which does not immediately aid the progress of the discussion, and piercing through all obstacles straight to the object, is often wanting. The very quality of mind, which lends such vividness and beauty to his diction, and which will ever make his works of inestimable value to men of taste, interfered with the free exercise of his great understanding, and with the intensity and condensation of his thoughts.

Curran, whose reasoning capacity, however, was doubtless inferior to Burke's, affords another instance. No one can read his speeches without seeing their admirable adaptation to the object of inflaming the passions and stimulating the imagination. The energy of his mind strikes us not so much as its exceeding fruitfulness. Byron said, that he had heard him speak more poetry than he had ever seen written. Images, sometimes coarse and flaring, often in a high degree vivid and magnificent, and always vigorous and apposite, are poured out lavishly over every page of his imperfectly reported speeches. But the faults of such a style are as apparent as its beauties. It may serve before a jury or a "caucus"; but it is out of place in the senate. A practical statesman, whose mind was under the dominion of such an enchanter, would be liable to lose the confidence of his constituents, — would be apt to lose the confidence of his own understanding. There is an eloquence, grave, majestic, pervaded by deep feeling, expressing the loftiest principles of moral and political duty, replete with generous sentiment,

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and by no means destitute of vivid pictures, which is not inconsistent with the strictest exercise of the understanding, in all those departments of thought over which the understanding holds rightful dominion; and of this kind is the eloquence of Mr. Webster.

Every great writer has a style of his own, constructed according to the character of his mind and disposition. The style of Mr. Webster has great merit, not only for its vigor, clearness and compression, but for the broad impress which it bears of the writer's nature. It owes nothing to the usual tricks of rhetoric, but seems the unforced utterance of his intellect, and is eminently *Websterian*. There is a granite-like strength in its construction. It varies, from the simple force and directness of logical statement, to a fierce, trampling energy of manner, with each variation of his mind from calmness to excitement. He appears moderately gifted with fluency. Were it not for the precision and grasp of his mind, he would probably be a hesitating extemporaneous speaker. But with a limited command of language, he has a large command of expression. He has none of the faults which spring from verbal fluency, and is never misled by his vocabulary. Words, in his mind, are not masters, but instruments. They seem selected, or rather clutched, by the faculty or feeling they serve. They never overload his meaning. Perhaps extreme readiness in the use of language is prejudicial to depth and intensity of thinking. The ease with which a half-formed idea, swimming on the mind's surface, is clothed in equivocal words, and illustrated with vague images, is the "fatal facility" which produces mediocrity of thought. In Mr. Webster's style, we always perceive, that a presiding power of intellect regulates his use of terms. The amplitude of his comprehension is the source of his felicity of expression. He bends language into the shape of his thought; he never accommodates his thoughts to his language. The grave, high, earnest nature of the man looks out upon us from his well knit, massive, compact sentences. We feel, that we are reading the works of one whose greatness of mind and strength of passion no conventionalism could distort, and no exterior process of culture could polish into feebleness and affectation; of one who has lived a life, as well as passed through a college, — who has looked at nature and man as they are in themselves, not as they appear

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in books. We can trace back expressions to influences coming from the woods and field,— from the fireside of the farmer, — from the intercourse of social life. The secret of his style is not to be found in Kames or Blair, but in his own mental and moral constitution. There is a tough, sinewy strength in his diction, which gives it almost muscular power in forcing its way to the heart and understanding. Occasionally, his words are of that kind which are called "half-battles, stronger than most men's deeds." In the course of an abstract discussion, or a clear statement of facts, he will throw in a sentence which makes us almost spring to our feet. When vehemently roused, either from the excitement of opposition, or in unfolding a great principle which fills and expands his soul, or in paying homage to some noble exemplar of virtue and genius, his style has a Miltonic grandeur and roll, which can hardly be surpassed for majestic eloquence. In that exulting rush of the mind, when every faculty is permeated by feeling, and works with all the force of passion, his style has a corresponding swiftness and energy, and seems endowed with power to sweep all obstacles from its path. In those inimitable touches of wit and sarcasm, also, where so much depends on the selection and collocation of apt and expressive language, and where the object is to pelt and tease rather than to crush, his diction glides easily into colloquial forms, and sparkles with animation and point. In the speech in reply to Hayne, the variety of his style is admirably exemplified. The pungency and force of many strokes of sarcasm in this celebrated production, the rare felicity of their expression, the energy and compression of the wit, and the skill with which all are made subsidiary to the general purpose of the orator, afford fine examples of what may be termed the science of debate. There is a good-humored mockery, covering, however, much grave satire, in his reference to the bugbear of Federalism.

"We all know a process," he says, "by which the whole Essex Junto could, in one hour, be all washed white from their ancient federalism, and come out, every one of them, an original democrat, dyed in the wool! Some of them have actually undergone the operation, and they say it is quite easy. The only inconvenience it occasions, as they tell us, is a slight tendency of the blood to the head, a soft suffusion, which, however, is very transient, since nothing is said by those they join calculated

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to deepen the red in the cheek, but a prudent silence is observed in regard to all the past."

In the second speech on the Sub-treasury, after enumerating the various countings which the "public moneys" would undergo, if collected and disbursed according to the specie plan, he introduces a ludicrous image, which, when taken in connection with the strain of argument that precedes it, is almost unrivalled as a felicitous stroke of ridicule.

"Sir," he says, "what a money-counting, tinkling, jingling, generation we shall be! All the money-changers in Solomon's Temple will be as nothing to us. Our sound will go forth into all lands. We shall all be like the king in the ditty of the nursery:

'There sat the king a-counting of his money.'"

The sarcasm of Mr. Webster, when it is exercised on things which awake his resentment, is often exceedingly sharp and severe; and his very words seem to cut, and sting, and hiss, in their utterance. This power he rarely uses, except when some malignant personal attack calls it forth; and then he is merciless. He not only wounds, but he probes and torments the quivering flesh of his victim. His expression of scorn and contempt, likewise, is measureless and crushing. When taunted with a participation in things, the very suspicion of which is offensive to his pride or his dignity, he does not condescend to defend himself, or to be enraged; but his scorn darts instantly to the motives of the attack, and to the baseness of the imputation. He ever gives the impression, that the originator of the libel was aware of its incongruity with the character of Daniel Webster, and therefore was compelled to support it by the hardiest falsehood. The reference to the "murdered coalition" is a case in point.

"Doubtless," he says, "it served its day, and, in a greater or less degree, the end designed by it. Having done that, it has sunk into the general mass of stale and loathed calumnies. It is the very cast-off slough of a polluted and shameless press. Incapable of further mischief, it lies in the sewer, lifeless and despised. It is not now, Sir, in the power of the honorable member to give it dignity and decency, by attempting to elevate it, and to introduce it into the Senate. He cannot change it from what it is, an object of general disgust and scorn. On the contrary,

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the contact, if he choose to touch it, is more likely to drag him down, down, to the place where it lies itself."

In these observations on some of the characteristics of Mr. Webster, we have not attempted a complete analysis of his mind, or followed him in any of those political and constitutional discussions in which it has been so ably exercised. We have rather taken a general view of his works, with reference to the large mental power and strong points of character they evince, and the elevated station they occupy as literary productions. We have claimed for them some of the highest honors of the intellect. We have considered them as being eminently American in their subjects and principles, and as constituting an important part of our national literature. But we well know how little justice can be done a great man, in thus taking, as it were, his nature to pieces, and examining each portion separately. In the case of an author like Mr. Webster, whose different powers interpenetrate each other, and produce by joint action a harmonious result, it requires a more potent alchemy than we have applied, thoroughly to resolve his different productions into the elements from whose combination they have sprung.

We have likewise run the risk of being charged with exaggeration, in our estimate of his capacity. The perfect clearness of his arrangement, and the straight-forward, thorough-going force of his mind, by which he simplifies subjects the most intricate to common understandings, and exhibits them in what Bacon calls "dry light," are not likely to be appreciated by those who judge obscurity to be a necessary ingredient of the profound. There appears nothing wonderful in the result, for it seems simple and easy of comprehension; but the wonder is in the process by which the result is obtained. Two or three judicious mysticisms, an arrangement half clear and half confused, a little mingling of assertion with deduction, a suppression of some facts, a lofty enunciation of a few abstract propositions, and a less comprehensive mode of argumentation, would give him, in the minds of many, a greater reputation as a deep reasoner, than he could obtain from his rigid severity of method, his penetrating sharpness of analysis, and his massive good sense. There is more likelihood, that such an author would be underrated, than that the triumphs of his understanding would elicit exaggerated panegyric.

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In the United States, there is much fanaticism in the opinions — we will not insult reason by calling them judgments — expressed of public men. There are two species of cant prevailing, — the cant of absurd panegyric, and the cant of absurd invective ; and it has become almost a custom for men indiscriminately to denounce certain statesmen, against whom they have no feeling of hatred, and indiscriminately to eulogize others, for whom they have no feeling of admiration. Praise and blame are thus made independent of the qualities which should call them forth. In the jargon of this political rhetoric, there is no sliding scale of morality or immorality, genius or stupidity ; but the boundaries are fixed, with geometrical precision, at those points where one party comes, face to face, with another. On one side is knavery and folly, on the other side is honesty and wisdom. Of course, such a code of criticism admits of no minute distinctions or shades in the delineation of character. A few epithets, of the bitterest gall or the sweetest honey, suffice for the purpose.

We are not so simple as to believe, that this mode of deciding upon the character and ability of public men goes any deeper than words. It is merely a vice of the pen and the tongue, and has no foundation in the heart of the community. We have no apology, therefore, to make for reviewing the works of one who is connected with a great political party, and whose speeches, in some respects, are an exponent of its principles. As so many of our eminent men are engaged in public life, it would be folly in neutral literary journals to avoid noticing their productions, for fear of wounding the sensitiveness of one class, and disregarding the wishes of another. In respect to literature and intellectual power, there should be no partisan feeling. We have not considered Daniel Webster as a politician, but as an American. We do not possess great men in such abundance, as to be able to spare one from the list. It is clearly our pride and interest to indulge in an honest exultation at any signs of intellectual supremacy in one of our own countrymen. His talents and acquirements are so many arguments for republicanism. They are an answer to the libel, that, under our constitution, and in the midst of our society, large powers of mind and marked individuality of character cannot be developed and nourished. We have in Mr. Webster the example of a

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man, whose youth saw the foundation of our government, and whose maturity has been spent in exercising some of its highest offices; who was born on our soil, educated amid our people, exposed to all the malign and beneficent influences of our society; and who has acquired high station by no sinuous path, by no sacrifice of manliness, principle, or individuality, but by a straight-forward force of character and vigor of intellect. A fame such as he has obtained is worthy of the noblest ambition; it reflects honor on the whole nation; it is stained by no meanness, or fear, or subserviency; it is the result of a long life of intellectual labor, employed in elucidating the spirit of our laws and government, in defending the principles of our institutions, in disseminating enlarged views of patriotism and duty, and in ennobling, by the most elevated sentiments of freedom and religion, the heroical events of our national history. And we feel assured, when the animosities of party have been stilled at the tomb, and the great men of this generation have passed from the present feverish sphere of excitement into the calm of history, that it will be with feelings of unalloyed pride and admiration, that the scholar, the lawyer, the statesman, the orator, the *American*, will ponder over the writings of Daniel Webster.

ART. III. — *The Life, Voyages, and Exploits of Admiral Sir Francis Drake, Knt., with numerous original Letters from him and the Lord High Admiral to the Queen and great Officers of State: compiled from MSS. in the State Paper Office, British Museum, and the Archives of Madrid, never before published.* By JOHN BARROW, Esq. John Murray, Albemarle Street, London. 1843. 8vo. pp. 428.

MR. BARROW has shown commendable diligence in the collection of his materials; but we cannot compliment him very highly on the skill with which he has employed them. There are few names more conspicuous than that of Drake in the naval annals of his country; yet, both in his high qualities and his infirmities, he was one of a very singular

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class of men. The military and nautical adventurers of three centuries ago were in some respects not unlike the countries which they overran ; combining the grace of civilization with portentous traits of barbarism ; an odd union of Sir Philip Sidney and Captain Kidd ; of knightly bearing with the rapacious qualities of the picaroon ; of edifying devotion with a practical repeal of the decalogue. Some appear to think, that nothing more is needed, in order to vindicate them, than to show, that they acted in conformity with the spirit of their time ; but the amount of this description of apology is, that others were as bad as they ; and, even in far darker periods, the names of many may be found, who still shine gloriously among the lights of this world. No doubt, the influences of the age are to be considered, in forming a just estimate of their character ; for that which is far from giving lustre may screen from condemnation ; and there was something altogether peculiar in the prevailing sentiment of the age of which we speak. In eulogizing its distinguished men, we too often find ourselves compelled to adopt the qualified style of panegyric with which Baillie Jarvie defended his kinsman, the freebooter Rob Roy, against the taunts of his brethren of the city council : " I tauld them," said the conscientious magistrate, " that I would vindicate nae man's faults ; but set apart what Rob had done again the law o' the country, and the misfortune o' some folk losing life by him, and he was an honester man than stude on ony o' their shanks."

At this period, the soundest heads were turned by the miraculous results of Spanish and Portuguese discovery. New worlds had just been brought to light, blazing with barbaric pearl and gold ; surpassing, in affluence and resources, the wildest dreams of over-heated fancy ; wrapped, by the glowing narratives of those who were the first to visit them, with an indefinite and mysterious beauty. Who can wonder, that the issue of an enterprise like that of Cortés, in which the matchless brilliancy of the prize, and the commanding qualities that won it, threw an unnatural glory over fraud and rapine, should have kindled a flame in daring hearts, compared with which the most consuming fever of modern speculation is cold and still ? The proudest nobles forgot their pride of place, and rushed at once into commercial schemes, in which romantic bravery was to gild rapacity and

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violence, and men were to be slaughtered like wild game, with the view of saving their souls. If it were too late for them to discover new worlds of their own, they were just in time to profit by the enterprise of others.

In England, where the fever raged as high as elsewhere, there were especial reasons which directed the attention of adventurers to the Spanish dominions in America. As the head of the only commanding Protestant power in Europe, Queen Elizabeth was the object of bitter aversion to the Catholic sovereigns, and, in particular, to Philip the Second, the most potent of them all. It was at her devoted head, that the bull, ordaining the excommunication and deposing of all heretic princes, was directed by Paul the Fourth, the same conscientious pontiff, at whose instigation the memorable interviews took place between Philip and Catherine de Medici, the queen dowager, most eminently worthy of the appellation which Gray destined for another, that of "she-wolf of France." The Duke of Alva, a fit partaker of their conferences, implored them to extinguish heresy by a massacre of all the Protestants; but the shrewder sovereigns were apprehensive, that so summary a measure would be indiscreet, and resolved to confine their religious operations to the murder of the leaders, in such manner and at such times as they might respectively find most convenient. From this strange compact subsequently flowed the indescribable atrocities of Alva in the Low Countries, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew at Paris. Mean time, Elizabeth and her far-sighted counsellors were watching these bloody and portentous events with awe and fear; the fear which measures danger, not that which shrinks from facing it. Fear is everywhere the parent of cruelty; and it was this that led her into a course of policy sufficiently glorious in its results, according to the common estimate of glory, but low and tortuous, and blackened by evil deeds, which, however they may affect the reputation of the queen, were fatal to her fair fame as a woman. The might of England was not yet sufficiently commanding to enable her to meet her enemies in open war; but a ten years' war could not have kindled in the parties a feeling of more deadly hatred. In the eyes of the Spaniards, the English were the enemies of the faith, doomed to destruction by their holy oracles; while to the Englishman, the very name of Spaniard was an utter abomination.

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Though the respective sovereigns found it convenient to preserve the ostensible relations of amity, each looked with great complacency upon every effort to annoy or break the power of the other. All this was perfectly understood; their attitude was that of combatants who are exchanging cold civilities, while each surveys the other in order to detect the best place for a mortal blow. In considering the character and acts of the adventurers of this time, therefore, it should not be forgotten, that, beside being impelled by a prevailing spirit, shared equally by the low and high, they were at least not discouraged by the government, which wanted only strength and opportunity to make their cause its own.

Stow, and most writers after him, have stated, that Drake was born in or about the year 1545. How large a space of time may be included in the term *about* does not distinctly appear. Mr. Barrow affirms with positiveness, that he was born in or after 1539. By way of confirming this statement, he refers to a miniature portrait belonging to the Earl of Derby, painted in 1581; on it is marked the age of Drake at the time when it was executed; and this fixes the date of his birth in 1539, the earliest time assigned by Mr. Barrow. There is, however, another portrait in Buckland Abbey, painted in 1594, which carries the date forward to 1541. Here is, indeed, a conflict of authorities, which serve to establish the period of Drake's nativity with about as much precision as some of our New England brethren have been said by slanderers to describe the place of theirs, as being "all along the shore." Stow's account is consistent neither with probability, nor with itself. He says, that Drake was eighteen years old, when he was made purser of a "ship to Biscay," twenty when he went to Guinea, and twenty-two when he was made a captain at San Juan de Ulua. This statement allows no time in which he could have sailed with Captain Lovell, as he unquestionably did; and, moreover, he was not made a captain at San Juan de Ulua. Mr. Barrow appears to wish to carry back the date as far as he can, consistently with the authority of the Earl of Derby's portrait, and with the account of Camden, who knew Drake personally, and who states, that he derived his baptismal name from his godfather, Sir Francis Russell, who is said to have been born in 1527, and could have been but twelve years old in 1539. But the age of the godfather would

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have been very little more mature in 1541. At the hazard of still more confounding the confusion, we will venture to suggest, that the actual date of Drake's birth was earlier than would appear from any of these authorities; as early, at least, as 1537. Sir Francis Drake is known to have been the eldest of twelve sons. Thomas, the youngest, accompanied him in the voyage round the world in 1577. Allowing a difference of twenty-two years between the ages of the brothers, and there can hardly have been less, Thomas would have reached the age of eighteen at the time of this voyage. Admitting the accuracy of the date assigned by Stow for the birth of the elder brother, it is scarcely conceivable, that Thomas could have been old enough at that time to hold any office of responsibility; his eldest brother could have been but thirty-two; yet we learn that Thomas, very early in the voyage, was placed by his brother in command of a Portuguese prize. It seems more probable, too, that Sir Francis Drake had, at this period, reached the age of forty, than that the charge of such an expedition should have been committed to younger hands. After all, in the absence of explicit testimony, we must be content to leave the question involved in much of its original obscurity.

The author of "Sir Francis Drake Revived," believed to have been the nephew of the Admiral, says, with provoking modesty, that he could have told us more than he has done, but "I had rather thou shouldest enquire of others, than to seeme myselfe a vain-glorious man." Posterity would, we imagine, have preferred that the worthy man had been somewhat puffed up, to being thus referred for information to others, no two of whom have the same tale to tell. Miss Martineau thought, that one of our eminent men looked as if he had never been born; and we are inclined to believe, that the distinguished personages who flourished three centuries ago were born at no particular time. The son of Columbus could throw no light upon the question respecting the time of his father's birth. Dr. Robertson assigns 1447 as the date of that event, and Mr. Irving is persuaded that it took place twelve years earlier; Mr. Prescott does not decide between them.

Fortunately, the place of his birth is known with greater certainty than the time. This was South Tavistock, in Devonshire. His father was a preacher, who embraced the

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faith of the Reformers, at the time when Henry the Eighth, with rigid impartiality, was persecuting the Protestants and pillaging the Catholics. He was compelled, as we learn from Sir Francis Drake, to fly into Kent, while Drake himself was yet a child. There he resided in the hull of a vessel, in which several of his younger children were born; and we wonder, that biographers, who are fond of explaining every thing, have not found in this circumstance a reason for the inclination shown by several of the family for the sea. After the death of Henry, which occurred in 1547, he "got a place," says Camden, "among the seamen in the king's navy, to read prayers to them; and soon after, he was ordained deacon, and made vicar of the church of Upnore, upon the river Medway (the road where the fleet generally anchoreth)." Mr. Barrow says, that there is not now at Upnore, nor ever has been, either church or chapel. Here he is at issue with his own hero; for Camden's information was derived from Drake himself. Perhaps a temporary chapel may have been intended, while the place was visited by the fleet. It does not distinctly appear, at what time the father was compelled to fly from Devonshire; it may have been in 1540, when the abbey of Tavistock was given by Henry to John Russell, who would hardly run the hazard of offending his royal benefactor by harbouring a heretic. If so, the course of events would well accord with our supposition respecting the time of Drake's birth, but would be utterly irreconcilable with that of Stow.

Nothing is known with certainty of the father's character; poor as he unquestionably was, the only advantages of education which his children could possess must have been derived from him. A general impression has prevailed, that Sir Francis Drake was an unlettered person; but such certainly was not the fact. We are indebted to the research of Mr. Barrow for the recovery of many of his letters, which compare advantageously, in every respect, with the best of those of the gentlemen and nobles of his time; nor does his chirography, of which a specimen is given, warrant a different conclusion. The old writers do not afford us precise information on this point; but their general panegyrics could hardly have been properly applied to an illiterate man. Stow describes him as of "a perfect memory, great observation, eloquent by nature." Prince, in his "Worthies of Devon,"

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adopts the language of Fuller, who speaks of him in terms of unqualified eulogy, but without alluding particularly to his literary attainments. Sir William Monson, who regards him with a far less favorable eye, says : " It is true, he would speak much and arrogantly, but eloquently, which bred a wonder in many, that his education could yield him those helps of nature." Sir Humphrey Gilbert's " True Report," published in 1583, contains, according to the fashion of the day, sundry poetical " commendations " ; one of the number is from the pen of Drake, and is written with an elegance which is not often found in that style of composition.

Whatever his advantages of education may have been, he certainly must have enjoyed them at an early age ; for, though nothing could well be more meagre than the accounts which have come down to us of his early history, we know, that, from his boyhood, his life was spent in vigorous and constant action. He was placed by his father with the master of a vessel, which was employed in voyages along the English coast, sometimes, however, visiting Zealand and the ports of France. In this calling, he exhibited a diligence which won the affection of his master, who, at his death, bequeathed to Drake his vessel. For some time, but how long we know not, the young sailor continued to prosecute a business, the character of which was singularly at variance with that of the enterprises in which he was afterwards employed. There is some confusion in the accounts given by different writers of his early voyages upon a more extended scale. In the preface to the voyage called the *Third*, the account of which was revised by Drake himself, he speaks of the wrong that he sustained at Rio da Hacha, when he sailed with Captain John Lovell, in 1565 and 1566. Camden assures us, that he sold his coasting vessel, upon hearing that Sir John Hawkins was fitting out an expedition for America, and went with some other seamen to Plymouth, in order to join him. This must have been in 1567. The last story omits the voyage with Lovell, of which, however, no account survives.

The principal object of Hawkins was the transportation of slaves from Africa to the Spanish American colonies ; a trade then carried on under the sanction of a treaty between England and Spain. We are induced to give some particulars respecting this voyage, in order to illustrate the relations

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between the people of these respective countries, to which allusion has been already made, as well as to show what acts were not only tolerated, but considered meritorious. Hawkins had been engaged in the same traffic previously, with so much success, that Queen Elizabeth, among other marks of favor, gave him, as a crest to his coat of arms, "a demi-Moor, properly colored, bound with a cord." His armament upon this occasion consisted of six vessels, two of which were very small; the largest was lent him by the queen. One of the number, the *Judith*, was under the command of Drake. His name, however, is hardly mentioned in the narrations of the voyage; which, as respects him, is not otherwise important, than as serving to explain the causes of his unbounded aversion to the Spaniards ever after. The squadron proceeded to the coast of Africa, where they were provided with a supply of slaves by measures of such singular atrocity, that, but for the experience of later days, they would seem to belong rather to evil demons than to men. Hawkins himself relates them with entire composure and apparent satisfaction. Among his other recreations, was the destruction of a populous town by fire, with the view of more conveniently enslaving the inhabitants. After describing this scene, he proceeds to inveigh, in a strain of virtuous indignation, against the negroes, as sadly lacking in respect for truth.

He next sailed for the Spanish colonies, where he trafficked for a time without interruption; but at Rio da Hacha, the trade was prohibited by the authorities; and this rigid expounder of the law of nations, deeming the prohibition an infraction of the treaty, carried the place by storm, in order to inculcate sounder principles of commercial intercourse. The armament was shattered by successive storms, and at length reached the port of San Juan de Ulua; taking, on the way, three Spanish vessels, which contained one hundred passengers. "I found in this port," says Hawkins, "twelve ships, which had in them, by report, £200,000 in gold and silver; all which being in my possession, with the king's island, and also the passengers, before in my way thitherward stayed, I set at liberty, without taking from them the weight of a groat." He evidently considered himself as a miracle of abstinence and self-denial, in refraining from plundering the subjects of a friendly power to the full extent of his ability; and the Spaniards were not backward in affording

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him an exposition of their views upon the subject of the law of nations, which were even more liberal than his own. They at first mistook the English squadron for an expected fleet from Spain. Afterwards, thirteen large ships appeared off the harbour, and Hawkins sent to inform their "general," that, before he would suffer them to enter, "there should be some order of conditions pass between us for our safe-being there, and maintenance of peace." To this the Spaniards reluctantly assented, and the conditions were arranged; but when the suspicions of the English had been removed by the apparent sincerity of the other party, they were assailed by a superior force; and after a desperate conflict, Hawkins was compelled to leave the port, with the loss of several vessels, and very many of his men. Drake's vessel, the *Judith*, was separated from him at the time of the disaster; Hawkins himself, after encountering the extremity of suffering and privation, returned with only one. There can be no apology for this "treason" of the Spaniards; but it is quite apparent, that neither party was at all inclined to be over-scrupulous in its dealings with the other, while the proceedings of the English had only the advantage of being undisguised and open. Mr. Barrow says, that there are detached accounts of this voyage, in which Drake is represented as having "done wonders with the little *Judith*"; there can be no doubt that he conducted himself with his usual ability, but his station was a subordinate one, and afforded little opportunity of acquiring marked distinction.

The first enterprise, by which Drake acquired the great reputation for skill and bravery as a commander which he ever afterwards maintained, was undertaken in the year 1572. After his return from the disastrous voyage already mentioned, he made many efforts to obtain satisfaction for his losses from the government of Spain; finding these entirely ineffectual, he appears to have concluded to rely upon himself alone for redress. In 1570 and 1571, he visited the West Indies, as is stated, with the view of gaining intelligence about these countries; or, more probably, to ascertain at what point the Spanish colonies were most vulnerable. We are not about to enter upon a discussion of the morality of his enterprise, for we imagine that the propriety of making war on the subjects of a monarch with whom his own sovereign was at peace will hardly be defended. In any age, it

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would not escape the reproach, and, if unsuccessful, the doom of piracy; but we are not to suppose, that Drake himself, or his countrymen, regarded it in such a light. The state of policy at the time was such, that injuries offered to the Spaniards were either considered as acts of virtue, or at least as very pardonable sins. This may serve to show, that those who did them were not fully aware of their real character; but it cannot change the character of the acts themselves. It is stated by Fuller, that Drake was advised by the minister of his ship, who must, we fear, have studied theology with Friar Tuck, that he might lawfully recover the amount of his losses from the King of Spain, in any part of his dominions. Some writers have intimated, apparently without foundation, that Drake's father was the spiritual counsellor in question. "The case," says Fuller, "was clear in sea divinity, and few are such infidels as not to believe doctrines which make for their own profit." Monson says, with considerable emphasis, of one of his subsequent expeditions, "though he deserved well in the direction and carriage of his journey, yet the ground of his enterprise was unjust, wicked, and unlawful; his design being to steal, and thereby to disturb the peace of princes, to rob the poor traveller, to shed the blood of the innocent, and to make wives widows, and children fatherless." Monson is, perhaps, a prejudiced witness; it is not at all likely, that a doubt of the morality of the proceeding entered the mind of Drake, whose disposition appears to have been generous and humane; but the effect of such enterprises is very fairly stated, and these citations show, that all men were not even then wholly insensible to their character. We can find a parallel for them in the privateering of our own day, by which many a man has profited, without reflecting that he was enriched by the wages of robbery and blood.

We have no space to enable us to repeat the story of this expedition, which has been made familiar by the narration of Johnson, as well as by other writers of less commanding fame. The original account is given in the work already mentioned: — "Sir Francis Drake Revived: calling upon this dull or effeminate Age to follow his noble Steps for Gold and Silver." Sir Philip Sidney's heart would hardly have been stirred by a trumpet-call like this. The work is understood to be the production of Drake's nephew, and it

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derives a claim to still greater attention from the circumstance that it was revised by the Admiral himself. It is curious to read the details of the fitting out of the expedition, consisting as it did of two vessels, one of seventy tons, bearing the imposing name of the *Admiral*, and the other of twenty-five tons only. In a work, entitled "A Collection of Authentic Discoveries," it is stated, that "a ton in those days was four times what it was in 1763," when the work was published. If such were the fact, the vessels would still have been far from formidable; for the whole number of men and boys in both was only seventy-three. With this force, Drake sailed from Plymouth on the 24th of May, 1572.

On his arrival at Port Pheasant, a place which he had previously visited, he was accidentally joined by an English vessel, manned by thirty persons, the captain of which agreed to remain to guard the ships, while Drake, distributing his men into pinnaces, proceeded to complete the purpose of his expedition. The number of his force was now but seventy-three; and with this he proposed to attack the town of Nombre de Dios, where the treasures of Peru and Mexico were stored, before they were conveyed to Spain. A scheme of greater hardihood could not well have been devised; and it was carried into execution with abundant energy and skill. He came into the neighbourhood by night. Finding his followers somewhat dismayed by the accounts which they had received of the strength of the place, he took advantage of the rising of the moon to persuade them that the day was dawning, and pushed forward to the attack a few hours after midnight. A Spanish vessel had just arrived in the bay; and the men on board, seeing the pinnaces, despatched a boat to give warning to the town. The boat was intercepted by Drake, and forced to the other side of the bay, and the English landed without interruption at the battery. A solitary gunner was stationed there, who fled at their approach and alarmed the town. Leaving a small detachment to protect the pinnaces, Drake rushed forward into the centre of the place, where he dispersed a body of Spaniards, who were hastily assembled to receive him. A small party was sent to break open the king's treasure-house, while he, at the head of the rest, went to the governor's residence, where the silver was deposited. A lamp was burning there, by the aid of which he saw what must have

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seemed to him like the contents of Aladdin's cave; while the treasure-house, the repository of the gold and jewels, might well have represented the long-sought El Dorado. In one of the lower apartments was a mass of silver in bars, measuring, according to their hasty computation, seventy feet in length, ten in breadth, and twelve in height. Thence he proceeded to the treasure-house; but before it could be broken open, he became faint from the loss of blood, proceeding from a wound received in the skirmish, which, through fear of discouraging his followers, he had concealed from them till now. Without heeding his orders and entreaties, they retired, bearing him precipitately to the pinnace, leaving the work of plunder but half finished. This may serve as an example of the skill and hardihood with which Drake pursued his purpose; for an attack on the place, under any other circumstances, by a force like his, could hardly have failed to be disastrous.

It was in the course of this expedition, when endeavouring to intercept a caravan laden with the royal treasures, that Drake is represented to have ascended a tree, from the top of which he could at once discern the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Steps had been cut in the trunk, to render the ascent more easy, and an arbor, large enough to accommodate twelve men, constructed in the branches. Drake's imagination was excited by this imposing spectacle, and he bound himself by a vow to visit the South Sea at a future day, with the view of exploring it further than any who had gone before him. Nuñez de Balboa had first discovered it, in 1513, and had taken possession of it in the name of the king of Castile, with ceremonies in which the solemn was brought into close alliance with the ludicrous. After various devotional exercises, concluding with the erection of a heap of stones, in the place of an altar, on the elevated spot whence he first beheld its waters, he walked up to his middle in the surf, begirt with sword and target, and announced to those around him, that the Pacific ocean, with all that appertained thereto, was thenceforward the property of his royal master. Mr. Prescott has made all readers familiar with the later efforts of Cortés to prosecute discoveries in this new sea. Our countryman, Mr. Stephens, appears to have either forgotten the incident respecting Drake, which we have just related, or to be disposed to doubt the story. From the top

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of the great volcano of Cartago, he saw the two oceans at the opposite points of the harbour of San Juan and the Gulf of Nicoya; and in his description of the scene, he remarks, that there is no other point in the world which commands a view of both. In a note he adds, that he has been informed by several persons who have crossed the isthmus from Chagres to Panamá, that there is no point on the road from which the two seas are visible. This fact, however, does not absolutely contradict the account of Drake; if the view cannot be obtained from the road, possibly it might be from an elevated station.

After an absence of a little more than fourteen months, Drake returned to England, with an ample store of Spanish gold and silver; and was welcomed by his countrymen with an enthusiasm, which showed that there were few misgivings as to the morality of his proceedings; though his friend Camden, in allusion to this enterprise, speaks of him as having obtained "a pretty store of money, by playing the seaman and the pirate." The impression that it made upon the public mind is illustrated by the fact, that Davenant, about a century afterwards, wrought its prominent incidents into a drama, entitled "The History of Sir Francis Drake, expressed by instrumental and vocal Music, and by Art of Perspective in Scenes," &c. The fourth scene opens with a view of hills, a wood, and a tree of extraordinary compass and height. The last is apostrophized by Drake in these words:

> "Is this that most renown'd of Western trees
> On whose main-top
> Thou gavest me hope
> To see the North and South *Atlantick* seas?"

In what manner the time of Drake was spent in the interval between the termination of this expedition and the voyage round the world, his biographer has not been able to inform us, farther than that he was engaged in service under the Earl of Essex, in Ireland. That disastrous expedition, so far as Drake was concerned, however, began and ended in 1576; though the language of Mr. Barrow seems to convey the impression, that he was engaged in it three years earlier. All that we know of his proceedings is, that he fitted out, at his own expense, three frigates, a name then applied to small pinnaces propelled by sails and oars; and that "he did excellent service, both by sea and land, at the win-

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ning of divers strong forts." Such is the brief account of Stow; and nothing has been added to it by the research of other writers. It was about this time, that Drake first became acquainted with Sir Christopher Hatton, of dancing memory, by whom he was presented to the queen. His reception was a very flattering one; and it is stated, that she encouraged him to persist in his attacks upon the Spanish colonies. This is sufficiently probable; and it presents a curious illustration of the character of the relation subsisting between England and Spain, leading to a course of policy on both sides, by no means distinguished for sincerity or elevation. Most of the chroniclers assert, that she remarked to him, on this occasion, "I account that he who striketh thee, Drake, striketh me." Mr. Barrow expresses the opinion, that this remark must have been made at a later period; but it was the language of mere compliment, and might, for aught we can see, have been uttered as well at the time represented, as at any other. There is more reason for the doubt which he suggests, whether she then, as some historians assert, gave him a commission to make reprisals. He wanted no encouragement to induce him to do this; and she was not the person to furnish evidence, under her own hand, of her infidelity to her engagements.

So far as the boldness of the enterprise and the skill with which it was conducted are concerned, this voyage round the world, which was begun in 1577, merits all the praise bestowed on it by English writers. Mr. Barrow, in his account of it, relies upon the following authorities: first, upon "The World Encompassed," which was published in 1628, and purports to have been prepared from the "notes of Master Francis Fletcher, preacher in this employment, and compared with divers others' notes that went in the same voyage." Of this he declares, that Thomas Drake, the Admiral's brother, and his associate on the voyage, was the reviser or chief compiler. He gives no authority, however, for this assertion. The work was published by Sir Francis Drake, the nephew of the Admiral, and the son of Thomas. To the materials thus afforded, he has added copious extracts from a copy of Fletcher's manuscript, in the Sloane collection, in the British Museum, of which he tells us, that one John Conyers was the copyist and annotator. More than sixty years ago, this manuscript was unceremoniously

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used by one David Henry, who ascribes it to John Cook, meaning, perhaps, the copyist mentioned by Mr. Barrow; and it was subsequently used by Captain Burney.

It must not be supposed, however, that no printed account of this important voyage existed previously to the publication of "The World Encompassed." In 1594, fourteen years after its completion, an account of it appeared in a treatise on navigation, by M. Blundevile, of Newton Flotman; it was, however, brief, and written according to the fashion of a log-book. The author expresses the persuasion, that a narrative had been prepared by Drake himself, and earnestly exhorts him to give it to the world. Another account appeared in 1599, four years after the death of Drake, in the eighth volume of De Bry's collection of voyages. This was a translation from the English manuscript of Francis Pretty, who was one of Drake's companions in the expedition. The account was also published in London, in the following year, and inserted by Hakluyt in the third volume of his voyages. We learn from Hakluyt, that he intended to have published an account of Drake's voyages in the volume which he printed in 1589; but that he was deterred, by having "been seriously dealt withal, not to anticipate another man's pains and charge." We are told by Lowndes, however, that this apprehension did not deter him from printing it privately, and inserting it in some copies of his work, together with a map, on which was marked the track of the *Golden Hind*, which bore the flag of Drake; but that only a single copy of this map was known to be extant.

Among the incidents of this voyage, there is none that seems to have given rise to more discussion, than the execution of Thomas Doughty. This ill-fated personage is described in the manuscript of Fletcher as a man of many accomplishments, "a sufficient secretary to a noble personage of great place, and in Zealand an approved soldier, and not behind many in the study of the law for his time." He served in the expedition as a volunteer, and appears to have previously enjoyed the regard and confidence of Drake. When the squadron reached the Cape de Verde Islands, he was appointed to the command of a Portuguese prize. While acting in this capacity, he was charged with appropriating to his use some property belonging to the common stock. The

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accusation was found, on inquiry, to be entirely groundless; but Drake thought it expedient to remove him from the prize to his own ship, where he gave him a command second only to his own. The complaints of his conduct were continued; and he was at length displaced, and put under arrest. On the arrival of the squadron at Port San Julian, he was charged with a mutinous design, to murder the general and some of his principal officers; and after an investigation of the charges by the captains and gentlemen of the fleet, he was adjudged guilty, and executed. There is some confusion in the various accounts of this transaction, and it is impossible to obtain a clear view of the nature of the alleged offence. "The World Encompassed" speaks of it as a plot to murder the general and some of his immediate friends, conceived before the departure of the squadron, and made known at that time to Drake, who could not believe the representation to be well founded. The same authority adds, that Doughty, after his trial, admitted his guilt in the most unequivocal manner. Fletcher's manuscript leaves the impression, that the writer regarded him as innocent; and asserts, that he utterly denied the truth of the accusation, "upon his salvation, at the hour of communicating the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, at the hour and moment of his death." The account in Hakluyt intimates no doubt of the guilt of the accused, and states, that "the particulars of the cause" were found to be true, partly by Doughty's own confession, and partly by the testimony of others. Camden relates the facts of his trial and condemnation without any comment of his own, but adds the following singular remark: "And, indeed, the most impartial persons in the fleet were of opinion that he had acted seditiously; and that Drake cut him off as an emulator of his glory, and one that regarded not so much who he himself excelled in commendations for sea-matters, as who he thought might equal him." No doubt, as Mr. Barrow observes, "a mystery hangs over the whole proceeding"; because we are left in ignorance of most of the circumstances, the knowledge of which is quite indispensable to enable us to form a correct judgment. Still, in the absence of such information, we are by no means entitled to conclude, that a man like Drake, distinguished for courage and humanity, would, from mere wantonness, without any adequate motive, deliberately sanc-

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tion the murder of an innocent man, who had ever been his friend. Nor does the proceeding appear to have given occasion to any investigation, nor even to any complaint, after the return of Drake to England. It was shortly after this affair, that Winter, one of the captains of the squadron, separated from it and brought his vessel home. Southey has suggested, that this separation may have been occasioned by dissatisfaction on the part of Winter, growing out of Doughty's execution; but this is mere conjecture, and is contradicted by the fact, that neither Winter himself, nor any of his company, appears to have entertained a doubt of the propriety of the proceeding. In the account of Winter's voyage by one of his company, given in Hakluyt, the facts are mentioned briefly, without a word of comment.

Mr. Barrowobserves, that some imperious necessity must have governed Drake's conduct in the case of Doughty; and, with rare ignorance of the subject which he treats so oracularly, remarks:

"This is the plea set up by Captain Slidell McKenzie of the American ship *Somers*, when he hanged three of his crew without trial! 'In the necessity of my position,' he says, 'I found my law.' But, as the proverb goes, necessity *has* no law, *ergo*, the men were hanged not by *any* law. He might have had recourse to a court-martial. In Drake's time no such courts existed."

Mr. Barrow, in his account of this voyage, gives us another specimen of solemn jocularity, in a strain which savours a little of the forecastle. After describing the course of Drake along the western coast of North America, he says:

"Thus we may observe, that this portion of the west coast of America was indeed discovered, and taken possession of in the usual manner, by an Englishman, in the name of his sovereign, full 200 years before the United States of America had any existence; and yet they have the modesty to lay claim to it, on the assumption, that a Captain Gray, or White, or some other color, discovered it some few years ago; — but discovery, or prescription, as Queen Elizabeth justly said, 'is little worth without actual possession'; if it were not so, what, indeed, would become of our title to Australia and Van Dieman's Land, with a host of Dutch names staring us in the face?"

The exquisite taste exhibited in this passage is worthy of

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the argument, which rests the vindication of a wrongful claim upon the necessity of upholding others of the same description. We can only hope, that these luminous views of international law will not do prejudice to the interests of this country in any pending negotiations.

On his return from this remarkable voyage, in which Drake displayed a combination of qualities rarely found united even in the leaders of great enterprises, he was obliged to remain for some time without the sunshine of the royal favor. Queen Elizabeth was probably hesitating whether policy might require her to denounce him, or whether she might share the spoil he had brought with him, accept his presents, and recompense him with empty honors. In the course of five or six months, she had formed her resolution, and rewarded him by visiting his ship, and conferring upon him the honor of knighthood. But the people, whom no considerations of policy withheld from the expression of their feelings, welcomed him with a general chorus of praise and admiration. Chroniclers and poets poured forth their treasures of eloquence, largely embroidered with the extravagant conceits so common at that day. Holinshed was desirous that Drake's vessel should be fixed "upon the stumpe of Paul's steeple, in lieu of the spire," not so much as an architectural ornament, as a memorial in the eyes of the people of the noble enterprise. "The sun," says Purchas, "followed him all the way, as if that excellent and heavenly light had delighted himself in his society." He was honored also by the higher praise of Cowley and Ben Jonson.

From this time until the well known voyage of 1585, we hear nothing of Sir Francis Drake, excepting that, in 1582, he held the office of Mayor of Plymouth; a post not remarkably well suited to the display of his prevailing traits of character, and affording no great harvest to his biographer, who has been able to redeem from oblivion only two incidents, and those far from momentous; one, that the order for wearing scarlet gowns was carried into execution during his mayoralty; the other, "that the compass was erected on the Hoe," a hill in the neighbourhood of the city. The voyage of 1585 is interesting to Americans, in consequence of the visit paid by the squadron to our coast; but Mr. Barrow has added nothing to our stock of information on the subject. He has, however, been led by the mention of Vir-

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ginia to indulge himself in the recreation of presenting to the reader his deliberate views on the subject of tobacco; the name of which he traces to that of the island of Tobago; apparently not aware of the much more plausible etymology suggested by Humboldt, who derives it from the appellation given by the natives of St. Domingo to the pipe in which it is smoked. Mr. Barrow's remarks upon the habit of using it are sound and edifying, though he is led by his antipathy into the employment of terms not more savoury than the article itself.

But the time was at hand, when the shrinking and not very honorable policy of Spain and England was to be exchanged for another and a bolder tone. Dark clouds were gathering in the horizon, and the English made ready to meet the coming storm with a spirit worthy of the Saxon race. There is no period in their history, in which their energy and fortitude were more signally displayed; none more critical; none more momentous in its influence upon succeeding times. Who can venture to say, what would have been the present condition of Europe, of America, of all the nations, if the courage of our ancestors had failed in that eventful hour? Great exigencies are the parent of all the lofty traits of character. Elizabeth and her ministers rose at once above the level of their dark and unscrupulous, though singularly cunning policy, and made to their countrymen the only appeal that finds an answer in the hearts of the generous and brave. By the Spanish, the projected invasion was regarded as a crusade against the worst enemies of the true faith; on the part of England, it was a struggle for independence as a nation. It has been said, that the final demands of the Spanish court were conveyed through the medium of four Latin verses; and that Elizabeth, who was as proud of her scholarship as of her beauty, and with better reason, replied in the same manner. However this may have been, it was no season for a jest. At this period, the great qualities of Sir Francis Drake shone forth with unstained lustre. It is the portion of his history, on which are laid the foundations of his real fame, and on which his biographer must prefer to dwell. Fortunately, the industry of Mr. Barrow has thrown light upon his services and conduct at this crisis, by recovering portions of his correspondence, which are interesting alike from their relation to the general history of the time, and

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from the illustration which they afford of his own character. These are of the greatest value, because it is quite obvious, that Drake himself was the real leader of the naval operations, though the nominal command of all the forces was given to another ; and there can be little doubt, that the final result is to be attributed far more to his energy and judgment, than to the efforts of any other individual. To him was assigned the honor of giving to the invading armament the first decisive blow.

It was now of the utmost importance to watch the state of the enemy's preparations, and, if possible, to arrest the departure of the invading fleet, by intercepting its supplies, or in any other way that chance should offer. This service was assigned to Drake, who entered on it with his usual activity and vigor. With a squadron consisting of four vessels assigned to him by the queen, and some twenty more added by the city of London, he set sail from Plymouth on the second day of April. Ascertaining on the way, that the enemy were busily employed in embarking stores at Cadiz to supply their fleet, he directed his course towards that port, and, on the nineteenth of April, entered the harbour. There he was assailed by five galleys, which soon retired for shelter under the guns of the castle. "We founde," says Drake, in a business-like letter to Sir Francis Walsingham, "sondrie greate shippes, some laden, some half-laden, and some readie to be laden with the kinge's provisions for Englande. We staied there untill the 21st, in which meane tyme we sanke a Biskanie of 12 C (1200) tonnes, burnte a shippe oft he Marques of Santa Cruse of 15 C tonnes, and 31 shippes more, of 1000, 800, 600, 400, to 200 tonnes the piece, and carried awaie fower with us laden with provision, and departed thence with as much honour as we coulde wishe, notwithstandinge that duringe the tyme of our aboade there we were bothe oftentymes foughte withall by 12 of the kinge's gallies (of whome we sanke two) and allwaies repulsed the reste, and were (without ceasinge) vehementlie shotte at from the shoare, but to our little hurte, God be thankede." The Marquess of Santa Cruz was the destined leader of the Armada ; a few months after, he died, in consequence, as some writers are pleased to say, of mortification at the success of the daring enterprise.

After capturing many vessels, and making a descent upon

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the coast, the English admiral proceeded to Lisbon. The Marquess of Santa Cruz was lying with his galleys at Cascais, but made no attempt to arrest the course of Drake, who continued the work of destruction as before. It is curiously illustrative of the manners of the time, that it was agreed by the English captains, after a proposal for the exchange of prisoners had been declined by the Spanish admiral, for the sufficient reason that he had none to exchange, "that all suche Spanyards, as yt shall please God to sende under our hands, shall be solde unto the Mowres, and the money reserved for the redemyng of such of our countryemen as may be redemed therwith." Sailing thence to the Azores, they captured a Portuguese "carrak" laden with a cargo so valuable, that the officers and men became anxious to return forthwith to England to enjoy their portion of the prize, and Drake, having accomplished the chief objects of the voyage, acceded to their wishes. He had already so far deranged the plans of the enemy, that they were compelled to defer the execution of them until the following year, and, what was more important, had taught them to respect the boldness and hardihood of the English. Mr. Barrow quotes largely from some curious documents, showing the consequence attached by Queen Elizabeth to the treasure taken in the prize, and from others relating to a difficulty between the admiral and one of his captains, who was transported with indignation, because the movements of the squadron were not regulated according to his wishes.

If credit is to be attached to the stories of contemporary annalists, the next year, 1588, had long been noted by prophets and astrologers. According to Camden, one of them, who is said by Darcie to have been the well known Regiomontanus, had pointed it out a century before, as "the Admirable Year." Stow confirms the fact of the predictions, and Fuller professes himself unable to determine from what quarter the soothsayers derived their information, intimating, however, that the source may have been a diabolical one. The oracles, like most others of the kind, appear to have been prudently indefinite, leaving it to time to settle the details. It was in the spring of this year, that the Spanish Armada, all its preparations being completed, put to sea, under orders to proceed to the coast of France, where it was to be joined by the forces of the Duke of Parma. A

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formidable armament, indeed, it was ; consisting of one hundred and thirty-two vessels, of about 60,000 tons, with 30,000 men, under the command of the Duke of Medina Sidonia. The regular English fleet, on the other hand, included less than forty vessels, but was swelled on this occasion by voluntary contributions to the number of about two hundred, comprehending about 30,000 tons, and 16,000 men ; but the number of their guns hardly exceeded a fourth of those of the enemy. Indeed, the Spanish navy at this time was the most formidable in the world ; and their vessels were of a larger and more efficient class than those of England. Lord Howard of Effingham, a brave, judicious, and popular man, but with little nautical experience, held the rank of Lord High Admiral ; but, as we have said, the real leader was the second in command, Sir Francis Drake ; and he was deficient in none of the qualities required by such a crisis. Hawkins, Frobisher, and others of distinguished name, were also there. The largest ship was that of Frobisher, of eleven hundred tons, carrying forty-two guns, and five hundred men ; but the Lord High Admiral's flag was borne by the *Ark Royal*, of eight hundred tons. Several of the English vessels were of a burden varying from seventy tons to thirty, and very far from formidable ; these, as Mr. Barrow suggests, "must have required uncommon vigilance to keep them out of harm's way." But the English inferiority of force was amply compensated by the spirit of the people ; who echoed, with stern enthusiasm, the lofty sentiment of their queen. "I think foul scorn, that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realms." In estimating the confidence and spirit by which they were animated at this crisis, it should not be forgotten, that the "meteor flag of England" had not then blazed upon the deep as it did in after-times ; there was then no terror in the British name.

In his detail of the operations of the fleets, the author makes liberal use of the journal of an officer on board the flag-ship of the Spanish admiral, of which the manuscript was obtained in the archives of Madrid. It appears, as he says, to be a sensible and modest narrative ; but in following it, he has forgotten to set the personal exploits of Drake in as clear a light as he might have done. The instructions given to the Spanish admiral required him to proceed to the

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coast of France, with a view to the coöperation of the Duke of Parma; but receiving intelligence at Corunna, which led him to believe that the English fleet might be taken by surprise in the Sound of Plymouth, he sailed directly thither, in disregard of his instructions; and the projected union did not take place. This proceeding was so injudicious, that it could hardly have been anticipated by the English commanders; and we find that Drake, with a just foresight of the importance of preventing such a union, frequently urged upon the queen the importance of attacking the enemy upon his own coast; but his advice was disregarded, from the fear of leaving that of England quite defenceless. His whole conduct, however, appears to have been distinguished by a prudence, activity, and bravery, which could not be surpassed. Nor can the result be better told than in the energetic language employed by Drake himself, in refutation of the statements of the Spaniards.

"They were not ashamed to publish, in sundry languages, in print, great victories in words, which they pretended to have obtained against this realm, and spread the same in a most false sort over all parts of France, Italy, and elsewhere: when, shortly after, it was happily manifested in very deed to all nations, how their navy, which they termed invincible, consisting of one hundred and forty sail of ships, not only of their own kingdom, but strengthened with the greatest argosies, Portugal carracks, Florentines, and large hulks of other countries, were, by thirty of her Majesty's own ships of war, and a few of our merchants, by the wise, valiant, and advantageous conduct of the Lord Charles Howard, High Admiral of England, beaten and shuffled together even from the Lizard in Cornwall, first to Portland, where they shamefully left Don Pedro de Valdet, with his mighty ship; from Portland to Calais, where they lost Hugh de Moncado, with the galleys of which he was captain; and from Calais, driven with squibs from their anchors, were chased out of the sight of England, round about Scotland and Ireland; where, for the sympathy of their religion, hoping to find succour and assistance, a great part of them were crushed against the rocks, and those other that landed, being very many in number, were, notwithstanding, broken, slain, and taken; and so sent from village to village, coupled in halters, to be shipped into England, where her Majesty, of her princely and invincible disposition, disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retain or entertain them, they were all sent back again to their countries to witness and

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recount the worthy achievement of their invincible and dreadful navy. Of which the number of soldiers, the fearful burden of their ships, the commanders' names of every squadron, with all other, their magazines of provisions, were put in print, as an army and navy irresistible and disdaining prevention; with all which their great terrible ostentation they did not, in all their sailing round about England, so much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinnace, or cock-boat of ours, or even burn so much as one sheepcote on this land."

The story is told by Mr. Barrow principally through the medium of extracts from the Spanish journal, and interesting letters of the Lord High Admiral and Sir Francis Drake. When he speaks in his own person, he displays occasional peculiarities of style which somewhat impair the effect of the narration. He speaks, for example, of the "hellish" superstition of a Spanish Roman Catholic; and, alluding to an oversight of Drake, in omitting to carry lights according to the orders of the Admiral, we are assured, with touching earnestness, that he "nearly got into a scrape."

The expedition to Spain and Portugal in 1589, undertaken partly with the view of distressing the former, and partly with the view of restoring Don Antonio to the Portuguese throne, which he claimed by virtue of a popular election, was not attended with complete success. Its prominent incidents are generally known; Mr. Barrow has given additional interest to some of them by the letters of the admiral, who seems to have acted his part on this, as on all other occasions, with ability and judgment. It has been said, that he was desirous of proceeding directly to Lisbon, before time could be afforded to make preparations for defence; but that the commander of the land forces insisted on landing at Corunna, to annoy the Spaniards. If so, it is not the only instance in which the English have acted on the system of assailing an enemy by thrusting pins into his extremities, instead of aiming at the heart.

In the interval between this expedition and that of 1595, Sir Francis Drake was actively employed, under the direction of the queen, in watching the movements of his old enemies, the Spaniards. In 1593, he took his seat in Parliament as a member from Plymouth, then his place of residence, and, though rising seldom in debate, was laborious, active, and much respected. This city has reason to cherish his memo-

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ry. It was to his liberality and enterprise, that it was indebted for the supply of fresh water which it has enjoyed from that time to ours ; and there are various facts on record, which show that he was at all times careful of its interests. Mr. Barrow mentions his efforts to provide for its defence at a particular period ; he does not mention the year, but his language leaves no doubt, that he supposes them to have been made in 1589. It must, however, have been earlier ; for on the May-day of that year, when he says that Drake took order for the regular keeping of watch and ward, the admiral was on his way to Corunna. There is another error of a similar kind. He says that, while Drake was preparing for his last voyage, he earnestly recommended to the Lords of the Privy Council to make various arrangements for the protection of the sea-coast ; and that he was moved to do this by a descent made by the Spaniards during the preceding year. But this irruption of the Spaniards actually took place when the expedition was on the point of sailing, and was the means of delaying its departure ; and it was probably at this time that the letter of Drake was written, having been suggested by a recent warning, rather than one of a year's standing.

The author's account of the expedition to the West Indies and South America, which was rendered memorable by the death of Sir John Hawkins and his far greater associate, Sir Francis Drake, though attended with no brilliant success, presents us with no novel information. There is no want of materials for the use of the writer of its history. A copious journal of its incidents can be found in Hakluyt, and another in the quarto edition of " Sir Francis Drake Revived," published in 1652. Mr. Barrow says nothing of the authorship of these journals. The last was probably written by Thomas Drake, and published by his son ; it contains some facts which are not found in the other, which is, in general, the more particular and better of the two. Various explanations have been given of the causes which induced these veteran admirals to engage in this unfortunate adventure. Some have supposed, that Hawkins, now an old man, was stung by a sarcasm of the queen, on the occasion of his return from an unsuccessful expedition, a few years before ; others, that he was impelled by the hope of rescuing a son, who was held as a captive by the Spaniards. It has been said, too, that Drake was accused by some of hav-

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ing failed in the expedition against Spain and Portugal. But surely, the reputation of both must have rested upon foundations too strong to be affected by any suggestions to their prejudice. That of Drake, in particular, must have placed him immeasurably above them. In fact, it was by no means unnatural, that men of unwearied energy, whose whole lives had been passed in constant action, should find pleasure in returning, to the element where they had already gained their fame and honors. Both fell victims to disease upon the coast of Spanish America. It was upon the 28th of January, 1596, that Sir Francis Drake breathed his last; his body was committed to the deep; and as the last honors were paid by his companions to the memory of one so eminent, they might well have responded to the eulogy in the epitaph written by an unknown admirer of his fame:

"The sea, that was his glory, is his grave."

We know not who was the author of the following "quaint conceit"; but as it is too good to be lost, we place it before our readers:

"O Nature, to old England still
Continue these mistakes;
Give us for our Kings such Queens,
And for our *Dux* such Drakes."

If Sir Francis Drake is to be considered second to any in the long line of the great naval commanders of his country, the name of Nelson only is crowned with higher glory; and considering the state of the British navy in his day, and the surpassing talent with which he availed himself of limited resources, it is doubtful whether even this exception can be made with justice. There is no more emphatic evidence of his reputation in his own day, than the fact that, after the overthrow of the Armada, he was solicited by the Lord High Admiral himself to mention him with commendation to the queen. His personal character was illustrated by many virtues; he was liberal, high-minded, and generous; and though for a time led by the spirit of his age into enterprises which cannot be commended, he conducted them with a degree of humanity of which the time gave few examples, and abandoned them for the higher purpose of serving and doing honor to his country.*

* In the preparation of this article, we have availed ourselves freely of the results of the research of Mr. Samuel G. Drake, a gentleman whose name is honorably known to the public in more than one field of antiquarian inquiry.

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ART. IV. — *The Library of American Biography.* Conducted by JARED SPARKS. Second Series. Volume I. Boston : Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1844. 12mo. pp. 400.

WE several times expressed our views respecting the plan of this work, and the manner in which particular portions of it were executed, while the first series was in the course of publication ; and we regretted its suspension at a time when the lives of many of the most eminent of our countrymen had found no place in its pages. Some work of the kind seems indispensably necessary in order to render the general reader familiar with the history of those whose honor is identified with the honor of his country, and tends, perhaps, in his estimation, to enhance his own. The notices of them contained in biographical dictionaries are too meagre to afford much instruction ; and the more elaborate biographies are in general quite too voluminous for the purpose of such a reader ; while the sketches in a work like this are too short to inspire much weariness, and at the same time long enough to serve to point a moral. Nor is there any want of rich material, much of it yet unwrought. There are the discoverers, who may fairly claim to belong to the country which they brought to light ; the explorers, who penetrated its recesses and laid them open to civilization, as the hardy settler opens the forest-sheltered soil to the sweet influences of the sun ; the pioneers, always a bold and resolute, and sometimes a noble race, wrestling with privation, with savage enemies, and the sharp evils of solitude and sickness, on the spot where, a few years after, their children " sing the merry songs of peace." Then comes the long and stately procession of those who established all that constitutes a state ; the warrior, the lawgiver, the statesman, the man of God ; each in his own way giving his powers to the cause of human improvement, and advancing it no less by his example than his labors. Here is surely an array, upon which the painter of life and manners may be long engaged with as much pleasure to himself as profit to mankind. We think it a good augury, that Mr. Sparks has been induced to resume this useful and important work. He has been so long and so honorably employed in building the tombs of the prophets,

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that the charge could hardly have been so well confided to another hand; and, if we are to form a judgment of the volumes which are to succeed from the one before us, the new series will be in no degree inferior in attractiveness and value to the former.

There are two biographies in this volume. The first in order, written by Mr. Sparks himself, is that of Robert Cavelier de la Salle, one of those noble natures which are neither grazed nor pierced by the "shot of accident, nor dart of chance"; whose grand and gloomy figure stands in somewhat dim outline in the short history of the French ascendency in this country. Unfortunately, the particulars of his personal history have come down to us only as they are connected with that of his researches and discoveries, and neither has been uniformly recorded by friendly hands. But enough of him has been handed down to show, that, in far-discerning vision, in resolution, patience, energy, in short, in all the qualities which fit one to devise great enterprises, and to execute them wisely, he stands below no explorer of his own or any other time. Educated, as is supposed, for the church, in a seminary of the Jesuits, he comes to Canada, and is for several years engaged in trade with the same spirit and energy which marked his later and more useful labors. Meanwhile, his mind is fixed upon the grand project of proceeding through the chain of the great lakes, and thence finding his way through some unexplored channel to the China seas. This was the brilliant vision which had misled many lofty spirits of an earlier time; without impairing, either in their case or in his, the deep practical sagacity which leads to sure judgment in the pursuit of attainable objects. When the return of Marquette and Joliet had assured him respecting the Great River of the West, which they had descended to the confluence of the Arkansas, he knew that its waters mingled with those of the Gulf of Mexico, and vast schemes of colonization and extended empire dawned upon his mind. In Colbert, Louis the Fourteenth's great minister, he found a spirit like his own. He had previously, with his eye fixed upon this plan of peaceful conquest, obtained a grant of Fort Frontenac, where the waters of the St. Lawrence flow out of Lake Ontario, and had traversed, with considerable vessels, the bosom of that inland sea. He was now, by the letters patent of the king, in-

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vested with power to prosecute his plans of discovery, and received a grant of the trade in buffalo skins; but it was expressly stipulated, that all his projects were to be executed at his own expense. At his own expense, indeed, they were executed; at the cost of his fortune and his life. This grant was made near the close of the year 1678; in nine months from that time, a vessel of sixty tons, built in the wilderness on the river Niagara, rode upon the waters of Lake Erie. Passing through Lake Huron, and crossing Lake Michigan, he cast anchor at the entrance of Green Bay. Here he resolved to send back his vessel, with the furs which his hunters had already gathered, and such as might be obtained at various posts on their return, in order to satisfy his creditors; while he, and thirteen companions, were to find their way in bark canoes, along the western shore of the lake. Then begins the sad story of disasters, which teach us of what stuff the indomitable man was made.

After proceeding for about six weeks, pressed by hunger and other inconveniences, La Salle and his party reach, on the 1st of November, the mouth of the St. Joseph. His lieutenant, De Tonty, was to join him there with deserters whom he had remained at Mackinaw to collect, and there, too, his vessel was to find a harbour on its return. His expectations are disappointed, and his men, suffering with hunger, begin to murmur; but he gives them employment in the erection of a fort, and in about a month Tonty appears, without any tidings of the vessel, of which none were ever received. On the 3d day of December, La Salle begins his weary march for the Illinois river, and on the first day of the year 1680, sailing through a beautiful lake, he comes near the spot where the village of Peoria now occupies its site of surpassing loveliness. There he erects Fort Crèvecœur, a name of sad augury, and prepares a vessel, in which he proposes to navigate the Great River to the sea; but his resources are insufficient for this purpose, and, despatching Father Hennepin, with two others, to find the sources of the Mississippi, the man of iron, with three Frenchmen and an Indian hunter, on the last day of February, sets out on a weary expedition of twelve hundred miles, to procure articles of which he is in need. On arriving at Fort Frontenac, he finds that his vessel, as he had feared, is lost; he is robbed by his agents of the profits of his trade; a vessel

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laden with merchandise for him has been cast away in the Bay of St. Lawrence; his canoes have been destroyed in the rapids above Montreal; his men, at the instigation of his enemies, have plundered and deserted him; and his creditors have seized his property, and wasted it by hasty sales.

Here were evils enough, one would think, to induce him, at least, to lay his projects of discovery aside; but their only effect is to make him resolve to descend the Mississippi in canoes, rather than in a larger vessel; and on the 23d day of July, 1680, he sets out again on his expedition to the Illinois river. In the mean time, all has gone wrong in that quarter; he reaches, late in November, the mouth of the St. Joseph, and finds his fortress desolate. Those on the Illinois have also deserted, in consequence of difficulties with the natives, which compelled the French to fly. He passes the weary winter at the mouth of the St. Joseph. In the following spring, he returns to Mackinaw; there he meets with Tonty, who had been left in command upon the Illinois, and heavy indeed are the tidings which each has to communicate to the other; but we learn from an eyewitness, that La Salle related his with the tone and air of a man who is speaking of ordinary incidents, and without a sign of misgiving or fear, or even doubt of the success of his great enterprise. In the life of this man there was little that went smoothly; to his last hour, he was destined to struggle with discouragement and difficulty; and he escaped from them, as Samson broke the withs and cords of the Philistines; yet nothing in his career is more admirable than the energy with which he bore up and steered right onward, bating not a jot of heart or hope, before a single ray had dawned upon his enterprise, and when all untoward accidents conspired against him. There is something almost sublime in the firm purpose with which he pursued his way, asking no sympathy and receiving none, except that which is extorted by high resolve and an unbending will; for he sought not to relieve his own perplexities or cares by communion with others; on the contrary, the only fault, with which those least favorable to him have to charge his memory, is that of too great self-reliance and reserve.

It may well be believed, that Mr. Sparks has selected a noble subject in the history of a man like this; and he has treated it in a manner worthy of his own reputation. His

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task was not a light one ; for the authorities on which he was compelled to rely are consistent neither with each other, nor with themselves, and the stories told by some of them are deeply colored by their prejudices. Yet, even where the prejudice is strongest, it can be perceived, that the writer pays reluctant homage to a commanding character. Father Hennepin, whose unaccountably absurd pretence, that, when sent to explore the Upper Mississippi, he stole down the river to the sea, and thus accomplished the descent before La Salle, has procured for him the reputation of a liar of the first magnitude, is evidently overawed by the superior genius of his commander ; and, in fact, declares, that it was through fear of him that he kept the secret of this excursion to himself, until ten years after La Salle's death. He is one of the authorities on which the biographer is compelled to rely ; and it needs hardly be said, that Mendez Pinto was but a type of him, so far as the art of fabrication is concerned. We are glad to see that Mr. Sparks has done him justice ; showing, in fact, that the worthy father stole his materials for the account of his pretended voyage down the Mississippi from Le Clercq's narration of the proceedings of the missionaries in Canada. Le Clercq's information was derived from the letters of Father Zenobe, who was one of La Salle's companions in the expedition.

The work ascribed to Tonty is another authority, of questionable character ; it was published in Paris, while he was in this country, without his knowledge, and though believed to have been compiled from his notes, has been embroidered with various inventions, resembling in a small way the magnificent ones of Father Hennepin, and disfigured by numberless errors, by the ignorance or carelessness of the bookmaker. Charlevoix is another authority, though he writes from the information of others ; but his work is strongly tinctured with his prejudices. It was no easy task to disentangle truths from the errors and contradictions of authorities like these, as many writers, ourselves among the rest, have found ; but Mr. Sparks has done this with great industry and ability, and has thus rendered his narrative of great historical value. The year in which La Salle accomplished his descent of the Mississippi has been not unfrequently regarded as doubtful. So far as this remained a question, it is set at rest by Mr. Sparks, who found in the archives of the Ma-

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rine Department, at Paris, a most interesting document, of which he gives a translation, entitled, "*Procès Verbal* of the taking possession of Louisiana, at the mouth of the Mississippi, by the Sieur de la Salle, on the 9th of April, 1682." This document contains an account of the whole expedition, attested by the signatures of La Salle and his party. From the same source is derived an interesting petition of the Chevalier de Tonty, La Salle's companion, to the Minister of Marine, setting forth his various services, and desiring that a company may be obtained for him, that he may continue to serve the king in Canada. This paper has no date, but is supposed by Mr. Sparks to have been written in 1690. The account of La Salle's last disastrous voyage, and of his foul murder, rests upon the authority of his companions, Joutel and Father Anastase.

Probably few intelligent travellers now ascend the Mississippi or the Illinois, without thinking of the enterprising pioneer, who fell a victim, in the vigor of his manhood, to his generous ambition. One could fondly wish, that, before he found his bloody grave in the wilderness, the curtain of the future had been for a moment lifted, that he might see what, after the lapse of scarcely a century and a half, is presented to our eyes; the valley of the Mississippi, — described by the philosophic French traveller as the most magnificent dwelling place ever prepared by Providence for man's abode, a valley hardly inferior in extent to the Roman empire, — filled with millions of the prosperous, the active, and the free; with the surges of population rushing over it, and spreading themselves in nations over its beautiful and fertile meadows, and under the shadow of its noble forests; and the mighty river itself, aptly styled by the Indian the Father of Waters, with its numberless tributary streams, bearing the wealth of a continent upon their bosom; their banks adorned with noble cities, the seats of opulence and luxury, or brightened by a magnificence of vegetation, such as hardly any other land can show; flowing through regions of ice, and genial breezes, and scarcely ending summer, through the land of the corn, the cotton, the orange, and the sugar-cane; no longer a colony of France, or England, or any foreign dominion, but rising with the power and majesty of self-sustaining empire. Such a prospect might have been a fit

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reward for a lofty genius, destined to as dark a fate as misfortune ever knew.

The next and only other biography contained in this volume is that of Patrick Henry, written by Mr. Alexander H. Everett. This extraordinary person, the "forest-born Demosthenes," as Lord Byron, with more poetry than accuracy, styles him, is as well known to distant readers by the glowing narrative of Mr. Wirt, as he is to Virginians by the traditions derived from those who witnessed and felt his extraordinary power. Were it not, in fact, for the emphatic testimony of those who knew him well, and were not likely to be affected by mere declamation, one would be tempted to think, that Mr. Wirt, a man incapable of deception, had invested his subject with coloring drawn from his own fancy. The remains of his eloquence which have come down to us, though bold and vigorous, are not sufficient to explain the secret of his commanding influence over the minds of men. Mr. Everett ascribes it to the naturally keen sensibility, which enables the true orator to act upon the moral part of our nature by stirring and successful appeals to the passions; and to the undaunted courage and overwhelming energy of character, which send the shafts of oratory directly to the mark. These were qualities which Henry possessed in a very eminent degree. Literary accomplishments he had next to none, for his early advantages of education were not great, and he was not inclined to improve the few that he had; his argumentative power was not remarkable, though he had, like Chatham, the talent of giving his assertions the force of conclusions; but there was in him nothing pusillanimous, nothing wavering; while others were deliberating, he was on his way; and he added to all this the external qualifications of a stately person, a commanding eye, and one of those voices which attract and enchain the hearer, like an enchanter's spell. Unfortunately, like many other orators of first-rate excellence, he either did not possess, or did not cultivate, the art of writing; so that the memorials of his eloquence, existing in the form of reports of his speeches, give as imperfect an idea of them, as they flowed from his tongue, as the mummy does of the grace and beauty of the living form. Tradition is, after all, the only evidence which attests the reality of his inspiration, and its almost miraculous sway; there is, however, nothing questionable in that tradi-

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tion ; and the world is under deep obligation to Mr. Wirt for collecting and preserving all that was remembered of a man of extraordinary genius, exhibited in a department in which commanding excellence is rare ; for though speakers, copious and able ones too, are as numerous among us as the most patient auditor could desire, not many have there been, in any age, like the orators of Athens, " the eye of Greece," and mother of arts and rhetoric, —

> " Those ancients, whose resistless eloquence
> Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
> Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
> To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."

There is, however, a satisfaction to the reader in turning from the gorgeous descriptions of Mr. Wirt to the graver, but well considered and finely written, biography of Mr. Everett. We have no space to enter into a full exposition of its particular merits ; but no one can fail to derive gratification from the calm and fair examination of the remarkable portions of Henry's life and rhetorical victories, which presents them all in clear but not dazzling light, and, instead of lessening, rather exalts our estimate of his ability and general character. The effect of the whole is greatly aided by Mr. Everett's profound acquaintance with the constitutional history of our country.

A very curious note is appended by Mr. Sparks, the editor, to that part of the biography which treats of the celebrated Resolutions, offered by Patrick Henry in the House of Burgesses of Virginia, on the 29th of May, 1765. As originally adopted, they were five in number ; but the fifth was, two days afterwards, expunged from the journals of the House. When the Resolutions were circulated through the country, they produced a sensation which is not to be accounted for by any thing contained in them as they were actually passed. The fifth, the rescinded one, was the boldest ; but even this went no further than the declared sentiments of the Assemblies of Massachusetts and New York had gone before. Governor Fauquier, in a letter to the Lords of Trade, giving an account of the proceedings of the House of Burgesses on this subject, states, that those who presented the Resolutions had two more in reserve, which they were deterred from offering by the difficulty they experienced in carrying the fifth, which was adopted only

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by a majority of one vote. It seems, that a spurious copy of the Resolutions was first circulated in the newspapers, and afterwards printed in the "Prior Documents," Gordon's and Ramsay's histories, and Marshall's Life of Washington. In this copy, the third resolution is altogether omitted; the fifth essentially altered from Mr. Henry's draft; and two others added, which were never adopted by the Assembly, and respecting which there is no evidence that Henry wrote, or had even seen them. These are believed by Mr. Sparks to be the two alluded to by Governor Fauquier. They are far bolder and more decisive than those which were actually passed; and going forth to the world, as they did, by this strange accident, with the erroneous impression, that they were sustained by the authority of the Virginia Assembly, they had an extraordinary influence upon the public mind; an influence which the actual Resolutions, emphatic and earnest as they were, were not calculated to exert.

Art. V. — *The Works of the* Rev. Sydney Smith. Second Edition. In Three Volumes. London: Longmans & Co. 1840. 8vo.

Few persons on either side of the Atlantic are ignorant of the name of the Rev. Sydney Smith, the wit, the whig, the Edinburgh reviewer, and the holder of Pennsylvania bonds. But if we except his lately published "Letters on American Debts," his name is more familiar than his writings. It is not a matter of surprise, that the brilliant petulance and grotesque severity of the "Letters" did not win him many admirers in the United States. The fact, that they insulted our national pride, and were unjust and sweeping in their censures, was sufficient to prevent their singular merit, as compositions, from being acknowledged. After having withstood all the falsehood and exaggeration of the London press,— a press which, in the sturdy impudence with which it retains its hold upon a lie, excels all others in the world,— we felt irritated, that a "pleasant man had come out against us," with the expectation that we were to be "laid low by a joker of jokes." A more thorough knowledge of Smith's

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writings, and a perception of the ingrained peculiarities of his character, would, we think, abate much of the grim asperity with which we received that specimen of his *nimble wit and sarcastic rebukes*. *If we knew the man*, we should see, that to return an acrimonious answer would be the most ridiculous of all possible modes of retort. While he has the laugh of all Europe on his side, from London to St. Petersburg, he may safely defy the utmost severity of denunciation, backed by the most labored array of facts. Revenge is to be sought, not in denouncing, but in quoting him. He has written for the last forty years upon the affairs of England, with the same careless disregard of the external proprieties of literature, and the same fearlessness of tone, which he has displayed in his censure of the United States; but as the offences which called forth invective have been far more numerous and flagrant in his own country than in ours, the brilliancy and bitterness of his satire have never appeared to more advantage, than when confined to home scenes and home institutions. His hostility to us arises from pardonable ignorance and personal prejudice, and therefore his accusations are to be regarded with suspicion; his hostility to many features of English society and English law sprung from his conscience and personal knowledge, and may be received with confidence. He has always been a strong friend of liberal principles, and an unflinching and merciless enemy to fraud and corruption. There have been, in the present century, many able Englishmen who have made injustice and bigotry appear detestable; but to Sydney Smith, more than to any other, belongs the merit of making them appear ridiculous. Placemen, pedants, hypocrites, tories, who could doze very placidly beneath threats and curses, fretted and winced at the sharp sting of his wit. He has subjected himself to charges which are most injurious to a clergyman, — impropriety, levity, infidelity; he has allowed his opinions to stand in the way of his professional advancement, rather than swerve from the principles of his political creed, or forbear shooting out his tongue at hypocrisy and selfishness.

But even if his services to humanity and freedom had not given him the privilege to be a little saucy to republics, the individuality of his character would screen him from the indignation we feel against libellers, whose judgments are less in-

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fluenced by eccentric humor. We desire to learn Sydney Smith's opinion on any matter of public interest, not because his temper of mind is such as to give it intrinsic weight, but because we know it will generally be shrewd, honest, independent, peculiar in its conception, and racy in its expression. Almost every thing he has written is so characteristic, that it would be difficult to attribute it to any other man. The marked individual features, and the rare combination of powers, displayed in his works, give them a fascination unconnected with the subject of which he treats, or the general correctness of his views. He sometimes hits the mark in the white, he sometimes misses it altogether; for he by no means confines his pen to themes to which he is calculated to do justice; but whether he hits or misses, he is always sparkling and delightful. The charm of his writings is somewhat similar to that of Montaigne's or Charles Lamb's,— a charm which owes much of its power to that constant intrusion of the writer's individuality, by which we make a companion where we expected to find only a book; and this companion, as soon as we understand him, becomes one of our most valued acquaintances.

The familiarity of Sydney Smith's manner does not consist only in his style; indeed, the terseness and brilliancy of his diction, though not at all artificial in appearance, could not have been attained without labor and solicitude; — but it is the result of the blunt, fearless, severe, yet good-humored, nature of the man. He gives us not only his opinions, but himself; he allows us to see all the nooks and crannies of his heart and understanding. His frankness of expression is a glass, wherein his whole personality is mirrored. He does not observe any of those literary conventionalities which distinguish a writer from his book. His peculiarity in this respect is the more worthy of notice, as it is so rare. He possesses, more than any other author of the present century, the faculty of talking in printed sheets.

The difference between the tone and character of literature and of social life is worthy of more attention than it generally receives. The ignorance of those who are called "book-men" arises, in great part, from a disregard of this distinction. Many of them think they can obtain a knowledge of history and human nature by haunting libraries; and if "standard" histories fairly reflected events and persons,

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and standard philosophies gave us man instead of ethics and metaphysics, they would not be in the wrong. But this is not the case. Before books can be rightly interpreted, a knowledge of life and affairs is necessary. A very slight acquaintance with the different ranks and modes of society, a familiarity with two or three politicians who contribute to congressional or parliamentary debates, a little companionship with the world's rulers in literature and government, will soon teach us the difference between actions and the record of actions, between the man and the author. We then, to some extent, see the world, not in its official costume, but in nightgown and slippers. The dignitary whose sonorous sentences caught and charmed the ear, and seemed to lift him above the weaknesses of humanity, becomes simply a man, — perhaps a prattler or a coxcomb. Many a statesman, whose talk is garnished with ribaldry and profanity, and who utters in conversation the grossest personalities against his opponents, no sooner rises to make an oration, than his whole course of speech undergoes a change, and the newspapers inform us of the grandeur of thought which characterized what is justly termed his "effort." A state document is often one of the rarest of juggles. Who shall say what false notions we obtain of governors from their missives and messages? Who can calculate what a vast amount of deception and quackery is hidden in the jargon of official papers and legislative enactments? The difference between Hume's James the First and Scott's King Jamie, between a newspaper report of a public dinner and that of an eye and ear witness, hardly measures the difference between a dignitary in undress and a dignitary in buckram.

It is not wonderful, then, that our notions of dignity are somewhat shocked in reading an author who is not ashamed to write what he is not ashamed to think, who speaks to the world as he would speak to his immediate friends, who forces his meaning into no conventional moulds, but gives free course to all the natural and healthy impulses of his nature, and is not frightened into feebleness by the desire of "preserving his dignity." Indeed, in this last word we have the fundamental principle of artificial composition. An author conceives that he must be dignified, even if he is not profound, accurate, or powerful. The pharisees and dolts of society find the term a convenient substitute for every thing

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valuable which it assumes to represent. In literature, it is the last refuge of mediocrity, — a stilted elevation, on which tottering debility mumbles barren truisms.

Now, in this world, it is more important that we obtain what is real than what is dignified. Truth, in the homeliest attire, is better than falsehood in formally balanced periods. If we desire to know the condition of England during the last century, it is not enough that we read grave histories and lying laureate odes. Painfully elaborated sentences, affecting to describe battles, sieges, administrations, — nonsensical impersonations of the country under the names of Albion and Britannia, cannot give us the vivid pictures of government and society which we find painted to the life in the novels of Fielding and Smollett. In the latter, we see the vulgarity, the selfishness, the cruelty, the ignorance, the vice, the clashing opinions, the manners or the want of manners, both of men in authority, and men in subjection. The rough, sturdy virtues of the English people, likewise, essentially different from those ascribed to them in orations, are made apparent, amid all the exaggeration and caricature of romance. Dickens's novels are more faithful representations of England at the present day, than can be obtained from parliamentary debates and reports of committees. Dr. Johnson's conversation, it is known, was pointed, vigorous, and racy; but it has been said, that, when he wrote, he translated his ideas into *Johnsonese*. The feelings, thoughts, and characters of men are apt to pass through a similar process, when forced to take form in written compositions. The distinction made by the old philosophers between their esoteric and exoteric doctrines, their doctrines for the few and their doctrines for the many, is still preserved among politicians and historians. The *élite*, who are in the confidence and company of the latter, receive very different ideas of government and life from what they find written in public documents.

Now, Sydney Smith has no regard whatever for the smooth decencies and accredited proprieties of expression. He seems to have obtained a glance behind the curtain of affairs, — to have seen with how little wisdom and how great hypocrisy the world is governed, and to have been unable to keep the secret. He introduces the world to itself, and enables men to see the Grand Lamas of authority and opinion

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before whom they cringe. He is the very opposite of the class of dignified writers we have been considering. He hardly acquiesces in the harmless deceptions of language and manner. He has an inextinguishable contempt for every shape and shade of what is called humbug. He does not seem to think, that an essay for the Edinburgh Review should differ at all in tone and style from the talk of a plain, honest, intelligent man at his own fireside. Even those stilts which the simplest writers employ, to distinguish between their conversation and composition, and to give to their opinions a general rather than an individual character, he kicks away from him with the careless spurn of contempt. He never writes without having something to say, and sees no reason why he should not say it just as it is felt and conceived. The external forms of literature, the hollow civilities and ceremonies of legislative assemblies, the insipid formulas of expression which obtain in social life under the name of politeness and gentility, he violates or ridicules without the slightest fear of male or female prudes. He never would call a member of Congress "honorable" by courtesy.

No rules of etiquette bridle his wit or his whims. No fear of being called an egotist or a scoffer, no apprehension of misapprehension, prevents him from indulging the full bent of his peculiarities. If a certain dress or manner has been long considered the distinctive sign of a profession, he delights to make it the mark of his mocking gibes. Though a clergyman himself, he has no veneration for any of the external badges of his class. To him, there is no sanctity attaching to a sermon by virtue of its name and form; but he judges it as he would any other composition. If it be dull, pedantic, or fanatical, if it inculcate tyranny and justify oppression, if it employ the phraseology of religion to cover the practices of fraud, he treats it with no more courtesy than if it were the latest offspring of Grub Street. He sees something more than wigs and surplices. He never takes the outward sign for the thing signified. No writer is less under the vassalage of names. Piety has, in his mind, no absolute connection with priests, morality none with moralists, government none with governors, liberty none with radicals, law none with judges. It is evident, that such a writer must be continually disturbing the associations of his readers.

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His independence is to be honored; for though such distinctions are apparent to reason, it often requires much courage to practise upon them in life, and still more to practise upon them in composition.

This frank sincerity of Sydney Smith gives a freshness, vivacity, and individuality to his compositions, which never fail to please, even when his subjects are unpromising. He is to other essayists what Herodotus is to other historians. We are conducted to no sublime heights of abstraction, we are plunged into no sublime depths of sentiment; but we jog along a pleasant road, listening to the talk of a pleasant man, and detecting meaning even in his mirth, and wisdom even in his oddities. As soon as he comes to speak of social or political wrong, we find he can smite as well as smile. He neither talks about the inherent rights of man, nor philosophizes about liberty; indeed, he rather laughs at all that as moonshine; but he strikes directly at the thing itself, in obedience to the quick impulse of his heart. With a fancy teeming with images to illustrate both his reasoning and his indignation, he is never deluded by it in his speculations on the practical affairs of the world. He writes of men from an observation of their manners and conduct in daily life, and never idealizes their condition. He refuses to abstract his notion of a country from the people who compose it. John Bull, Jonathan, Sawney, and Paddy, are oftener on his lips than England, America, Scotland, and Ireland; and as for Britannia, Columbia, Caledonia, and Hibernia, they find no place in his vocabulary, except when they can minister to his drollery. Great Britain, with her fleets, and armies, and possessions, on whose dominions the sun never sets,

> "Whose path is o'er the mountain waves,
> Whose home is on the deep,"—

is a grand subject for the sublime abstractions of the orator and poet; but Smith dwells snugly in the concrete. His opinion of the nation is formed from personal observation of the people. He has no notion of flattering gruff John Bull with dainty names. "Beer and Britannia are inseparable ideas in the mind of every Englishman," he tells us; and in telling us that, he breaks the charm.

In the various articles on America, contributed to the Edinburgh Review, the only points on which he lashes us are slavery and national vanity,—one awaking his indigna-

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tion, the other his ridicule. But in the very paper in which he asks, "Who reads an American book?" he gives that exquisitely humorous account of English taxation, which is known to every schoolboy. Here is a specimen of his manner of speaking of foreign countries, in which it will be seen he does not spare his own. "One of the great advantages of the American government is its cheapness. The American king has about £5,000 *per annum*, the vice-king, £1,000. They hire their Lord Liverpool at about a thousand *per annum*, and their Lord Sidmouth (a good bargain) at about the same sum. Their Mr. Crokers are inexpressibly reasonable, — somewhere about the price of an English doorkeeper, or bearer of the mace. Life, however, seems to go on very well, in spite of these small salaries." His praise of America is most hearty, when he answers some libels of Tory tourists, interested in the abuse of republicanism; but it is always tinged with his peculiar habit of mind, and it is always Jonathan that he praises, not Columbia. All dignity derived from titles, high station, or the customs of speech, every thing, in short, which is "gilded seeming" and not plain reality, is reduced to common sense by a similar process of caricature. His works, on this account, are more radical in spirit and tendency than any others, for they strike at all cant whatever, whether it be the cant of monarchy or the cant of democracy. He takes away all the screens which give a factitious dignity and elevation to governments and men. We do not seem to read his writings,— we listen to them. We obtain the impression, that a shrewd, honest, independent man, full of talent and information, and careless of all external propriety, is talking to us with a delightful mixture of sense, wit, eccentricity, and feeling. A speech from the throne, a president's message, or a report of a society established to overthrow or promote any thing, from the pen of Sydney Smith, would be the strangest, and yet the most natural, document that has been "published by authority" during the last ten centuries.

Few men could write with this disregard of common forms, and this perfect expression of individual peculiarities, without falling into coarseness or buffoonery. The familiar writer is apt to be his own satirist. Out of his own mouth is he judged. The peculiarities of his character must be good, and so combined as to produce a pleasing effect, or his sincerity is liable to be his greatest enemy. A man who

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casts from him all conventional drapery, and exhibits his whole nature without reserve, should be, it would seem, the greatest of saints or the greatest of egotists, to pass through the ordeal without loss of reputation or of self-complacency. Sydney Smith is neither, and yet he has avoided the rocks on which familiarity usually splits. Some of the writers in Fraser's and Blackwood's Magazines often fell into a grave error, in discarding the stilts of style. They aimed to give a racy, conversational tone to their compositions, — to write as they would talk; and it must be admitted, that they obtained their object. For many years, they poured forth a mingled tide of wit, vulgarity, malice, learning, intolerance, and folly, which, when we consider that no man is bound to criminate himself, must have been done in the very simplicity and ignorance of malevolence. In almost every instance, in which they basely or petulantly condemned an author, they were writing the bitterest of all condemnations on themselves. Papers steeped in misrepresentation and injustice, illustrating all the varieties of bad temper, rich in language drawn from the pot-house and the fish-market, and teeming with personalities of the grossest and most unjustifiable kind, — which have been the ideal models of every profligate newspaper hack in our own country, — were, no doubt, considered by their writers as fine specimens of familiar composition. Such familiarity we can obtain without resorting to books or bad company. But these men were masters of another style of thought and expression, essentially different from that we have indicated, — a style full of all saintly forms, and profuse in images of kindliness, piety, and gentle feeling. A comparison of the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life" with the most shameful vulgarities of the "Noctes" will give the best idea that can be obtained of the nature of this difference.

The writings of Sydney Smith are free from all vulgarities of the kind we have noted, because he is in reality an honest, true-hearted man. He can afford to be familiar. He is not all Billingsgate on one side of his mind, and all Arcadia on the other. The great peculiarity of his works, apart from the qualities of character they display, is their singular blending of the beautiful with the ludicrous; and this is the source of his refinement. He is keen and personal, almost fierce and merciless, in his attacks on public abuses; he has no check on his humor from authority or

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conventional forms ; and yet he very rarely violates good taste. There is much good nature in him, in spite of his severity. His quick perception of what is laughable modifies his sensibility to what is detestable. He cannot be grave for ten minutes, though on the gravest of subjects. His indignation and invective are almost ever followed by some jesting allusion or grotesque conceit. He draws down upon the object of his censure both scorn and laughter ; and makes even abuse palatable by clothing it in phrases or images which charm by their beauty or wit. When he writes on government and laws, he seems to detect deformity and deceit by an inner sense of harmony and proportion. He cannot lash the most criminal violations of humanity and rectitude, he cannot cut and thrust at the most monstrous pretensions of power, without considering the enormity a folly to be jeered at, as well as a crime to be denounced. So is it with his benevolent and religious feelings. His philanthropy expresses itself as often in jokes, in sly touches of humor, in broad gushings of fun and caricature, as in pathos and expressions of sympathy. And yet, the sentiment of beauty, amid all the humor, denunciation, and extravagance, is constantly preserved, and prevents him from falling into buffoonery or harsh vituperation. It would be difficult to point out the source of his power of fascination in this respect ; but it strikes us, on the first reading, as being different from any thing else we have ever seen.

The collection of Sydney Smith's works which is now before us is principally made up of papers contributed to the Edinburgh Review, of which he was one of the founders, and the first editor. This celebrated journal, the great enemy of the garreteers, was projected in a garret. Few literary enterprises have had a more humble commencement. Smith says in his preface, that Jeffrey, Murray, and himself, " one day, happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed, that we should set up a Review ; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the Edinburgh Review. The motto I proposed for the Review was,

" Tenui musam meditamur avenâ " :
" We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal."

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But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from *Publius Syrus*, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line."

His contributions to the Review are scattered over its pages from 1802 to 1828. They are on a variety of topics, — Ireland, Catholic Claims, the Church, Sermons, Bishops, Prisons, Botany Bay, Poor Laws, Education, Missions, Methodists, Game Laws, Travels, America, and Miscellaneous Literature. All these subjects he has treated in his own way, from his own point of view, and each is illustrative of his character. Every thing he touches he makes agreeable. No one should skip any articles from a fear of the dulness suggested by the name. Politics and political economy are the themes which he discusses perhaps with the most ability, the most severity, and the most brilliancy. We would call particular attention to the short reviews published in the earlier numbers of the Edinburgh, particularly to those on political sermons. The sharp, terse diction, the lively temperament, the quick perception, the brisk, tingling wit, the rich humor, at times so demure and sly, and at others so broad and unreined, — these qualities strike us as much in the productions of Smith's youth, as in those of his maturity and old age. The charge of infidelity brought against the Review, for which Lord Jeffrey was made responsible, was owing, probably, more to Smith's ridicule of clerical fanaticisms, fopperies, affectations, and servilities, than to any other cause. Though a clergyman of the established church, no man was less hampered by a veneration for its ministers. During the period in which he wrote, preferment depended so much more on politics than piety, and the church was disgraced by so many clergymen willing to barter their souls for bishoprics, that we think his conduct was not only free from the charge of infidelity, but that it was justified by the circumstances. A curate, or a bishop, who lends his name to the defence of abuses, corruption, and intolerance, of all those errors and crimes which Christianity abhors, and does this from selfish considerations, to please a dominant power in the state, is worthy of the lash both of satire and invective ; and if the punishment be inflicted by a member of the same church which is disgraced by the culprit, there is a clear gain to its honor. Such a course takes from infidels their strongest practical argument, — the only

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argument that has any effect upon large bodies of people. Every triumph of irreligion has been gained by dexterously confounding the priests of the gospel with the doctrines and precepts of the gospel; and when the former have been false to their faith, the requisitions of their faith have been weapons with which scoffers have attacked both church and clergy. Though the articles to which we have referred may displease many worthy men, we can find nothing, either in them, or in other portions of these volumes, to justify the foolish and malignant charge of infidelity, originally brought by placemen and political jobbers whose knavery he had exposed, and afterwards repeated by better men, who were ignorant of what they stigmatized.

The following extract shows with what shrewdness, honesty, courage, and independence he wrote about doctors of divinity and the affairs of the church. He says, (in 1802,) that the great object of modern sermons is to hazard nothing; their characteristic is decent debility.

"Pulpit discourses have insensibly dwindled from speaking to reading; a practice of itself sufficient to stifle every germ of eloquence. It is only by the fresh feelings of the heart, that mankind can be very powerfully affected. What can be more ludicrous than an orator delivering stale indignation, and fervor of a week old; turning over whole pages of violent passions, written out in German text; reading the tropes and apostrophes into which he is hurried by the ardor of his mind; and so affected by a preconcerted line and page, that he is unable to proceed farther? The prejudices of the English nation have proceeded a good deal from their hatred to the French; and because that country is the native soil of elegance, animation, and grace, a certain patriotic solidity and loyal awkwardness have become the characteristics of this; so that an adventurous preacher is afraid of violating the ancient tranquillity of the pulpit, and the audience are commonly apt to consider the man who tires them less than usual as a trifler or a charlatan."

In an article on Dr. Rennel, he ridicules some fooleries in the forgotten writings of that clergyman, and puts the reverend gentleman into the class, numerous at that time, of "bad heads bawling for the restoration of exploded errors and past infatuation." The doctor had called the age, among other terms of reproach, a foppish age; and Smith asks, if there is not a class of fops as vain and shallow as any of

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their fraternity in Bond Street, — "a class of fops not usually designated by that epithet — men clothed in profound black, with large canes, and strange amorphous hats — of big speech and imperative presence — talkers about Plato — great affecters of senility — despisers of women, and all the graces of life — fierce foes to common sense — abusive of the living, and approving no one who has not been dead at least a century." On being accused of intolerance for some passages in one of his articles, Smith replies, "They complain of intolerance; a weasel might as well complain of intolerance, when he is throttled for sucking eggs." In arguing against the horror of some Christians at the thought of indulging even in innocent pleasures, he speaks of them as "always trembling at the idea of being entertained, and thinking no Christian safe who is not dull."

In his judgments of books, our author is sometimes as pert and insulting as his real good humor will allow. No critic is more felicitous or expeditious in the task of demolishing a dunce. The affectations of authors he detects by intuition, and makes them immeasurably ridiculous. In a happy epithet, or a fine combination of few words, he often does the work of pages. He is ever racy and pointed, if not always correct, in his critical opinions. His mode of reviewing is like that which is practised in the ordinary conversation of gentlemen. A man who gives his opinion of a new publication at a dinner table, or to a friend whom he meets in the street, does not express himself as he would, if he were reviewing the book in a periodical. The "dignity of letters" would be observable in the latter. Smith is the same in print as in speech, — the same man in the Edinburgh Review that he is at his own fireside. This kind of criticism is what poor authors dread. Puffs in the newspapers are no offset to scorn in the markets. Many a scribbler has been destroyed by an after-dinner jest, kindly reported *verbatim* to him by a literary friend, after having been patted into self-complacency by the praise of magazines. An author, before he indulges the pleasing contemplation of being popular, should endeavour to know what is said of his works, as well as what is written of them. Smith's style of reviewing gives him accurate information on the former point, though at a great expense to his self-importance.

With all his levity and trifling, our author is generally just

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and fair in criticism. Macaulay exceeds him in the overpowering declamation with which he crushes and grinds to atoms the pretenders in literature and politics; but his exceeding severity sometimes excites commiseration for the offender; while Smith generally carries the reader along with him, even to the limits of caricature. When he dissects or cuffs a description of writers whom he includes under the general term of Noodles, he often seems to sink the person in the thing, and to treat of the genus rather than the individual. If we can conceive of a pleasant, jovial, experimental philosopher, pinning a beetle to the table, and deducing from his structure and contortions the general laws to which they may be referred, we may obtain some notion of the treatment which Noodle suffers, when it is his fortune to fall into the hands of Sydney Smith. For any particular person of the class he has no enmity, but thinking that the class itself is pernicious in its follies, bigotries, and absurdities, he torments one of them as a warning to the rest. It was a sad day for Grub Street, when the critical offices of judge, jury, and executioner were all combined in one man of wit, and the sentences of the court expressed in ludicrous images and cutting jests. On the whole, if fools must be whipped, no humane and intelligent person would object to Sydney Smith as the wielder of the rod, — being pretty certain, that the punishment would be inflicted with as much mercy as, under the circumstances, ought to be expected.

The notice of Dr. Parr contains the best criticism on the English of that celebrated linguist we have ever seen. The objection, that he never appears to forget himself, "or to be hurried by his subject into obvious language," is applicable to many other men whose trust is not in things but sentences. A foolish alarmist, named Bowles, wrote a furious pamphlet in 1802, which Smith describes as being "written in the genuine spirit of the Windham and Pitt school; though Mr. Bowles cannot be called a servile copyist of either of these gentlemen, as he has rejected the logic of the one, and the eloquence of the other, and imitated them only in their headstrong violence and exaggerated abuse." An abstract of a play by Monk Lewis concludes in this wise: "Orsino stabs his own son, at the moment the king is in his son's power; falls down, from the wounds he has received in battle; and dies in the usual dramatic style, repeating twenty-two hex-

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ameter verses." In a review of a Frenchman's book of travels in England, after making some acute remarks on the mistakes of foreign tourists, Smith adds, "Mr. Jacob Fievée, with the most surprising talents for doing wrong, has contrived to condense and agglomerate every species of absurdity which has hitherto been made known, and even to launch out occasionally into new regions of nonsense, with a boldness which well entitles him to the merit of originality in folly, and discovery in impertinence." The same traveller ends his charges against the English by alleging, that they have great pleasure in contemplating the spectacle of men deprived of their reason. "And we must have the candor to allow," adds the reviewer, "that the hospitality which Mr. Fievée experienced seems to afford some pretext for this assertion." Richard Lovell Edgeworth is happily characterized as possessing "the sentiments of an accomplished gentleman, the information of a scholar, and the vivacity of a first-rate harlequin. He is fuddled with animal spirits, giddy with constitutional joy; in such a state, he must have written on or burst. A discharge of ink was an evacuation absolutely necessary, to avoid fatal and plethoric congestion." Poor Mrs. Trimmer is informed, in another sharp review, that "she is a lady who flames in the van of Mr. Newbury's shop; and is, on the whole, dearer to mothers and aunts than any other author who pours the milk of science into the mouths of babes and sucklings."

A Mr. Styles answered Smith's paper on Methodism, in a manner which excited considerable anger and invective in the breast of the reviewer. He imputes an intolerant opinion to the sect of his victim, and adds, that "this reasonable and amiable maxim, repeated in every form of dulness, and varied in every attitude of malignity, is the sum and substance of Mr. Styles's pamphlet." In noting an objection to a former article, based on its use of ridicule rather than argument, Smith proceeds in a strain of wit, which in some degree apologizes for its injustice, to show, that "it is not the practice with destroyers of vermin to allow the little victims a veto upon the weapons used against them. If this were otherwise, we should have one set of vermin banishing small-tooth combs; another protesting against mouse-traps; a third prohibiting the finger and thumb; a fourth exclaiming against the intolerable infamy of using soap and water. It is im-

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possible, however, to listen to such pleas. They must all be caught, killed, and cracked, in the manner, and by the instruments, which are found most efficacious to their destruction; and the more they cry out, the greater plainly is the skill used against them." We believe the impudence of reviewing cannot exceed this.

In a sharp review of a Mr. Rose, who had attempted to bring the correctness of some facts in Fox's history into dispute, Smith exults over a detection of the errors of Rose's own book, in some characteristic sentences. "The species of talent which he pretends to is humble — and he possesses it not. He is a braggadocio of minuteness — a swaggering chronologer; — a man bristling up with small facts — prurient with dates — wantoning in obsolete evidence — loftily dull, and haughty in his drudgery; — and yet this is all pretence." In an article on prisons, Smith refers to the labors of Mrs. Fry, and the extravagance of some of the eulogists of her philanthropy. He advises the prison reformers to support all strong assertions with strong documents, and then slides off into the following exquisite stroke of humor. "The English are a calm, reflecting people; they will give time and money, when they are convinced; but they love dates, names, and certificates. In the midst of the most heart-rending narratives, Bull requires the day of the month, the year of our Lord, the name of the parish, and the countersign of three or four respectable householders. After these affecting circumstances, he can no longer hold out; but gives way to the kindness of his nature, — puffs, blubbers, and subscribes."

Smith's perception of moral distinctions is so acute, that he easily exposes the deceptions of style and sentiment. The immorality of a book he detects through the most cunning disguises. Right and wrong are never confounded, never run into each other, as he uses the terms. No man can plead his nobility of soul, his crushed affections, his refined sensibilities, for indulging in misanthropy and licentiousness. His condemnation of such perversities of genius is not, to be sure, always expressed in a serious way; but whether it be clothed in invective or epigram, the reader is always able to perceive its good sense and correctness. In a review of Madame d'Epinay's letters, he has combined truth and humor, in his statement of the morality of French

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society before the Revolution, in a very felicitous manner. "There used to be in Paris, under the ancient *régime*, a few women of brilliant talents, who violated all the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers. Among these supped and sinned Madame d'Epinay." He objects to the book, that it contains some improper and scandalous passages, which degrade the whole work. "But," he adds, "if all the decencies and delicacies of life were in one scale, and five francs in the other, what French bookseller would feel a single moment of doubt in making his election?" There are booksellers now, who would not have the single moment of doubt, if the five francs were reduced to ninepence. In a review of a wretched translation of Madame de Staël's "Delphine," in 1802, Smith indulges in this strain of compliment respecting the book and its author: "This dismal trash, which has nearly dislocated the jaws of every critic among us with gaping, has so alarmed Bonaparte, that he has seized the whole impression, sent Madame de Staël out of Paris, and, for aught we know, sleeps in a nightcap of steel, and dagger-proof blankets. To us it appears rather an attack upon the ten commandments than the government of Bonaparte; and calculated not so much to enforce the rights of the Bourbons, as the benefits of adultery, murder, and a great number of other vices." Further on he remarks, "The morality of all this is the old morality of Farquhar, Vanbrugh, and Congreve,— that every witty man may transgress the seventh commandment, which was never meant for the protection of husbands who labor under the incapacity of making repartees." We believe that this last stroke of wit contains the whole objection to the different schools of literary immorality. Pages would not add to its force or its pungency.

Smith has been a reformer, a sturdy and unflinching one. In his political discourses, he almost always considers a love of place, and not a love of man, as the predominating principle of his opponents. The prominence he gives to venality, as the source and sustenance of toryism, evinces the extremely practical view he is inclined to take of political disputes. If we are to take his statement, we must believe, that in England the most beneficial reforms, the overthrow of institutions the most absurd and pernicious, have been delayed during the last thirty years by extreme corruption

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combining with extreme folly. A pamphlet is published in defence of some old abuse; and Smith answers it by showing the income and rank which its author derives from the legalized system of plundering the public. His praise of Mr. Scarlett rests on the fact, that he has *not* "carried his soul to the treasury, and said, What will you give me for this? He has never sold the warm feelings and honorable motives of his youth and manhood for an annual sum of money and an office; he has never taken a price for public liberty and public happiness; he has never touched the political Aceldama, and signed the devil's bond for cursing to-morrow what he has blest to-day." That is, Mr. Scarlett is not a scoundrel, and is accordingly to be eulogized. Again, according to Smith, the phrase, "God save the king," means, with too many loyalists, "God save my pension and my place, — God give my sisters an allowance out of the privy-purse, — make me clerk of the irons, let me survey the meltings, let me live upon the fruits of other men's industry, and fatten upon the plunder of the public." These words are bitter as well as brilliant, and show that Pennsylvania bonds are not the only iniquitous things in creation.

The love of justice, the hatred of cruelty, the lavish scorn and ridicule heaped upon bigotry and fraud, which characterize so many of these essays, are admirably displayed in the articles on Ireland and the Catholics, and in his celebrated "Peter Plymley's Letters." It has been well said, that Ireland should erect a monument to his memory, for his services in her cause. Taking the broad ground, that no man should be subjected to civil incapacities on account of his religious belief, he tries all methods to impress its correctness on the minds of governors. He represents the folly, the danger, the injustice, and the sin, of refusing to the Catholics of Ireland their natural rights; he goes over the history of the country to show the enormous crimes of the English in its misgovernment; he declaims in unmeasured terms about the foolishness of suffering a large portion of the empire to be disbanded in sentiment from the other, merely to gratify the fanaticism and ignorance of the old women of the state; he uses threats, entreaties, sarcasms, the fiercest and most uncompromising denunciation, to make the exclusive policy appear detestable and ridiculous; and all this, without any regard to the injury it may do at the time to his

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own interest, and without any fear of the calumny, hatred, and petty persecution it is calculated to provoke. He lashes the inconsistency of English philanthropy, for its love of the oppressed in other countries, and its love of oppression in its own land.

"How wise," he exclaims, in 1827, "how wise, and how affecting, and how humane, are our efforts throughout Europe to put an end to the slave trade! Wherever three or four negotiators are gathered together, a British *diplomate* appears among them with some article of kindness and pity for the poor negro. All is mercy and compassion, except when wretched Ireland is concerned. The saint who swoons at the lashes of the Indian slave is the encourager of No-Popery meetings, and the hard, bigoted, domineering tyrant of Ireland." "The chapter of English fraud," he says again, "comes next to the chapter of English cruelty, in the history of Ireland, and both are equally disgraceful." In arguing the question of Catholic emancipation, he lays great stress upon the probability, that the Catholics will rise at some critical period of English affairs, (generally at the critical period in which he is writing,) and either force the government to yield them their rights, or, what is more likely, join themselves to France. Of course, John Bull's reply to this argument is, that he will do nothing on compulsion, and that no fear of any kind shall force him to yield one jot of his pretensions. Smith laughs at this bravado, and illustrates its consequences in a variety of historical allusions. "There was a period," he says, "when the slightest concession would have satisfied the Americans; but all the world was in heroics: one set of gentlemen met at the Lamb, and another at the Lion; blood and treasure-men, breathing war, vengeance, and contempt; and in eight years afterwards, an awkward looking gentleman, in plain clothes, walked up to the drawing-room of St. James's, in the midst of the gentlemen of the Lion and the Lamb, and was introduced as the *ambassador from the United States of America*." To those politicians who averred, with some timidity of diction, that Ireland was a millstone around the neck of England, he exclaims, — "Ireland a millstone round your neck! why is it not a stone of Ajax in your hand?"

One of the great charms of these volumes is the wit displayed in the manner of stating common things. There is

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hardly a page which does not contain some humorous phrase or flash of fancy, in the highest degree felicitous. Many of these remind us of Dickens. The power of giving freshness to a trite remark, of breathing the breath of life into a dead truism, is eminently characteristic of Sydney Smith. Every thing that comes from his mind seems to be original, even when it is old. He touches nothing without modifying its nature or its accredited expression. Many examples might be given of this verbal felicity. He speaks of a great talker, as "a tremendous engine of colloquial oppression." The custom of giving the persons of a novel names suited to their characters, he terms "appellative jocularity." He refers to the habit of talking about the weather, as "the train of meteorological questions and answers which form the staple of English polite conversation."

Nothing can be finer than his description of the disadvantages of tropical climates, arising from animals and insects.

"Every animal has his enemies; the land tortoise has two enemies, — man, and the boa constrictor. Man takes him home and roasts him; and the boa constrictor swallows him whole, shell and all, and consumes him slowly in the interior, *as the Court of Chancery does a great estate.*"

"Insects," he adds, a few sentences after, "are the curse of tropical climates. The *bête rouge* lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks. Chigoes bury themselves in your flesh, and hatch a large colony of young chigoes in a few hours. They will not live together, but every chigoe sets up a separate ulcer, and has his own private portion of pus. Flies get entry into your mouth, into your eyes, into your nose; you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockroaches, and snakes get into the bed; ants eat up the books; scorpions sting you on the foot. Every thing bites, stings, and bruises; every second of your existence, you are wounded by some piece of animal life that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam and Meriam. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your teacup, a nondescript with nine wings is struggling in the small beer, or a caterpillar with several dozen eggs in his belly is hastening over the bread and butter. All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering all her entomological hosts to eat you up, as you are standing, out of your coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Such are the tropics. All this reconciles us to our dews, fogs, vapors, and drizzle, — to our apothecaries rushing about with gargles and tinctures, — to our old British constitutional coughs, sore throats, and swelled faces."

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The delicacy of touch, the circuitous allusion, with which Smith refers to things commonly received as vulgar, is a study for all who wish to master the refinements of expression, and make them serve the purpose of the most grotesque humor. The Scotch Covenanters are referred to, in an argument against intolerance, in the most ludicrous of all heroic lights. After saying that the Percevals of those days were not able, by persecution and bloodshed, to prevent the Scotch, "that metaphysical people, from going to heaven their true way, instead of our true way," he immediately adds :

"With a little oatmeal for food, and a little sulphur for friction, allaying *cutaneous* irritation with the one hand, and holding his Calvinistical creed in the other, Sawney ran away to the flinty hills, sung his psalm out of tune his own way, and listened to his sermon of two hours long, amid the rough and imposing melancholy of the tallest thistles."

In another connection, in arguing in favor of a good reform, he says, with much point and sagacity, "But now persecution is good, because it exists ; every law which originated in ignorance and malice, and gratifies the passions from whence it sprang, we call the wisdom of our ancestors." Mr. Perceval is hit with much pungency by Peter Plymley, who wishes that he had tried the efficacy of a mode of reasoning, used to exclude others from their just rights, "not by his understanding, but by (what are full of better things) his pockets." In the "First Letter to Archdeacon Singleton," he considers an objection to controversies in the bosom of the church, founded on the fear, that, while the prebendaries and bishops were quarrelling among themselves, the democrats would sweep them all away together. "Be it so," answers Smith. "Every body has their favorite death ; some delight in apoplexy, and others prefer marasmus. I would infinitely rather be crushed by democrats, than, under the plea of the public good, be mildly and blandly absorbed by bishops."

With one more extract, which we cannot resist copying, we will leave Smith's felicity of expression to take care of itself. It relates to bores, — a class of persons against whom he has as great a grudge as against the Noodles.

"Who punishes this bore? What sessions and what assizes

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for him? What bill is found against him? Who indicts him? When the judges have gone their vernal and autumnal rounds, — the sheep-stealer disappears, the swindler gets ready for the Bay, the solid parts of the murderer are preserved in anatomical collections. But, after twenty years of crime, the bore is discovered in the same house, in the same attitude, eating the same soup, — unpunished, untried, undissected; no scaffold, no skeleton, no mob of gentlemen and ladies to gape over his last dying speech and confession."

In the extracts we have made from Sydney Smith's writings, we think the characteristics of his mind and manner are sufficiently indicated, to enable our readers to judge of the man and his works. The fearlessness, the severity, the bluntness, the humor, which they evince, must be acknowledged to be of a rare and peculiar kind. It will be seen, that, to be just to his compositions, we must view them always with reference to his personal character. Many things in his writings cannot be abstractly defended. He is sometimes too flippant, sometimes too dogmatical, sometimes too egotistic, and sometimes writes on subjects of which he knows little or nothing. He is often a little unjust to his adversaries. He does not generally have enough respect for the feelings of others. He has too little hesitation in offending honest prejudices and errors. All these objections, and many more, could be brought against him; but they are objections which would be out of place. In considering such an author, our object should rather be to discover what he is than to indicate what he is not. None of his foibles could be taken from him, without introducing discord into his character. The wonderful consistency of disposition which runs through his works, from the first sentence to the last, and the indissoluble connection of his opinions with his prejudices and virtues, enable all but the tenants of "Noodledom" to distinguish between the absolute and the relative truth of his writings, and to enjoy their humor and beauty at the same time that they may often doubt their correctness. To understand him, and to be charitable to him, we should remember, that he abandons the vantage-ground of authorship, and allows his readers to see him without any decorous disguise or show of dignity. In the case of other authors, we are compelled to infer their whole nature, or their real nature, by a tedious process of analysis and logic, built on

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some casual expressions in their compositions; and to wait until they die, before we can verify the correctness of the conclusion by the tone of their private letters. A good portion of criticism is devoted to the task of discovering what an author really is, and of aiming to unfold the bad tendencies of seemingly good opinions. In Sydney Smith's works, we have more than the honesty of private letters, and a carelessness of all appearances, like that of a man conversing at his own fireside.

It has been remarked, that the four most extravagant humorists in modern times, Rabelais, Scarron, Swift, and Sterne, were priests. To this body may be added Sydney Smith; though we think his nature altogether of a finer quality than that of either of the others, and placed in circumstances better adapted to its development, without outraging decency and morals. When we consider the apparent recklessness of his wit and humor, and the little restraint he places on his whims, it is remarkable that his writings are so pure in their moral tendency, and contain so much genial and kindly feeling.

We cannot close this paper without expressing our regret, that Sydney Smith lost money by his investments in American funds, and that he wrote his "Letters on American Debts." A man of such honesty, a man who has been so delightful a companion to thousands who have never seen his face, must find ready sympathy in any pecuniary loss that he may suffer, especially when the loss is a reduction from the gains of literary compositions full of genial humor and inimitable wit. A man, likewise, who has established a character for shrewdness, and who has rarely fallen in with the fooleries consequent upon excited feeling, should have the condolence of all his friends, when he blunders in management, and rushes into mere "Noodleism," impelled by the fanaticism of the purse. The conduct of Smith and others, in regard to American debts, resembles strongly the conduct of England before the American war, as it has been so felicitously described by Peter Plymley.

As soon as the intelligence arrived of the defalcation of a few States, "all the world went into heroics" again. Gentlemen met at the Board of Brokers, and grew furious on their wrongs. Persons, famous for making subtile distinctions, expressed their incompetency to see the difference between the

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debts of the State of New York and the State of Illinois. Editors, both of Tory and Radical politics, were directed to be equally undiscriminating, and to scatter the whole wealth of their vocabulary of slander on America. The most atrocious misrepresentations, the hardiest falsehoods, the silliest libels, were affirmed with the utmost confidence, and believed with the utmost credulity. There was to be a crusade against our manners, our society, our institutions, our literature, and our people. Persons who were taxed to pay the debt of their own State, taxed to pay the debt of the general government, taxed to pay the debt of their own city, were to be outlawed as robbers and defaulters, because they were not taxed to pay the debts of other States, for whose obligations they were no more responsible than for those of the government of Great Britain. The very holders of American stocks seemed to contribute their efforts to dishonor them. The bankers would not touch the United States six *per cent.* loan at par ; and every means were tried to depress the securities of the solvent States. But by and by, our rates of interest fell from six to five, to four and a half, to three and a half *per cent.* Money was abundant in almost every portion of the Union. Stocks rose fifteen or twenty *per cent.* While curses against our insolvency were ringing on the London Exchange, while holders of State bonds were decrying their own interest, many astute American brokers bought the worthless obligations at a large discount, and sold them to our own capitalists for permanent investment. Many millions of the United States loan, which would not sell at par in London, were sold, some months after, to our own capitalists, at rates of premium steadily advancing from five to fifteen *per cent.* The stocks in London which "dragged" at eighty-seven, soon rose here to one hundred and four, and one hundred and eight. And all this was owing to the fact, that in England it was very difficult to discriminate between States who paid the interest on their bonds, and States who paid it not ; while, in this country, it was the simplest matter in the world, to any man of common understanding.

Now, our regret is, that a man like Sydney Smith should have chimed in with this popular clamor, and joined a set of persons whom he has all his life stigmatized as "Noodles." Old Mr. Weller's astonishment, when he heard that his acute

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son Samuel had been deceived by the weeping rogue in green, was not comparable to ours, when we read the "Letters." From that production we should derive the idea, that all the rascality and folly of the world were included in the United States, — that Mr. Perceval and Mr. Canning had never governed Great Britain, — that Peter Plymley had written no letters, — that there was no country called Ireland, — and that no English politicians had been in the habit of "touching the political Aceldama, and signing the devil's bond for cursing to-morrow what they have blest to-day." We are sorry, we repeat, that Sydney Smith's weakness should have led him to publish so rash a pamphlet; and we are grieved, that, in a moment of petulance, he sold his bonds at a loss. A little patience, and he might have made, to say the least, a better bargain. The peculiar description of American debt, which was held by him, has risen much of late, and we trust that it will soon be good for its nominal value. However, if he should chance to doubt his "Tunis three per cents," and desire to make a durable investment in securities of undoubted worth, and yet not wish to make another trial of Pennsylvania, we can conscientiously advise him to purchase, among other very valuable and unblemished American stocks, those which go under the name of Massachusetts Fives and New York Sixes.

ART. VI. — *A Selection from the Writings of Henry R. Cleveland. With a Memoir* by GEORGE S. HILLARD. Printed for Private Distribution. 1844. pp. li. & 384. 16mo.

THOUGH this beautiful volume is not printed for general circulation, we shall not violate any private confidence by giving some account of its contents in these pages. Mr. Cleveland was an occasional contributor to our Journal, and his papers were always welcomed by readers of taste; this circumstance gives us, in some degree, a right to avail ourselves of the present opportunity to record, in a periodical which his writings adorned, our impressions of his life and literary character.

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All who read the present volume, it is believed, will agree in thinking, that it contains the evidence of greater and more varied abilities than even Mr. Cleveland's friends gave him credit for during his life. His attainments as a scholar and his talents as a writer formed only a small part of the bright assemblage of qualities which attracted their respect and won their affection. His various knowledge and his elegant tastes were blended with such amiability of temper, so much warmth and tenderness of feeling, such integrity of purpose, and such constant adherence to the right, that he made, on the minds of those most intimate with him, the impression, not merely or chiefly of a man of talent, a scholar, and an able writer or speaker, but of an accomplished gentleman, in the best sense of the term, — a warm and faithful friend, a lively, interesting, and urbane companion, a man not only of worldly honor, but of a character moulded by self-discipline into the fair proportions of Christian excellence. Those who were acquainted with him from his childhood know, that he was not framed for great bodily health and strength, that he had a delicacy of organization, which, if it did not betoken a short life, was still accompanied by no small portion of the irritability of temperament, which requires great and painful vigilance in keeping guard over the little acts of daily intercourse, not to degenerate into a wearisome peevishness of temper. They will remember, too, what noble and generous impulses chased these slight clouds away by their golden light; what steady kindness and affection, scarcely ever interrupted by this, his only besetting weakness, marked his demeanour towards all around him. But they only can know how much of a sense of duty, of submission to moral and religious principle, of struggle to suppress the rebellious murmurings of a diseased and irritable constitution, went to form the serene, balanced, and beautiful character which all who knew him admired and loved in the latter years of his life.

And now that he has departed, we look back with unmingled joy upon his life and character. We feel the inestimable value of those principles, which enabled him to combat against the incessant attacks of constitutional, and therefore hopeless, ill health, — which, whatever the moralists may say to the contrary, is the most dangerous enemy a man is ever summoned to contend against, — and to mould the elements of his moral and intellectual being into a char-

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acter of such solid strength and exquisite proportions, that the strongest and most felicitously endowed may be proud and happy to emulate it. But while his moral and social excellences form a delightful image, and one ever to be cherished in the memory, his intellectual powers, displayed as they are in still remaining monuments, naturally assume a prominence which they never seemed to have before ; they separate themselves, as it were, from the rest of his character, and attract our attention to them on their own account. His writings, too, being scattered in separate publications, and divided from each other by considerable intervals of time, produced a broken and comparatively feeble impression. We are, therefore, much gratified that the present collection has been made ; and, intimate as were our relations with the writer, the variety and extent of his acquirements, the beauty and vigor of his mind, and his command of so rich and elegant a style as this volume proves him to have possessed, have almost taken us by surprise. He has written on many and widely different subjects, and always with good sense, clearness, and force ; not seldom with beauty and eloquence ; sometimes with a loftiness of thought and imagery, which indicate a degree of power that no feebler term than genius can properly express. It was but justice, then, to Mr. Cleveland's memory, that this collection should be printed ; it is a memorial that his friends will look upon with pleasure and pride ; and when his daughter, bereft of him too early to understand her infinite loss, grows to maturity, she will have the inexpressible delight of contemplating in it the strength, grace, and beauty of her father's intellectual endowments, though his outward form and features may have faded entirely from her recollection.

The memoir, prefixed to the collection of Mr. Cleveland's writings, from the elegant pen of Mr. Hillard, is all that the friends of the deceased can desire. The history of the short, but not uneventful life, is told with good taste, simplicity, and feeling. Though a warm and intimate friend, and though he writes in the affectionate tone which this sacred relation naturally inspires, he has been betrayed into no excess of eulogy, into no over-coloring of the picture of Mr. Cleveland's virtues, into no exaggerated estimate of his talents. He has collected from the best sources the facts in the life of his friend, and wrought them into a narrative of

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high interest, closing the biography with an exquisitely drawn character, in which he has analyzed with skill and power the traits and qualities of which that character was composed. The whole is executed in a manner worthy of the taste and talents of the writer, and of the memory of the lamented subject.

Henry Russell Cleveland was born in Lancaster, October 3, 1808. He was prepared for the University in a private school in his native town, under the instruction of those distinguished scholars, Mr. Sparks, Mr. George B. Emerson, and the late Mr. Solomon P. Miles. He entered the University at Cambridge in 1823. Though very young, he displayed from the beginning the force of the good principles which had been carefully inculcated upon him during his childhood. He was never enticed into the vices and follies, for which the comparative independence and the leisure of college life hold out opportunities irresistible to the virtue of many. He showed no strong tendency to any one department of intellectual exertion; but excellent capacities for all. The prescribed duties of the college he performed with conscientious care and punctuality. He held a very respectable rank in his class; was fond of elegant literature, which he cultivated beyond the requirements of the college course; and gave much time to moral and political science, for which he showed a taste beyond his years. His associates remember, particularly, the thoroughness and delight with which he studied voluntarily Montesquieu's profound work, the "Esprit des Lois," at a time when most of them, older and less boyish to outward appearance than he, would have preferred the last new poem or novel, as a relaxation from their college studies. But he was most distinguished as a writer. He showed, from the beginning, an uncommon felicity in composition, and in this department, it is believed, he was not inferior to any in his class. He was graduated in 1827, and, immediately after, engaged in a high school in Geneseo, New York, which, in conjunction with two of his classmates, he had agreed to conduct for two years. The responsibilities of the situation, and the discipline of teaching, had the happiest effect upon his character and powers; and the society of that region, which, being made up chiefly of the families of wealthy landed gentry, is refined and agreeable to a remarkable degree, and distinguished

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for a boundless and elegant hospitality, which he who has participated in can never forget, — this society, into which Mr. Cleveland was frankly welcomed as a most acceptable member, had a benign influence in moulding his manners, and strengthening the kindly feelings of his heart. But a violent fever compelled him to leave Geneseo before the expiration of the stipulated time, and he returned to Cambridge in the spring of 1829, greatly enfeebled by the severe action of the disease upon a highly susceptible frame. But his time had been usefully and industriously spent; for, besides performing the duties of teacher and disciplinarian with exemplary ability, he had read with critical care many of the old English authors, particularly Chaucer, for whose quaint, vigorous, racy genius, and genial humor he cherished a singular fondness; and had laboriously studied the Latin literature, especially the works of Livy and Cicero, a love for whom was one of his predominating tastes to the end of his life. Indeed, to the influence of his Latin studies, and the stately and sounding periods of Cicero and Virgil, may be partly traced the excellences and faults of his own style, which had a natural tendency to a rhythmical pomp and solemn march of expression, in his more elaborate compositions.

Mr. Cleveland passed the winter of 1830–31 in the island of Cuba, which he visited for the recovery of his health; in the spring, he embarked for England, where he remained two months, and in August passed over to Paris. He established himself quietly in the French capital, and engaged at once in a course of French and Latin study. During his residence in Paris, he became connected with the American Legation, in the capacity of private secretary to Mr. Rives, the American minister. After a year spent in this way, he set out on a tour through Switzerland and Italy, visiting the principal cities, and studying with zeal and enthusiasm the literature and arts of that classic land. He returned to Paris in the following December, and resumed his former studies during the winter; and in May, 1833, returned to America, greatly benefited in health by his travels, and with a mind in which were laid up the accumulated treasures of knowledge and taste. In August, he became attached to the college in Cambridge, as a proctor, and occupied himself diligently as a student and private teacher. He also

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contributed several agreeable papers to various journals, which were marked by a matured and scholarlike elegance of style. From an article on Homer, published in the "American Quarterly Review," and reprinted in the present volume, as it was one of his earliest contributions to literature, we take a passage, as a specimen of his first manner.

"In the eye of the early Greeks, man was born for no preparation for a future existence, but only to direct and enjoy the present. For him the universe was created; the earth, his dwelling-place, hung central, and the heavenly luminaries revolved about it, pouring down their light and swaying the seasons for him alone. Not only the inferior orders of beings, but the deities themselves were formed for him. The god of day pursued his ceaseless path through the heavens to cheer his labors, and the chaste queen of night watched over his slumbers. The father of gods and men, the universal Jove, descended from Olympus to inspire him; Minerva covered him with the awful shield of wisdom; the goddess of grace and love placed her shrine in his heart; and immortal powers, captivated with his beauty, forsook their abodes to seek on earth a loveliness which they found not in heaven. Even the stern fates labored for him alone. All existence centred in man; and were he blotted from being, all things would pass away like a vain pageant, and heaven, earth, and hell, with all their inhabitants, would cease to be.

"Nor was man wanting to these high destinies. Forming no idea of future happiness, nor of intellect vaster than his own, he assumed majestically the dominion on earth to which he was born, and girded himself for the fearful contest which was his inheritance. Against the elements which warred with his being, against the terrible powers of destiny, against the certainty of death, he engaged in a ceaseless struggle for victory. The sun, amazed at his crimes, started back in his course; the gods, wounded by his spear, fled howling to Olympus; and the dreary realms of Tartarus yielded up the dead to his victorious hands. Gathering into the present the might of an immortal spirit, he sought to ally it more closely to the perishable clay. He coveted, above all things, immortal life, and labored, by his heroic achievements and by uniting himself with the gods, to rise at last to the starry Olympus.

"Man, then, among the Greeks, the lord of the universe, to whom even the divinities were but ministering attendants,—man, gifted with an all-daring and all-grasping soul, created only to ennoble him here, was the highest manifestation of beauty, power, and majesty. Descended from a common parent with

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his gods, his form was not inferior to their own, but became the only model. For the poet or the sculptor, then, man was the great and only subject, and in him all their efforts were concentrated. In proportion as he approximated in character and attributes to the supernatural beings, the works of genius in every branch, by being limited more exclusively to one model, became analogous." — pp. 22 – 24.

In 1834, Mr. Cleveland, and his friend, Mr. Edmund L. Cushing, opened a classical school in Boston, the plan of which had been traced in a little work previously published by the former, entitled "Remarks on the Classical Education of Boys, by a Teacher." It was a work of great merit, and for the beauty of its style, the taste of its criticism, the wisdom and liberality of its suggestions, deserves to be reprinted and to take a permanent place in the literature of education.

Under the excellent management of these two able teachers, the school acquired a high and just reputation. Mr. Cleveland devoted his best powers to its interests until his marriage, in February, 1838.

"From this period," says his biographer, with equal truth and beauty, "the course of his life was singularly placid and uneventful. With the exception of a single winter spent in Boston, a few months in Cambridge, and occasional visits to Burlington, in New Jersey, the residence of his wife's mother, he resided at the beautiful estate of Pine Bank, Roxbury. His retiring habits and the delicacy of his organization gave him a strong preference for that

'Domestic life, in rural leisure passed,'

which is pronounced by the poet to be so favorable to virtue and happiness. His occupations were almost exclusively literary, though no inconsiderable portion of his time was devoted to the duties of a wide and generous hospitality. His friends will long associate his image, his smile of welcome, and the cordial pressure of his hand, with the breezy lawns of Pine Bank, the beautiful belt of trees which skirts its borders, its winding walks, and gentle waves that die away upon its pebbled shore." — pp. xxiii., xxiv.

Besides the excellent articles which he contributed to periodical literature during this period, he wrote and delivered many public lectures,* which were very favorably received;

* To the list of Mr. Cleveland's printed writings, given by the biogra-

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and studied extensively the English, French, Italian, and Roman literature, not neglecting the German and the Greek.

"To his other intellectual accomplishments," says Mr. Hillard, "is to be added a knowledge of architecture and of music. His taste in architecture may be gathered from his article on that subject, reprinted in the present volume. His accuracy of eye and just perception of form naturally qualified him to judge of the merit of buildings, and this power had been improved by a study of the best works on architecture. With music he was well acquainted, both theoretically and practically. He had studied the laws of harmony and the principles of musical composition with a thoroughness not common in an amateur, and musical performances were to him a source of the deepest pleasure; and though capable of enjoying and comprehending the highest excellence, he was exempt from that morbid fastidiousness which is displeased with any thing short of it. His favorite instrument was the organ, and he played upon it with skill, taste, and feeling. His touch, in particular, — which is a natural gift, depending upon physical organization, and which may be improved, but not created by practice, — was uncommonly fine. A simple strain of melody often acquired, from his manner of playing, a depth of expression which was never reached by more brilliant performers." — pp. xli., xlii.

The larger part of this volume is occupied by a selection from Mr. Cleveland's contributions to periodical literature, embracing the following subjects: "Felton's Homer," "Politics of Europe," "Classic Mythology," "American Architecture," "Music of Nature," "Hillard's Edition of Spenser's Poetical Works," "Scenes in Europe," and a humorous phantasy, entitled "*De Diabolo.*" These are followed by extracts from his unpublished lectures, and parts of his correspondence. They are all characterized by a finished style and scholarlike taste. Mr. Cleveland never wrote carelessly; he was laborious in meditating his subjects, and precise in literary execution. A sustained elegance, sometimes rising into stateliness, and on rare occasions swelling into pomp, is his distinguishing attribute. As our readers will probably remember his hitherto published articles, we take a few extracts from the lectures. From one of them we take the comments on ancient destiny.

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pher, may be added a Life of Hudson, published in Sparks's "American Biography," and a very elaborate article on Cicero, in the "North American Review."

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"Another peculiar characteristic which appears in much of the Grecian tragedy was the belief in fate, or destiny. This belief formed the exact counterpart to their view of life, and co-operated with it to form a perfect scheme or system of tragedy. Having invested man, as a finite being, with the energies and daring of an immortal nature, it was necessary to raise up an antagonist principle, which should both be the cause of, and account for, the trials and sufferings of life; those trials and sufferings, which, to the believer in Christianity, are comprehended as a preparation for a higher and better state of being. And this principle was discovered in the dark and malignant workings of fate; a power utterly remorseless, inexorable, and unrelenting, from which nothing could escape, and against which man was born to wage a perpetual but ineffectual war. It was displayed in various ways; to the whole human race indiscriminately it presented itself in the inevitable coming of death; but besides this, its power was peculiarly manifested in the sorrows and crimes of certain individuals. To some men their fate was predicted, and hung over them perpetually, in awful blackness, as in the case of Achilles, to whom the oracles had declared that he was fated to die under the walls of Troy. From others it was concealed, as when Agamemnon returned from Troy in triumph, only to be murdered by his wife. His fate was foreseen and announced by the prophetess Cassandra, though concealed from himself. But the most dreadful display of the power of destiny, as conceived by the Greeks, was in those cases in which it seizes upon the innocent and virtuous, and drives them, without the least power of resistance, into the commission of the most awful and revolting crimes. An eloquent writer, who gives an instance of this kind of fate, says: 'The mysterious power of destiny is potent and appalling. Leading its unconscious, helpless victim, through the dreary vicissitudes of madness, crime, and misery, to a catastrophe of undeserved but unavoidable horror, it makes the gradual development of the Œdipus Tyrannus the most heart-rending series of action that the imagination can conceive. We drink the cup of agony by drops, and find it regularly increase in bitterness to the close.'" — pp. 306 – 308.

In the course of these lectures, Mr. Cleveland analyzed, with much acuteness and ability, some of the principal creations both of classical and romantic literature. Among these, the analysis of the character of Hector is, perhaps, the most beautiful and striking.

Passing on to the lectures on the romantic writers, we find

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an ingenious contrast between the classic and romantic elements in literature, which deserves to be quoted.

"The romance of King Arthur presents us with a bevy of characters, who are gathered into the fellowship of the Round Table, all stamped with the peculiar traits of chivalry, but who nevertheless display a sufficient degree of individuality and consistency of disposition, to distinguish each one, and to add an increased zest to the excitement of their adventures. We look in vain, it is true, for those perfect delineations of character which form the glory of the Homeric poems. Shakspeare himself has not surpassed, in this respect, the earliest of poets. It has been well said of our great dramatist, that, in reading any of his principal plays, we might distinguish the different speakers by what they say, even if the names were not prefixed to the sentences which they utter; this remark equally applies to Homer. Each of the principal personages is represented with such consummate art, that we perceive his distinct individuality at once. We seem to have met and conversed with him. We feel certain how he would act, and what he would say, under such and such circumstances. We are no more in danger of confounding the different characters, or of mistaking one for the other, than in the experience of real life. This is not the case with the heroes of romance; their individual traits are less plainly marked, and are in a degree merged in the general attributes of the chivalrous character. A spirit is over them, which is stronger than the force of individual natures, and which bends into resemblance dispositions originally of a contrary tendency; an atmosphere is around them, which spreads over all a brilliant and fanciful, but uniform hue. The disguise of the armor, which conceals friend from friend, and brother from brother, seems in a manner to extend to the character, and to conceal the traits, as it bars over with the iron visor the lineaments of the countenance; and as the mailed knights are distinguished by the blazonry on their shields, so their individual attributes seem to be chiefly apparent through the medium of chivalrous sentiment and purposes.

"We may find an analogy for this difference between the classic and romantic creations of character in the sculpture of the two schools. Classic sculpture seeks to portray the perfection of the human form; it rejects all drapery that conceals the outline; it presents every form of unadorned beauty, heightened by the charms of perfect execution, grace, and symmetry. Every statue has its entire individuality; the Apollo bears no more resemblance to the Hercules, than the character of the Patron of Genius and the Arts to that of the God of Strength. The

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Venus, the Diana, the Laocoön, the Niobe, of ancient sculpture, are equally marked by their own peculiar traits.

"Gothic sculpture, on the other hand, arrays the human form in massive panoply, or in full and concealing drapery; it presents the forms of warriors in complete armor, of mitred abbots or sceptred kings in robes of state. With peculiar magnificence it decorates the tomb with the effigies of those who have died in the faith, — for on the tomb, the threshold of another world, the sculpture of Christianity delights to proclaim the triumph over death, the life eternal, and the joys of paradise. But we look in vain, among its efforts, for that exquisite finish and that complete individuality which mark the productions of the Grecian chisel." — pp. 320 – 322.

There are many other passages in these lectures, equally elegant; but our object has been to give only a taste of their quality.

In November, 1842, Mr. Cleveland was again compelled, by ill health, to leave his home and visit Cuba. His health was apparently benefited by the beautiful climate of that island, by his travels, and especially by a voyage from Havana to Curaçoa and Bonaire, and the return, which occupied him agreeably about six weeks. His letters to his friends during the winter are very interesting, and some of them full of wit and humor. His mind never acted with greater freedom, his pen never moved with more grace and ease, than during these, the last months of his life. His letters abound in passages of elegant and lively description, which have almost the vividness of pictures of the tropical and luxuriant scenery, in the midst of which he was living. We are obliged to pass over most of those written from Cuba that are printed in this volume; but we take from a long letter, in the form of a journal, kept on the voyage to Bonaire, a singular and striking description of the comet, whose appearance surprized the whole world at that time.

"When we had been out just one week, I was walking the deck a little after sunset, when my attention was attracted by a singular appearance in the western sky. At the first moment, my thought was, that it was a lunar rainbow, partly formed, but an instant after, I saw that there were no clouds, and that it could not be. It extended in a clear column of light, like the aurora, from the horizon to a height of about twenty degrees; yet we watched it for nearly an hour, when it disappeared, with-

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out observing more than this solitary column of light. It did not act like the aurora, and was not in the right part of the heavens, being in the southwest; or, as the mate expressed it, it was about 'a-beam of sunset.' It died away in the course of an hour, and I thought no more of it. The next evening, to the astonishment of all of us, there was the same bright column of light; it was higher up in the heavens, and we now perceived that it did not shoot up from the horizon, but terminated in a bright star, or ball of fire; and we concluded, that it must be a comet of greater size, in appearance at least, than any which had ever before visited our system. Sublime, indeed, did the mystery seem to us, of this fiery phantom of the night, which had thus all suddenly appeared in our firmament, unheralded by astronomical prophecies, unheard of, unexpected. How impenetrable to us is its appearance; we, a separated speck of human life, cut off from all intercourse with men, on a boundless sea! How I have longed, and now long, to break the spell, — to know what it is, whence it comes, and why! even the most vague speculations, from men of intelligence, would be satisfactory to me. How I long to know what the astronomers say of it; why they did not know of its coming; whether it has ever before been seen, or whether it has been flying in its immeasurable orbit since the creation, and has only now, for the first time, reached our universe, and come to claim a fellowship with the sun and the stars! It impresses me with a feeling of awe, which is increased, perhaps, by the profound ignorance in which I must remain for the present concerning it. There, nightly, it flames in the western sky, stretching far across the heavens, in the pathway of the stars; perhaps for countless ages it has been wandering in infinite space, till it has reached a solitude where creation ceases, — a desert of systems, which is beyond the reach of the most distant suns, — where the rays from the solar system are wearied out and fade into darkness, before they pierce the inconceivable distance. Perhaps it has now, for the first time, arrived within the genial circle of created worlds, and is rejoicing in their brightness. Perhaps it will wander again into the unfathomable abyss, and continue to wander, till its next return shall witness the death of creation, — the sun blackened in the firmament, the stars shooting madly from their spheres, the earth shrivelled and burned with fire, and the nations gathered before their Maker. I shall not be able to hear any thing about it, till I reach Havana again. Here I can only learn that it was seen two nights earlier than we observed it, which was the 4th of March. I cannot help thinking of the tumult its appearance will create among Miller's people, and the numbers it will add to his band;

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of the consternation and amazement it will cause; and I could laugh outright, to fancy the wise looks of the astronomers, upon whom the comet seems fairly to have stolen a march." — pp. 356 - 358.

Mr. Cleveland left Havana for New Orleans, on his way home, on the 11th of April. Here he met, by a previous arrangement, an old friend and schoolmate, Mr. Ralph Emerson, of Paris. They remained some time together in New Orleans, and embarked, on the 6th of May, in the steamboat Missouri, for St. Louis. Mr. Cleveland's disease, which had doubtless been making silent progress through the winter, now suddenly and rapidly developed itself, and, on arriving at St. Louis, May 13th, he was obliged to be carried to the hotel, which he never left. The last letter printed in this volume, dated May 3d, at New Orleans, ends with these words: "I long with unspeakable desire to get home, and feel that I shall never get well till I am at home. I shall be with you the first week in June; nearer than this, I cannot say." Alas! he died on the 12th of June, far from home; though the "prayer of his heart," that he might "see his wife once more," was granted, in her arrival at St. Louis the day before he died. He was cheered by the presence and the more than fraternal kindness of his friend, Mr. Emerson, during his last illness. "Mr. Elliot,* too," says the writer of the memoir, "acted the part of a faithful Christian friend, and administered the consolations of religion in the spirit of true Christian love."

We conclude this brief survey of the life and writings of our friend with a part of the admirable summary of his character by Mr. Hillard.

"Mr. Cleveland's moral character was strengthened and supported by a deep-seated principle of religious faith. The religious sentiment was first awakened in his heart upon his mother's knee and in his mother's arms, and these early impressions grew with his growth and clung to him through life. Submission to the will of God in hours of trial and discipline, and gratitude for the many blessings with which his life was crowned, were constant states of mind with him. His was never a repining spirit. He never felt that he had deserved more than he had received. He was grateful for the gift of life, for the affections with which

* A clergyman of the Unitarian denomination in St. Louis.

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it was so blessed and hallowed, and for the opportunities of self-improvement and usefulness which had been granted to him. His character had the crowning charm of humility. Upon the public services of religion he was always a regular attendant, and of late years he had been a careful and habitual student of the Bible. The triumph of his religious faith was seen in that hour when it is ever most severely tried, — in the hour of death. His last moments were brightened and sustained by those consolations and supports which Christianity alone can give. He died as a Christian should die, and as a Christian only can die.

"But by more than all things else, Mr. Cleveland was distinguished by the warmth, the depth, and the constancy of his affections. To love and be beloved were strong necessities of his nature. Kindness awakened in him a lively sense of gratitude, and his sympathy was ever quick and responsive. In the gratification of the affections furnished by the society of his family and friends, he found the chief happiness of his life. In the various relations of son, brother, husband, and father, he was most exemplary; always affectionate, self-forgetting, and thoughtful of others. Between him and his friends there was the sunshine of perfect love and unbroken confidence. With them he knew no reserve. He shared with them his thoughts, his purposes, his hopes, and his fears. Towards them his countenance was never turned but with the most animating expression of kindness and affection. In their society his powers expanded and his nature seemed to breathe its genial atmosphere. In his looks and tones, his words of welcome and the cordial grasp of his hand, there was a persuasive power, which gave assurance to the self-distrustful and made the sensitive feel unconstrained. He was not strongly influenced by new faces or novel associations. The presence of strangers rather checked than aided the flow of his mind. Nor did he take much pleasure in large assemblies, and the pressure of well-dressed crowds. Powerful excitements were always rather oppressive to his gentle and sensitive nature. He far preferred the charm of familiar faces, and the music of familiar voices; to be surrounded by a few friends, when, without constraint, the mind may throw off whatever rises to its surface. His tastes were strongly domestic. In more than one family he was received upon the familiar footing of an inmate, before he had gathered round him a household of his own; and after that time, he found under his own roof the elements of a happy and a useful life. Day after day glided tranquilly by in literary studies, and his wearied powers sought no other refreshment than could be supplied by the society of his family and friends. It is with scenes like these that his image will ever be associated

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in the hearts of his friends, with the circle that gathers round the winter fireside, with the quiet stroll in the long lingering twilight of summer, with the occupations and interests which make up the charm of the hallowed words of Family and Home.

"We feel the loss of such a man to be a severe bereavement. To his intimate friends it seems as if a portion of the daily light which fell upon their lives were taken away. As we look mournfully into his early grave, the question forces itself upon the mind, Why were such powers, attainments, affections, so soon removed from an earth which had such need of them? But this is not the mood in which this affliction should be contemplated. Gratitude for such a life should not be lost in grief for such a death. The character of a man's life is not determined till its close. The hand of death alone puts a seal upon its excellence. The capacities which we honored, and the virtues which we loved, are not extinguished, but transferred to another sphere. The day of reunion is not far distant with any of us. His life on earth may now be viewed as a complete whole, and the retrospect is animating and inspiring. With him the struggle is over and the palm is won. With him there is no fear of faltering goodness, of decaying virtue, of wandering away from the pure lights which guided his youth. He has been faithful to the end. And now that the darkness of the grave has gathered over his form, and that we are to see his face no more upon earth, a sense of gratitude should mingle with our sorrow, that we have been permitted to have such a friend and to contemplate such a life. The memory of what he was should confirm our devotion to duty, our submissiveness to trial, our constancy in labor; it should make us more pure, more kindly, more self-forgetful. We should show ourselves worthy of the affection with which he regarded us, by a more uniform devotion to those high principles which governed his life and hallowed his death." — pp. xlvii. – li.

ART. VIII. — *The Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels.* By ANDREWS NORTON. Vols. II. and III. Cambridge: Published by John Owen. 1844. 8vo. pp. 278, cc., and 320, lxxxiv.

WE gave a brief account of the first volume of Mr. Norton's work at the time of its publication, in 1837. It ap-

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peared, from the preface to that volume, that it was begun in 1819, and, therefore, the publication of the second and third volumes in 1844 shows, that the subject has occupied the author's mind for a quarter of a century. Other instances may be found, we believe, in literary history, of an equal amount of time and labor given to the preparation of a single work ; but certainly there has been no parallel to the present example on this side of the Atlantic. As an almost unrivalled monument of patience and industry, of ripe scholarship, thorough research, eminent ability, and conscientious devotion to the cause of truth, the work may well claim respectful consideration. The writer has successfully resisted the two chief causes of imperfection and error in the productions of scholars and literary men, — the fond desire of commanding the attention and gaining the applause of the public by immature publications, and the flagging of zeal and interest in a single and uniform task protracted beyond the ordinary limit of human patience and ability. The whole tenor of the work bears out the presumption which immediately arises, that labor begun and prosecuted in this way could not have been sustained by selfish considerations, — that the author could not have been animated by regard for his own reputation, but must have found his only incitement and reward in the expected gain to the interests of truth. We believe, that the verdict of scholars upon the result of his labors will be a very favorable one ; but we also believe, that their verdict was unsought.

There is no small evidence, indeed, of disinterestedness in the very conception and plan of such a work. It is not in its nature a popular one ; the multitude will not read and cannot appreciate it. It will take its stand upon the shelves of libraries, as one of the great works in theological science of the present century. It will probably be better known and more highly valued a hundred years hence, than it is at the present day. A comparatively small number of minds will carefully study it, will be induced to embrace or repel the opinions expressed in it, and will be grateful to the author for the instruction and incitement which it affords. But the generality of readers will know nothing of it, except the fact that a work has been published with such a title. We do not mean, that the book is necessarily raised above the comprehension of common minds, that it embodies any difficult

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processes of argumentation, or that it presupposes any great amount of erudition in the reader. Far from it; the reasoning is eminently clear, simple, and direct; and not a single page contains any parade of scholarship, though the whole work is steeped in the spirit, and abounds with the results, of the most profound learning. But it has none of the rich garniture and pleasant shows of science and letters. The simplicity and chasteness of the style may be deemed even excessive, and the logic is as pure, lucid, and stringent as that of the mathematician. The illustrations are very few and simple, and made to conduce directly to the elucidation or progress of the argument. The facts adduced are curious and interesting for one who cares about the history of opinions, and the various modes of development of the human mind in different ages. But they lie out of the track of the common inquirer; they relate to a bygone age; their connection with each other and with the course of the argument is often abstruse and difficult to be unravelled. Many of the subjects considered are abstract; they point to no material interests; they have little or no connection with the thoughts and pursuits of men at the present day. A great portion of the work, indeed, belongs to the department of ecclesiastical history; but it does not deal with the men and the events of that history; it relates almost exclusively to thoughts and theories. It analyzes systems of philosophy; it examines creeds; it traces the changes and the influences of opinions. Nearly the whole work, as the Germans would say, belongs to the history of "pure reason."

We have remarked, that there is no parade of learning in these pages; nothing is said directly of the extent of ground which it was necessary to traverse, or of the difficult and far-reaching investigations which it was found requisite to pursue. The results of the author's studies are given, not the processes, and results are often embodied in a single sentence which the labor of many months was required to obtain. The reader must form his own inferences respecting the labor given to the preparation of such a work, founded on the variety, extent, and recondite character of the facts, opinions, and trains of reasoning, both immediate and collateral, which are here brought together, and on the long period of years, which, as we have already seen, was devoted to the accomplishment of the writer's purpose. Thoroughness

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and accuracy are almost visibly stamped on the face of investigations thus carefully and conscientiously conducted. We see at once, that none of the information was obtained at second hand, that it was not drawn from compilations, histories, and dictionaries, and then studded over with borrowed references to the original works, after the manner in which so many reputations for learning in modern days are cheaply manufactured. The whole literature of the period with which he was directly concerned, the early ages of Christianity, — the works of the earlier Fathers, and the most celebrated productions of Greek philosophy, — has been carefully studied at the fountain head; and every fact or opinion, having a remote or immediate reference to the subject in hand, is made to bear upon and illustrate the course of the argument. Having thus examined for himself, having measured every foot of the ground, and sounded every depth of the inquiry, modern subsidiary works relating to the same period and subject, of which such a crowd has been published in Germany and elsewhere, come up before him, not for use, but for criticism; he looks down upon and judges them, instead of looking up to them for materials and guidance.

We do not mention these things in praise of the author, who needs it not, but as features in the execution of the work, that strengthen the confidence with which we receive its statements and reasonings, and, thereby, further the purpose which the writer had in view. On a subject of such momentous consequence, involving the genuineness of the records of our faith, and therefore indirectly, but by necessary inference, the truth of Christianity itself, it is much to know, that we are under the conduct of a safe guide. We are made to feel the solidity and massive strength of the foundation and buttresses of our religious belief. An original and important contribution to the evidences of Christianity, a positive addition to the grounds of our confidence in the truthfulness of the Scriptures, may well be deemed the crowning labor of a well spent life, and we are proud that it has been given to the world by a scholar in our own land. It matters little, that, in its present form, the work will be accessible, probably, only to a few. This is always the fate, in a greater or less degree, of those original investigations by which a particular science is carried forward, or the gen-

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eral boundaries of knowledge are enlarged. After the pioneers come another class of men, who enter into the fruit of their labors, and convert the results by degrees into the common property of mankind. Theologians and scholars will profit by Mr. Norton's book, and through them the Christian world will share the benefit.

The originality of Mr. Norton's views is one of their most striking characteristics. The materials which he has used have engaged the attention of learned men for many centuries, and we could hardly have expected, at this late day, that a new structure of argument would be raised upon them. But an acute and philosophical mind, patiently applied to the investigation even of the most hackneyed subject, can hardly fail of seeing it in a new light, and holding it up to the world under an aspect never before contemplated. The question respecting the genuineness of the Gospels has never been so thoroughly studied as that which regards their authenticity; and the manner in which the former question is treated, especially in these last two volumes, is entirely original. Mr. Norton's admirable logic and clear perception of the relative weight of different kinds of testimony have led him to discard much of the matter with which the subject was cumbered, and to present his own compact and nervous reasoning in comparatively short compass. He does not palter with the understanding of his readers by any of the showy pretences of argument. He dwells on no doubtful points; he puts no rotten props under the system which he seeks to uphold. He does not deem it necessary, as too many theologians have done, to defend the records of his faith by stratagem. The consequence is, that his work is one of the most unanswerable books that ever were written. The infidel may attempt to get out of the line of the argument, or may undervalue its importance; but he cannot refute it. It comes as near to demonstration as the nature of moral reasoning will admit.

The fearlessness with which the inquiry in these volumes is commenced, and followed out to its remotest consequences, is another marked trait of the writer's mind. Mr. Norton is not deterred by the differences of opinion which exist among scholars, and among Christians generally, from sounding every part of the subject, and pursuing the investigation to any conclusions to which it may seem to lead. He

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has boldly entered upon some paths which have remained unexplored of late years, as it were, by tacit consent. He has resolutely stated difficulties, which others have not cared to contemplate. The perplexing question, for instance, respecting the relative authority of the Jewish and the Christian Scriptures, and the connection between them, he has examined with the same calmness, method, and severe logic, which are conspicuous in every other portion of the work, and apparently without bestowing a thought on the odium he might incur. Some of the conclusions at which he arrives are heretical; to many persons they will be even painful to contemplate. Many of his readers will be shocked by them, and some will loudly declare, that he is an enemy to the very cause which he seems to advocate. But all, we think, will admire the unflinching courage with which he pursues the inquiry, the apparent unconsciousness of the dangers and difficulties with which it is hedged about, and the perfect simplicity with which he propounds opinions that will seem so startling to the majority of those to whom he speaks. The praise of sincerity and earnest devotion to truth must be accorded to him, in spite of what many Christians will consider as his wanderings and errors.

With the peculiar character of the views to which we allude, or with the merits of the argument by which they are supported, we have here nothing to do. In the pages of this journal, we know as little of the disputes of theologians as of the quarrels of the politicians. Our only concern is with the literary merits of a work, with the spirit in which it is written, and with those topics in it which are of general interest to all parties and sects. We may be led, incidentally, to give an account of opinions that we do not share; but the discussion of them must be carried on in a more appropriate place.

Looking, then, exclusively at the qualities of execution, and the general tone of reasoning and disquisition adopted in the work, we think high praise must be awarded to the author for the independent, yet modest and conscientious spirit, in which he has performed his task. He has evidently written under a deep sense of responsibility, not alloyed by any pride of opinion, or any desire of promulgating startling novelties of doctrine. "It seems to me," he observes, in the prefatory remarks to his dissertation on the Old Testa-

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ment, the portion of his work which will excite most alarm and opposition, "it seems to me a weighty offence against society, to advance and maintain opinions on any important subject, especially any subject connected with religion, without carefully weighing them, and without feeling assured, as far as may be, that we shall find no reason to change our belief. I may be excused, therefore, for mentioning, that the substance of what follows was originally committed to writing more than ten years ago, (in the summer of 1831,) and that I have not since found occasion to make any essential change in my conclusions."

There is a solemn meaning in these remarks, which many persons engaged in theological speculations at the present day would do well to consider. The theorist has no right to alarm the feelings and unsettle the opinions of those around him by the inconsiderate publication of crude and half-formed ideas, which may float through his mind, on a subject of vital interest. He wounds the cherished convictions of others without a cause, and he wrongs his own mind by such a course. He vitiates his judgment by confounding an idle fancy with a settled belief, and he allows his passions to be engaged in support of a doctrine which his reason, if left to itself, would soon abandon of its own accord. After indulgence of this sort, the formation of opinions becomes the work of imagination more than of judgment. It is pleasant to link together speculations into a theory, and to contemplate the casual relations of ideas, without the toil of subjecting them to sharp analysis, or of investigating their real and intimate connections with each other. The mere vagaries of the fancy, if exposed to discussion and attack, become the cherished idols of the intellect, and the feelings are thus enlisted in support of the grossest errors. So far as the interests of truth are concerned, no conduct can be more culpable. The wilful dissemination of falsehood is a minor evil; for detection is then probable; and exposure of a crime is more sure to obviate injurious consequences, than the refutation of unfounded doctrine and erroneous reasoning.

The object of Mr. Norton's work is to prove, that the Gospels were really written by the persons whose names they bear. The volumes now published complete his view of the historical evidences of this fact, and another volume is promised which will relate to the internal proofs. But as

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the inquiry is limited to the genuineness of the Scriptures, considered as historical records of the Christian faith, the whole work, when completed, will belong to the department of the external evidences of that faith. Doubts have been expressed respecting the validity of any historical testimony in matters of religion, and some consideration of them appears to be necessary, before we look at the extent of that testimony. These doubts appear to proceed from a confusion of ideas respecting the point to be proved. If Christian faith included nothing more than a system of abstract truths, we admit, that the internal evidence in its favor might be quite sufficient, so that it would be a work of supererogation to adduce any historical proofs, however strong. Mathematical truth shines by its own light, and needs no illumination from a foreign cause. When we understand the propositions and proofs of the geometer, we receive them with entire conviction, — with a belief that could not be increased or strengthened by any weight of authority, or any miracle, — no, not even if one should rise from the dead. It is certainly possible to contrive a system of moral doctrine, so simple and abstract, that it would be equally independent of foreign testimony; — of *moral* doctrine, we say, because a *religion*, properly so called, must include *facts*, which facts must be supported, if at all, by external proofs. The only conceivable distinction between a doctrine of religion and a system of ethics is, that the former includes the ideas of authority, and veneration, and worship. These ideas necessarily presuppose a being, or class of beings, — whether spiritual or material existences, it matters not,— as the holders of that authority, and the objects of that veneration and worship. The reality of such a being, the fact of his existence, must be established by what is called external evidence. It cannot be made known by intuition, for then there would be nothing to distinguish it from a baseless idea, a mere fantasy; in technical language, there would be no means of passing from its *subjective* to its *objective* truth. It cannot be demonstrated, for demonstration can be applied only to abstract truths.

Thus far we have shown, that every religion, *ex vi termini*, must be supported, if at all, by external proofs. But we go much further. Christianity maintains, that there was a special manifestation of God to man in the person of the Sa-

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viour, and that this manifestation was made at a particular time and place. The fact of a special revelation lies at the very foundation of our faith. The creed of every sect professing to be Christian includes, as a necessary part, a belief not only in the doctrines taught by Jesus Christ, but in the facts of his life, his mission, his death and resurrection. These facts are not merely subsidiary to the doctrines, which they tend to substantiate by a chain of irrefragable evidence; they have a substantive importance. They form an integral part of the faith. In claiming this high character for the events described in the gospel narrative, we go no farther than we are warranted in doing by the very name which our religion bears. The assertion amounts to no more than this, — that Christianity is the religion of Christ, and that this name is applicable to Jesus of Nazareth, and to none other. "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

Now, the credibility of certain facts is one thing, and the proof of their actual occurrence is another. For establishing the former point, what is called internal evidence is sufficient; for the latter, it is powerless, — it is wholly inapplicable. By saying, that a narrative of certain events bears with it internal evidence of its truth, we mean only, that the events are possible, — that they are consistent with each other, — that they violate no law of nature, — that they are conformable to the ordinary course of things. All this may be true of an admitted fiction. Some of Shakspeare's plays, most of Scott's novels, have as much internal evidence of truth as any testimony given on the stand in a court of justice. They may have even more; for it is a common proverb, that truth is often stranger than fiction. If we disregard all extraneous circumstances, and look only at the face of the narrative, Robinson Crusoe appears as true a story as Cook's Voyages, and Richardson, the novelist, is as faithful a historian as Hume. We say, then, that the internal evidence of the truth of a narrative, if taken alone, amounts to nothing; it has no weight whatever. It is taken into view as one of the attendant circumstances, which teach us to give greater or less weight to direct testimony; just as we consider the reputation of the attester, his manner of address, and his possible or probable design in giving the evidence; neither of these circumstances has any substantive impor-

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tance ; it serves only to confirm or weaken the direct proof. Looking only at the character of the events narrated, the history contained in the Gospels may be only a skilfully contrived romance. Many of the events being confessedly of a very extraordinary character, the internal evidence in their favor is necessarily weak.

So far, therefore, as the truth of Christianity involves the verity of the story of our Saviour's life, the question respecting the possibility of depending solely on the internal evidences is at an end. We *must* have historical testimony, or the introduction of these internal marks of truth is a mere impertinence. And this direct proof must be complete and sufficient in itself; for the subsidiary argument makes no positive addition to the testimony, but only removes a possible objection to it. It is like a witness in a court of justice, who knows nothing about the events which are the subject of investigation, but who testifies to the good character and general reputation for veracity of the man who did see them and has sworn to them. The distinction here pointed out must hold, and be of the greatest importance in our view of the general scheme of the evidences, unless it is maintained, that the events recorded in the Christian Scriptures are of no value, except so far as they are confirmatory of the doctrines which are taught therein. If Christianity is a mere system of ethics, shining entirely by its own light, resting exclusively upon its accordance with the primitive intuitions of the human soul, then we shall do well to discard the historical testimony in its favor altogether. If the gospel narrative is merely a cunningly devised fable or *myth* ; if it is an Eastern apologue, shadowing forth important truths ; if it be of no consequence whether the sayings attributed to our Saviour were really uttered by him or not, provided that these sayings are true ; if it is an idle task even to consider whether such a person as Jesus of Nazareth ever lived, and taught, and died,— then we may give up history, and throw all such works as the one now before us into the fire. Only, in such case, it will be proper to give up the *name* of Christianity, as it is derived from that which has become by long usage the proper name of its founder, and, on the hypothesis we are now considering, it is of no consequence whether the system ever had a founder or not. But if these suppositions are not to be admitted, if Christians desire to know the truth

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respecting the life as well as the doctrines of him whose name they bear, then we must cling to the historical evidences, not merely as the strongest, but as the ONLY "testimony in chief" to the reality of our faith.

Mr. Norton proposes to establish the truth of the facts recorded concerning our Lord, his ministry upon earth, his acts and teachings, in the most direct and satisfactory manner, by showing that the narratives which we possess of these events were actually written by the persons claimed as their authors, two of whom were intimate companions of Jesus, and eye-witnesses of his ministry, while the other two received their accounts immediately from such witnesses. If he has succeeded, the whole point is gained; for if the Gospels were written by such persons, the narrative contained in them must be true. The Apostles could not have been deceived respecting the facts which they profess to relate, and the hypothesis, that individuals in their situation contrived their separate accounts of the whole affair as mere fictions, is too monstrous to deserve a moment's attention. The scope of Mr. Norton's inquiry extends over the first three centuries of the Christian era, as after that period, the proof that the Gospels were universally received as the works of those whose names are affixed to them is so abundant and conclusive, that it is needless to recapitulate it. His object is to show, that the entire works have been ascribed to their true authors, which, of course, includes the proposition, "that the Gospels remain essentially the same as they were originally composed."

Of the argument in the first volume of the work, embracing the testimony of the great body of early Christians to the genuineness of the Gospels, we gave a brief view in a former article.* The object of the second and third volumes is to show what confirmation of the more direct historical testimony may be drawn from the speculations of the early Gnostic heretics, and from the use which they made of the Gospels. The evidence thus derived is mostly circumstantial in its nature, and derives its weight from those peculiarities in the situation and opinions of the Gnostics, which would have induced them to reject the narratives written by the Apostles, and to adopt or to forge other works as the

* *N. A. Review*, Vol. XLV. pp. 206 – 222.

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foundation of their faith, if they could have done so, at that early period, without appearing to oppose universally admitted facts and unimpeachable testimony, or without incurring the certain fate of having their forgeries detected and exposed. Gibbon affirms, that "it was impossible that the Gnostics could receive our present Gospels, many parts of which (particularly in the resurrection of Christ) are directly, and, as it might seem, designedly, pointed against their favorite tenets." If it should appear, that, in spite of this discrepancy of doctrine, the Gnostics did universally admit the authority of the Gospels as authentic accounts of the ministry of Jesus Christ, and appealed to no other books having similar pretensions, it follows, that the genuineness of these records, during the first two or three centuries of the Christian era, was considered as unimpeachable, and that it was impossible, then, to make unauthorized compilations, or to forge new narratives, without detection and exposure. The period at which this heretical party flourished makes their evidence decisive. The promulgation of Christianity to the world was then so recent, and the facts attendant upon its introduction were so well known, that a question respecting the genuineness of books claiming to be of authority among the believers might be easily determined. The fathers of the generation then on the stage must have been intimate with those who had been contemporaries of the Apostles, and evidence was therefore directly at hand, whether the books were of early or recent introduction among the followers of Christ. And this view of the case is confirmed by the fact, that the Gnostics, having every reason to impeach the authority of the received accounts, if they were able, and to substitute others for them, did not attempt either course, but submitted to be judged by the books of their opponents.

The full consideration of these points, the examination of the history of the Gnostics, and the development of their peculiar opinions, made it necessary to traverse a wide field of inquiry, and to consider many collateral subjects. Mr. Norton has accomplished the work so thoroughly, that little remains to be determined by the subsequent inquirer. The tenets of the Gnostics, when viewed in their relations to the doctrines of Christianity, and to the philosophy of the Greeks, open many curious questions respecting the phenom-

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ena of mind, and the formation of opinions, which are discussed in these volumes with great ability. There is an air of freshness and originality in these speculations, which gives them a lively interest, in spite of the abstruseness of the subject. The writer is one of those who think for themselves; he avoids the beaten track of disquisition, without falling into paradox from the desire of novelty, and without being hurried into rash generalizations by the love of system. He is an independent, and, at the same time, a very cautious thinker; and though the conclusions at which he arrives may not always command our assent, they are admirably stated, and the process of argument which leads to them is sufficiently plain. He has nothing of the theatrical air of the French philosophers, nor any trace of what may be called the shallow profundity of the Germans; he has too much good taste for the one, and too much good sense for the other. Some have objected to a want of unity in the book; but the objection proceeds, we think, from an insufficient perception of the object which the author had in view, and of the manner in which all the separate investigations, however remote and apparently unconnected, are made to conduce to its attainment. Some general remarks may throw light upon this point.

As Mr. Norton's plan covers the first three centuries in the history of our religion, it necessarily includes some consideration of the circumstances under which Christianity was introduced to the world. A full view of these circumstances must embrace some notice of the state of opinion, the habits of thought, and the prevailing systems of philosophy in those nations to whom the new faith was first preached. Such a view is essential to a full knowledge of the obstacles with which the religion of Jesus had to contend, and of the modifications and corruptions which it underwent in the minds of those who were the earliest to receive it. It is necessary to know the full extent of the impediments to its progress, and the causes of the errors with which it was soon debased, before we can have a due sense of the magnitude of its triumph.

It is a mistake to suppose, that the gospel was first preached to wholly unoccupied minds, ready to perceive at once the true character of the new doctrine, and the whole force of the arguments by which it was supported. It was proclaimed to a people rendered obstinate by the blindest prejudices,

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or attached to the vainest speculations. It has been said, that Paganism, considered as a religious system, had lost its hold upon the esteem and reverence of the multitude, who had learned to slight the gods and contemn the tenets of their ancestors, and who were, therefore, prepared for the reception of a purer faith. But in losing their religious belief, they had only cast away the anchor of their minds. They were tossed about by every wind of doctrine, — either a prey to vague and superstitious feelings, generated by a religious sentiment that had no object on which to expend itself, or following with restless curiosity every absurd theory which ill-regulated and speculative imaginations could suggest. They were attached to auguries and charms, to soothsayers and sorcerers, or they attended the schools of the sophists, and gave themselves up to a philosophy at once shallow and mystical, unchecked by reason or principle, and losing itself in the wildest reveries. Oriental speculations, sublime, but obscure, had tinged the minds of many with a love of mysticism, while the philosophy of the Greeks was certainly but ill adapted to supply a regulative principle to their heated fancies. The acute and imaginative turn of mind, that characterized this people, gave birth to a multitude of systems, which we can hardly suppose were ever seriously entertained, even by their authors, though they were supported by fine-spun reasonings, and defended by the most ingenious sophistry. The speculations even of Plato, the greatest name among them, are oftentimes so extravagant, that it is difficult to believe, that he himself regarded them in any other light than as exercises in dialectics, or as pleasing dreams for the fancy.

In ethical science alone, the voice of nature — the original and imperative law of conscience — supplied a few established principles, as resting-points and guide-boards in speculation, though they were sadly disregarded in practice. Feeble essays were made with these slender materials to project a scheme of morals, which should have some appearance of moderation, and some foundation in truth; but these attempts resulted either in the hard and impracticable system of the Stoics, or in the elegant, but sensual and debasing, theory of the Epicureans. Imperfect or erroneous as these systems were, they were among the best fruits of the Grecian and Roman intellect, when applied in mere speculation

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upon the higher objects of thought; the philosophers sometimes appear to speak with dignity and earnestness, as if they believed what they taught, when occupied in expounding their opinions in morals. Of course, in this unfavorable estimate of the philosophy of the ancients, we pass over their researches in physics and natural history, as belonging to a different, and, in their opinion, a lower department for the exercise of mind. We are concerned with their opinions and habits of thought only in those respects which would be likely to bias their reception of a new religious faith.

It would be wrong to suppose, that, because the vague philosophical and religious opinions of the Pagan world hung loosely upon their minds, they could therefore easily be thrown off, when a purer and simpler doctrine was placed before them. The very flexibility of their notions made it more difficult to uproot and discard them altogether; they offered no direct resistance to the reception of a new faith, but they twined around, corrupted, and perverted it, after it was received. Nothing could be more liberal and catholic than the religious system of the Gentile world; it admitted the gods of any country into its pantheon, and it even erected altars to "the unknown God." But it brought down the adopted faith to a level with its own extravagant fictions. The habits of mind, in which this system was engendered, and through which it assumed its successive phases, continued to affect the judgments and conduct of the people in regard to the purer doctrines which were preached to them by the apostles of Christianity. These doctrines also became a prey to the speculatists and the mongers of systems, and were engrafted by them upon a rotten stock, instead of being allowed to take root and flourish by themselves. "The Christians," says the sneering Gibbon, "who, by the interposition of evil spirits, could so readily explain every preternatural appearance, were disposed, and even desirous, to admit the extravagant fictions of Grecian mythology." The cause is here made to change places with the effect. It was rather the mythological fables of the Greeks, which taught them to wrest passages of the Scriptures into a defence of their ancient absurdities, and to find substitutes for their old demons in the theological doctrine of the existence and agency of fallen spirits.* The true spirit of Christian-

* It seems almost incredible, that, but little more than two centuries ago,

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ity, unlike that of Paganism, is exclusive ; it holds no commerce, it makes no terms, with error. So soon as it was allowed to exercise its due influence, it threw down the altars of the false gods, and established a spiritual worship in their place.

The loose speculations and extravagant mythology of the Greeks were not the only obstacles to the reception and natural development of Christian doctrine. In the obstinate prejudices and narrow exclusiveness of the people to whom it was first preached, were greater hindrances and more active causes of corruption, than in the deceptive toleration and inconstant humors of the Gentile world. Forms and ceremonies attach the mind and fascinate the imagination with greater power than abstract doctrines. With an obstinacy that there is nothing in the annals of the world to parallel, the Jews have clung for thousands of years to their imposing and cumbrous ritual, and to the faith which flatters their pride with the idea, that they are a peculiar people, selected as the objects of the exclusive and covenanted favor of their God. Nothing but the might of inspiration and the power of divine truth could avail against so strong a barrier. The contest was arduous, and the victory first achieved was necessarily incomplete. The wall of prejudice was breached, but it was not entirely overthrown. The early Jewish converts desired to appear, not as the disciples of a new faith, but as followers of a reformed system of their ancient belief. They wished to impose the fetters of their law upon the Gentiles, as a necessary prerequisite to their full admission to the Christian communion. The new religion acknowledged the divine origin of their former faith ; they wished to cumber it with all the details of the Mosaic dispensation. Our Saviour and his immediate disciples, more tolerant than the multitudes who have since borne their name

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the excellent Dr. Cudworth, a man of vast erudition and considerable metaphysical tact, and usually a good reasoner, could gravely propound and defend the following extraordinary opinion respecting the direct agency of evil spirits : — "It is a thing *highly probable, if not unquestionable*, that Apollonius Tyanæus, shortly after the publication of the gospel to the world, *was a person made choice of by the policy, and assisted by the powers, of the kingdom of darkness*, for the doing of some things extraordinary, merely out of design to derogate from the miracles of our Saviour Christ, and to enable Paganism the better to bear up against the assaults of Christianity." — *Intellectual System.* Chap. IV., § 15.

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and degraded it, treated the prejudices of the Jews with tenderness and respect. Paul proclaimed the liberty of Christianity for the Gentiles also, and repudiated the attempts of his Jewish brethren to put unnecessary obstacles in the way of their conversion. He did not require the Jewish converts themselves to give up the practice of the ceremonial law, but he forbade the requisition of it where it would be felt as a burden. The promises of the gospel were not confined to the posterity of Abraham, but were held out to the freeman and the slave, to the Greek and the barbarian, and were embraced by such numbers of them, that the Judaizing Christians soon appeared only as a small sect among the multitudes of the faithful.

From the prejudices and peculiar habits of thought, entertained respectively by the two great classes of converts to Christianity, sprung the first two heresies which marred the unity of the Christian church. The fervid imagination and speculative temperament of the Greeks created the system of the Gnostics ; the obstinate prejudices of the Jewish believers gave rise to the sect of the Ebionites, or Nazarenes. These opposite extremes of error were connected by every shade and variety of intermediate doctrine, and to this middle space the great body of catholic Christians belonged. The controversy waged by the extreme parties with each other, from the natural course of minds exasperated by opposition, soon widened the distance between them, and added to the extravagance of the tenets which they respectively held. The Ebionites preached the necessity of entire compliance with the Mosaic law ; the Gnostics rejected the Jewish Scriptures, the original authority of the Mosaic dispensation, and finally denied the perfections of the Jewish God. To fill up the vacuity thus created in the system of Christian doctrine, the latter contrived the most elaborate and fantastic theogony that an insane imagination ever devised.

We now see, not only the great value and weight of the testimony here adduced by Mr. Norton to the genuineness of the Gospels, but the propriety of going over the broad ground of inquiry and disquisition, which he has occupied in these volumes. If these opposing sects, belonging to the earliest period in the history of our religion, separated from each other by so broad and deep a gulf, and having so great

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an interest to decry and repudiate the Gospels, of which the spirit and the obvious meaning were so hostile to the doctrines which they held, — if, we say, both Ebionites and Gnostics, in spite of these circumstances, did acknowledge the authority of our sacred records, and did submit to be judged by them, the conclusion is irresistible, that the genuineness of these records could not then be impeached, but that they were admitted, both by friends and foes, to be the undoubted written testimony of the persons whose names they bear, — the companions and immediate disciples of our Lord. The Gnostics did not hesitate to reject the Jewish Scriptures, because they obviously contradicted the doctrines which they taught; with similar reasons, though perhaps not so strong, to induce them to put aside the Christian Scriptures, they could not, they dared not, reject the Gospels. To ascertain the full weight of their testimony, then, it becomes important to take a broad survey of their situation and entire scheme of doctrine, to examine all the peculiarities of their tenets, to judge of their habits of thought and reasoning, and thus to ascertain how likely they were to be impeded by slight motives or inconclusive evidence from renouncing the authority of those writings which convicted them of error. And this is the work, hitherto not separately undertaken, or else left incomplete, which has been admirably performed in the volumes of Mr. Norton.

There is another, and equally interesting, view of the subject, which justifies the wide range of research adopted in this work, and the great labor which has been bestowed upon it. We seek to know the exact nature of the opposing and corrupting influences to which our faith was at first exposed. The white light of Christianity shone out amid vast and dense clouds of error and superstition and prejudice, and in passing through them, it was dispersed and refracted into the most dissimilar and fantastic shapes and hues. It is of the utmost importance, as well for the evidences of Christianity as for the philosophy of the human mind, to be able to trace back this process, to follow out the progress of error and heresy, to explain the growth and filiation of different religious creeds, and to show how far Christianity is accountable for the corrupt doctrines with which it was soon burdened, or how far these were the necessary results of the influences to which it was at first exposed, and of the charac-

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ters of the people to whom it was first preached. We are too apt to consider Christianity, in the early ages of its history, as if it were limited to a single proposition, well known, accurately defined, and universally accepted, in its simplicity and purity, by all who claimed to be its disciples, while it was as universally opposed by all the followers of Paganism and by the bulk of the unconverted world. It was not so, even in the apostolic age. Paul was obliged constantly to rebuke the opposite errors of the Jewish and Gentile converts, and both the fables of Pagan mythology and the vain dreams of Pagan philosophy were constantly seeking shelter under the garb and name of legitimate doctrines of the new faith. It was a scene of great confusion and turmoil of opinions, — a warfare among a great number of contending forces, — a contest between a crowd of religious systems, shaded into each other by every variety of doctrine. So far was Paganism from offering uniform opposition to the progress of the new religion, that it oftentimes attempted to take advantage of its name and the zeal of its disciples, and to adopt and guide the strength which it could not oppose. All the arms of warfare were used on either side, and among all the sects. Error had its martyrs, as well as truth.

Perhaps the first corruption to which Christianity was subjected consisted in the attempt to make any system at all of its doctrines. The teachings of the Saviour were eminently practical, addressed to the heart and the life, more than to the intellect. They were not delivered in the form of grave philosophical discourses, to explain a new doctrine, or to set forth a creed. In the longest of his discourses, the Sermon on the Mount, the object seems to be not so much to impart religious knowledge, as to inculcate the duty of a holy life. What are called the "vital doctrines" of Christianity must be pieced together, for the most part, from various unconnected sayings, and from expressions elicited, so far as we can perceive, by passing events, rather than deliberately uttered for purposes of instruction. In the Gospels, at least, comparatively little is expressly enunciated in the form of abstract doctrines, appealing to the understanding rather than to the conscience. But men are more anxious to know than to do ; it is easier to yield assent to a proposition than to follow a rule of conduct. The simplest and purest of all religions was soon erected into a formal system ; it

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was tortured into a creed consisting almost entirely of speculative dogmas. In the Pagan world, — as might be expected from the fact, that the people had not before possessed any definite rule of faith, but only loose mythological doctrines, the joint work of the philosophers and the poets, — the new religion was most rapidly corrupted into a complex and fanciful theory, alike unworthy of its origin and its name. Among the Jewish heretics, Christianity was merely engrafted upon the Mosaic law, where, however, from the general similitude of the two dispensations, it still held a prominent place. In the system of the Gnostics, it was buried under a heap of idle fancies, wholly dissimilar in character, amid which its original lineaments could hardly be discerned.

We have dwelt so long upon the general plan and scope of Mr. Norton's work, that we have but insufficient space for a particular account of its contents. With a very meagre sketch of the general divisions of the subject as he has considered it, and of the outlines of the execution, we must close our imperfect notice. What follows, it is necessary to say, is a mere abstract of the information afforded in these volumes.

The word *Gnostic* denotes "an enlightened man," and was sometimes used to signify a Christian philosopher. This import of the name seems to imply superior understanding on the part of those who bore it, and they doubtless arrogated it to themselves on account of the fine-spun and far-reaching speculations which constituted their peculiar tenets. Whether they merited the name in this sense is very doubtful; though many modern writers, mistaking vagueness for sublimity, and obscurity for depth of thought, have too hastily assumed that they did. Mr. Norton considers them as "neither prodigies of wisdom nor folly"; but as belonging "to the large class of the professors of hidden but intuitive wisdom, who exhibit to the ignorant bits of colored glass, with the air of men displaying inestimable jewels." In the first half of the second century, they were separated from the great body of Christians by the opprobrious name of heretics, though the standard of orthodoxy then established was far broader and more liberal than that by which believers were judged a century or two later. At this early period, therefore, the system which they held must have been considered as irreconcilable with the doctrines of the gospel.

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With the exception of the Ebionites, they were the only heretics of the first two centuries.

There were two great divisions of the sect,—the Marcionites, and the Theosophic Gnostics, as they were termed, of whom the Valentinians were the chief representatives. Marcion and Valentinus, the two great leaders of these divisions, are both mentioned by the early Fathers as flourishing about the middle of the second century. The most important authorities respecting their history are Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, and Origen. None of the writings of the Gnostics are extant, except some short extracts preserved in the works of their opponents. We must form our estimate of their doctrines from the writings of those who endeavoured to confute them, and the external history of the sect must be drawn from the same imperfect sources. The later Fathers who wrote respecting them, probably after the sect had lost much of its importance and was greatly diminished in numbers, either copy the accounts of their predecessors, or weave together an improbable mass of fictions and calumnies. The speculations of the Gnostics were thrown into the shade, in the third century, by the bolder theory of the Manichæans; and in the course of a century or two more, the former sect entirely dwindled away. "Indeed, according to Gregory Nazianzen, they had ceased to disturb the church before the Arian controversy arose, in the beginning of the fourth century." Their number was not great at any time, the peculiarities of their doctrines being such as to recommend themselves only to a small class of individuals. They are to be ranked among those who pride themselves upon esoteric doctrines, intelligible only to a few.

The Marcionites were ascetic in their practices; they prohibited marriage, and honored the self-denying virtues in a higher degree even than the great body of the catholic Christians. But the accounts of the morals of the other great party among them are very unfavorable; they held, that grace preserved from sin, and that the spiritual nature by which they were distinguished remained undefiled, in whatever pollutions the body might mingle. Mr. Norton thinks, however, that these charges must be softened, or that they were applicable only to a portion of the sect, who were so imperfectly separated from the heathen world, that they

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should be called pseudo-Christians, rather than heretics. That immoral doctrines and practices existed among professed believers, even in the apostolic age, is known to be true; and Mr. Norton makes some acute and philosophical remarks on the causes of this remarkable inconsistency between their profession and their conduct. But he finds no reason to believe, that the Gnostics were particularly guilty in this respect. Some nominal Christians, attached to a licentious life, like the Pagans whom they had hardly quitted, might have preferred to unite themselves to a party of heretics, rather than to the great body of the believers; and their evil practices may have given a bad name to the whole sect. In connection with this topic, we quote an instructive passage.

"We may readily understand why, at the present day, individuals without Christian faith, or without Christian morals, should claim to be called Christians, or why the generality of men in a Christian country, whatever may be the strength of their faith, or its practical influence, should acquiesce in being numbered as believers; but the inquiry may well arise, how it was, that, when to be a Christian was to expose one's self to hatred and persecution, any should take that name, except from such sincere conviction, and such conscientious motives, as would preserve them from indulging in the vices of the heathen world, and especially from justifying such indulgence on principle. The solution of the fact is, that the looser heretics did not expose themselves to persecution. The hatred of the heathens to the Christians manifested itself by irregular outbreaks. It would be a great mistake to suppose, that the proceedings against them, at least before the latter part of the third century, resembled the systematized persecution of infidels and heretics in those Roman Catholic countries where the inquisition has been established. The steady action of law was unknown throughout the Roman empire. Its machinery was wholly out of order. Its workings were irregular and interrupted. The government was a government of force. After the time of Nero till that of Diocletian, the emperors, for the most part, appear rather to have yielded to the spirit of persecution, than to have excited it. The sufferings of the Christians were occasioned far less by their edicts, than by the superstition and enmity of the lower classes, the cruelty of some of the provincial governors, and the license and rapacity of the soldiery. Such persecutors would, in general, select their victims from the most conscientious and zealous among the number of those, who, from their circumstances in life, might be most easily oppressed, or who, being conspicuous among Christians, had, at the same time, incurred some particu-

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lar odium. The more licentious among the heretics had little to fear. They, probably, called themselves Gnostics, or enlightened men, rather than Christians; for the latter name might not only have exposed them to obloquy and danger, but would have confounded them with the great body of believers, whom they looked down upon with contempt. They were connected with the heathen world in its vices and in its idol-worship. Nor, by a man devoid of conscientiousness and self-devotion, was danger to be apprehended, even if, by some accident, he might be accused as a Christian. The judicial trials of Christians were very unlike those of heretics in later times. The accused had his condemnation or acquittal in his own power. He might save himself by renouncing his faith, or by denying it. All that was required of him was to profess himself not a Christian, and to burn incense before the judge in honor of an idol, or to swear by the Genius of the emperor."— Vol. II. pp. 170 – 172.

The necessity of making a sharp distinction between these pseudo-Christians and the heretics, properly so called, leads Mr. Norton to give a curious and rather minute account of the sects and individuals embraced under the former denomination. That the Gnostics have sometimes been confounded with them appears from the fact, that Irenæus ascribes the origin of the former to Simon, the magician, mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, though it seems that he and his followers were not Christians. The Carpocratians are the first of the sects referred to, who appear to have been a body of corrupt Platonists, that pretended to regard Christ as an eminent philosopher. They were professed workers in magic, and the vices of their life brought reproach on the Christian name. Another of these sects was that of the Ophians, or *Serpentists*, as we should say, who relied on a book called the Gospel of Eve, which was supposed to contain the wisdom that Eve learned from the serpent. They were a small and obscure party, and little is known either of their history or doctrines. There are faint indications of the existence of other classes of these nominal Christians, upon whom the greatest immoralities in practice and the utmost absurdities of doctrine were charged; but the indistinct notices of them serve only to show under what various and dissimilar phases Christianity was made at times to appear. Some of them held doctrines like those of the Egyptian pantheists, believing that "the *same* soul is dispersed in animals, and insects, and fishes, and serpents, and men, and in herbs, and trees, and fruits." One of their sayings bore a

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striking resemblance to the inscription, which, according to Plutarch, was engraved on the temple of Isis at Saïs: "I am all that has been, is, or will be; and my veil no mortal has ever lifted." Respecting the origin of these sects, we quote again from Mr. Norton.

"From what has been said it may appear, that sects and individuals who are not to be considered as Christians have been erroneously reckoned among the Gnostics. Nor is their existence difficult to be accounted for. Christianity soon became an object of universal attention. It was a new phenomenon in the intellectual world. A power, unknown before, was in action, and spreading its influence far beyond the sphere to which it might seem to be confined. Our religion essentially affected the heathen philosophy contemporary with it, and introduced into it *conceptions such as had not been previously entertained.* The doctrines of our faith were, undoubtedly, more or less known to many, who had not studied them in the Gospels, nor were acquainted with its evidences as a revelation from God. Though not received by such as of divine authority, and but imperfectly understood, they gave a new impulse to thought. Men's minds were thrown into a state of effervescence, new affinities operated, and new combinations of opinion were formed. There were, doubtless, those whose vanity prompted them to profess an acquaintance with the new barbaric philosophy, as they deemed it, and to represent themselves as having exercised a critical and discriminating judgment upon it, and as having discovered in it certain important views, and certain truths not before developed. In some of those affected by our religion, their imperfect and heartless knowledge of it would be rather destructive than renovating, breaking down all barriers of thought, and opening the way for wild speculations. Hence, as we may easily believe, new systems of opinion sprung up, not Christian, but deriving some characteristic peculiarities from Christianity; — the systems held by those whom we have called pseudo-Christians." — Vol. II. pp. 233–235.

The Marcionites and Theosophic Gnostics, though they differed in some respects, agreed on all the fundamental points of their doctrines. They held, that the material universe was not made by the Supreme Being, but by an inferior agent, the Creator, who was also the God of the Jews. The true Deity presided over the spiritual world, or Pleroma, as they called it, which was widely separated from the material universe, being absolutely pure, while evil was inherent in

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matter. The visible world was full of imperfection and sin, and the Saviour descended to it from the Pleroma, to make a revelation of the Supreme God to men, and to deliver what was spiritual from the bondage of matter. Before his advent, the true Deity was hidden from the knowledge of men; for the God of the Old Testament was only the inferior agent, the God of the Jews. Justice was the peculiar attribute of the latter, who exercised a moral government over men by the dispensation of rewards and punishments. Goodness was the characteristic of the Supreme God.

One object of this singular scheme, evidently, was to get rid of Judaism, and to deny the authority of the Jewish Scriptures, as containing a rule of faith or practice. They did not deny, that the Old Testament was a faithful record of facts; but they thought it impossible to reconcile the character and actions of the Creator, as therein represented, with the perfections of the God of Christianity. It appears, that many other of the Gentile converts were perplexed by difficulties of the same kind. They thought, that the dispensation was imperfect, containing many commands which were abrogated by the Saviour, as unsuitable to the nature and will of an infinitely wise and good being. Justin Martyr, the author of the Clementine Homilies, and Origen, express this opinion with great plainness. They had two modes of solving the problem; they regarded the Son, or the Logos, as the minister of God in the creation, and thought that actions might properly be ascribed to him which would be unsuitable to the Father; and they explained away many difficult passages of the Old Testament by the supposition of a hidden or allegorical meaning. "For we further maintain," says Tertullian, "that Christ has always been the agent of the Father in his name, — that it was he, who from the beginning was conversant with men, who had intercourse with the patriarchs and the prophets." And again he says, in the same connection, "Thus, whatever you require as worthy of God will be found in the invisible Father, remote from human intercourse, calm, and, if I may so speak, the God of the philosophers; but whatever you censure as unworthy will be ascribed to the Son, who was seen, and heard, and had intercourse with men."

The extravagant use of the allegorical mode of interpretation by the early Fathers is a fact familiarly known. Their

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predilection for it grew out of the wavering conceptions, unfounded reasoning, and tendency to loose speculations, which were characteristic of the age. It enabled them to graft any abstruse doctrines upon the perverted text of the Scriptures. It gave full license to their wandering fancies, and made their authoritative books, for which they professed unbounded reverence, only the mirrors of their own excited imaginations. We have little reason to rebuke their folly at the present day, when many eminent scholars have adopted the symbolical explanation of the heathen mythology, and find a broad system of rational philosophy and pure ethics shadowed forth under that mass of improbable and disgusting fables. Origen may be pardoned for maintaining, in his remote age, and with his imperfect light, that the bitter waters of Marah denoted the Jewish law, that the tree which was cast into them typified Christ, who purified the law, and that the twelve springs and seventy palm-trees at Elim, where the Israelites halted, signified the twelve apostles and the seventy other disciples, whom the Saviour sent forth to preach the word of God. But what shall we say of the learned speculatists of modern Germany, who find in Mercury, the god of thieves, only a personification of the Egyptian priesthood, to whom was ascribed the invention of language and the arts; or who look upon Hercules as the image of the sun, and elaborately resolve his twelve labors into the twelve signs of the zodiac? We can find a modern parallel to this latter folly in the "Œdipus Judaicus" of Sir William Drummond, who allegorized the book of Genesis into a system of astronomy, and identified the twelve sons of Jacob with the same twelve constellations. To the symbolical explanations of Paganism by modern *illuminati* may be applied the language in which Celsus speaks of the allegories of Origen: "The pretended allegories written concerning these fables are far more offensive and absurd than the fables themselves; for, with marvellous and altogether senseless folly, they bring together things which can in no way whatever be fitted to one another."

One sect of the Gnostics allegorized as stoutly as the Catholic fathers; but their objections to the Jewish Scriptures were too fundamental to be entirely disposed of in this way. Their theory, that the God of the Jews was not the Supreme Being, was adapted to their other views in philosophy, and nourished the contempt and hatred they enter-

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tained for the descendants of Abraham. The great body of the Gentile Christians looked upon the Jews with equal aversion; but they did not extend this feeling to the Jewish books. Though sensible of the objections to which many parts of these writings are exposed, they attempted to get rid of them only by the allegorical mode of interpretation, and by other expedients, and to regard the books as of divine origin and of equal authority with the Gospels. "This fact," says Mr. Norton, "strikingly evinces the strength of evidence that accompanied our religion. Its proofs must have been overwhelming, when, in addition to establishing an invincible faith in the religion itself, they occasioned, notwithstanding such obstacles, the adoption of the Jewish opinions respecting the Old Testament."

The consideration of this part of his subject naturally leads Mr. Nortun to express his own views respecting the Jewish dispensation and the books of the Old Testament. He has done this in a dissertation of considerable length, appended to his second volume. We have already alluded to it, as that portion of the work which will excite most alarm and opposition, and as coming within the range of those theological discussions in which it is not our province to mingle. It is enough to say here, that the question is argued with great moderation, candor, and ability, whatever may be thought of the results at which the writer arrives. It is not necessary to give a synopsis of these results; but their general character may be inferred from two or three of the introductory paragraphs.

"Such is the connection between Christianity and the Jewish religion, that the divine origin of the former implies the divine origin of the latter. Christianity, if I may so speak, has made itself responsible for the fact, that the Jewish religion, like itself, proceeded immediately from God. But Christianity has not made itself responsible for the genuineness, the authenticity, or the moral and religious teachings, of that collection of books by Jewish writers, which constitutes the Old Testament. Taken collectively, it may appear, on the one hand, that those books possess a high and very peculiar character, which affords strong evidence of the divine origin of the Jewish religion; and it may appear, on the other hand, that they also contain much that is incredible, and much that does not approve itself to our understanding and moral feelings. But if the latter be the case, it is a fact

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with which Christianity is not concerned. Our religion is no more answerable for the genuineness, or the contents, of a series of Jewish writings, dating from an uncertain period, and continued till after the return of a part of the nation from the Babylonish captivity, than it is responsible for the genuineness and contents of the works ascribed to Christian authors from the second century to the eleventh. The truth of our religion is no more involved in the truth of all that is related in the Books of Judges, of Kings, and of Chronicles, or in the Pentateuch, supposing the Pentateuch not to be the work of Moses, than it is in the truth of all that is related in the Ecclesiastical Histories of Eusebius, Sozomen, and Theodoret.

"If these propositions be true, they go far to remove those difficulties which not only embarrassed the early Christians, but which have continued to embarrass Christians in every age. But if they be true, a great error has been committed both by Christians and by unbelievers. The most popular and effective objections of unbelievers have been directed, not against Christianity, but against the Old Testament, on the ground that Christianity is responsible for the truth, and for the moral and religious character, of all its contents; and, instead of repelling so untenable a proposition, believers have likewise assumed it; or rather, they have earnestly affirmed its correctness, and proceeded to argue upon it as they could.

"Thus the books composing the Old Testament have been stripped of their true character, which renders them an object of the greatest curiosity and interest; and a false character has been ascribed to them, which brings them into perpetual collision with the moral and religious conceptions of men of more enlightened times than those of their writers, with the principles of rational criticism in the interpretation of language, and even with the progress of the physical sciences. Insuperable objections to the character ascribed to them, objections such as presented themselves to the minds of the early catholic Christians and the Gnostics, lie spread over the surface of these writings. To those objections, thus obvious, familiarity may render us insensible or indifferent. We may pass over them without regard. We may rest in the notion, that they admit of some explanation. We may acquiesce, with more or less distrust, in theories and expositions by which it has been attempted to gloss them over. But, in proportion as these books are critically examined, and as knowledge and correct modes of thinking advance, new objections start up. These, from their novelty, often receive a disproportioned share of notice; and much is thought to be done, if the force of some one that has recently become an object of

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attention can be broken; while difficulties more important are comparatively neglected." — Vol. II. pp. xlviii. – l.

Connected with the second volume are several other curious dissertations, in which inquiries closely related to subjects handled in the text are pursued at a length which rendered it inconvenient to insert the discussion in the body of the volume. One of these relates to the statue which is said, by Justin Martyr and others, to have been erected at Rome to Simon Magus, the person supposed by the early Fathers, though on very insufficient grounds, to have been the founder of heresies in the church. Justin's statement has been questioned, on the ground of alleged mistake in the account of the circumstances attending the erection of the statue, and because, in modern times, in the very place indicated by him, a stone was found, which had been apparently the base of a small statue, with an inscription to Semo Sancus, an ancient Sabine god. "It was concluded, that Justin had mistaken the inscription to Semo Sancus for one to Simon." Mr. Norton argues in favor of the truth of Justin's account, at least so far as the fact of the existence of such a statue is concerned, and adduces satisfactory reasons for his opinion; but we have no room for a view of them here. How has it happened, then, that Protestant scholars generally, and almost contemptuously, have rejected the statement of Justin Martyr, that is confirmed by much circumstantial evidence? We can cite but a small portion of the author's remarks in explanation of this fact.

"The ultimate cause, then, of what may seem the hasty and indiscriminate manner in which his whole account has been rejected, is, perhaps, to be found in the prejudices and unjust judgments that have existed concerning the Fathers. Under this common name have been comprehended Christian writers who lived during five centuries,* men the most diverse from each other in intellect, learning, and morals, of contrary opinions, and placed in circumstances the most unlike; some of them eminent for the highest and most difficult virtues; some propelled to gross errors of speculation and conduct by the misdirected force of religious principle in combination with their temper and passions; and some deformed by vices, — bigotry, hy-

* "From the second to the sixth. The name is often still further extended to comprehend Christian writers till the twelfth century."

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pocrisy, falsehood, a spirit of persecution, and greediness for power. But, in consequence of their all bearing the same name, which simply denotes them as ancient Christian writers on religious faith and practice, they have been regarded as forming a class of men so distinguished by essential characteristics, in which they resembled each other, that they all approximated to a common standard of morals, intellect, and belief. Hence the incapacity, ignorance, errors, and vices of individuals have been brought forward, directly or indirectly, as chargeable on all those who shared with them the same generic name, or, in other words, were uninspired Christian writers during the first six centuries. It would be as reasonable to class the heathen philosophers together, as a body having a common character, and to make Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero, responsible for the morals of Aristippus, the reasonings of Pyrrho, the brutalities of the Cynics, or the gross vices by which so many others of their number were disgraced." — Vol. II. pp. xviii., xix.

There are two other dissertations in this volume ; one relates to a curious didactic fiction, belonging to the second century, called the Clementine Homilies ; and the other is devoted to a consideration of the false charges brought against the Gnostics and other heretics, particularly by the later Fathers. These papers contain much ingenious criticism, and the fruits of elaborate research ; but we must pass them by, and come to a view of the contents of the third volume.

The doctrine of the Gnostics, that the world was formed by an inferior Creator, must be considered as a very unsatisfactory attempt to solve the problem of the existence of evil. They held, that the Maker of the universe was not self-existent, that he was even ignorant of the existence of the Supreme Being before it was discovered to him by Christ, and that evil was inherent in matter. This theory was adopted from the confirmation which it afforded of their views respecting the Jewish dispensation ; it sprang naturally from their peculiar habits of thought, and was in harmony with the philosophical speculations of their age. Mr. Norton enters into a close examination of the opinions of the most eminent philosophers among the ancients, especially Plato and Socrates, respecting the existence and character of God. He finds many things in them which harmonize with the doctrine of the Gnostics, but nothing that amounts to a proper recognition of the being of a God, endowed

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with the attributes which we consider essential to a true conception of the Supreme Being. His conclusions are the very opposite of those adopted by Cudworth, who wasted immense learning and great ingenuity on a vain attempt to prove, that intelligent Pagans generally acknowledged one Supreme Deity. The question is a difficult one; every thing depends on the definition of the term, or on our conception of the necessary elements in the idea of God. That too much credit has been given by most modern scholars to Plato and others, for their speculations on this subject, is unquestionable. Of what avail is it, that they affirmed the doctrine in words, while they denied the reality of those attributes which are essential, not merely to a proper conception of the divine nature, but to any conception at all? Can we believe in his existence, while we deny his personality? Can we believe that he exists, and at the same time identify him in every respect with the universe? We might as well ask, Can we affirm his being, and at the same time deny his existence? Even the doctrine of the reality of a personal God, who is perfectly inert, who neither created nor preserves the universe, and who takes no share in its moral government, is a mere juggle of words.

In examining the opinions of the ancients upon this subject, it is necessary, also, to make a sharp distinction between a proper belief and the mere indulgence of a poetical imagination. Wordsworth's magnificent ode, on the intimations of immortality from the recollections of childhood, contains a distinct affirmation of the Platonic doctrine of the preëxistence of souls. We cannot suppose, that this amiable and philosophical poet actually entertains this dogma as one of the articles in his creed. In like manner, Cicero argues the question about the being of a God merely as an exercise in dialectics and rhetoric. We find it hard to believe, that he ever looked at the subject as a serious inquirer after truth. Plato writes with an air of greater sincerity; but it was a thin partition in his mind, which divided the domain of reason from that of imagination and fancy. Socrates was probably a serious, if not a devout thinker; but unfortunately, we know his opinions only at second hand, through two imperfect reporters, from whom we have two portraits of him, so dissimilar in character, that it is difficult to admit either to be probably a good likeness.

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Mr. Norton gives a curious dissertation on the fact, that, in the writings of the ancient philosophers, the words θεός and *deus* are used indiscriminately in the singular and in the plural number. Both forms often occur in the compass of one short passage, and a literal translation produces "an entire confusion of ideas in thus passing forwards and backwards from the gods to the Deity, and from the Deity to the gods." Mr. Norton's conclusion is, that, while the term "God" is with us *a proper name*, confined to the Supreme Being, "the Greek or Latin term which we translate 'god' was *a common name*, equally applicable to a very large class of beings." The same idiom obtains in our own language; "as, for example,

> 'God made the country, and man made the town.'

That is, 'men made towns,' or built cities." Several passages are cited from ancient writers, which demonstrate the fact, that, before the introduction of Christianity, this use of the words was very common, if not universal.

We have never seen a mere verbal criticism, which admits of more fruitful and striking applications than this, in many questions relating to the philosophy and theology of the ancients. What are we to think, for instance, of the following passage cited by Mr. Norton from Cudworth? "Nothing is more frequent with Pagan writers, than to speak of *God* singularly, they signifying thereby the one Supreme Deity." It seems plain enough, that, among the believers in polytheism, θεός or *deus* must be a common name; and accordingly we find, that, in the vague speculations of the Pagan philosophers respecting one Supreme Intelligence, these words are qualified by some discriminating epithets, as *primus*, *summus*, *princeps*, μέγιστος, ὕψιστος, and the like. The most general meaning of these words is "something divine," for it appears they were applied to things not having a personal existence, to virtues and vices, events, passions, and affections of the mind. "The Egyptians," says the elder Pliny, "swear by garlic and onions, as gods"; and Juvenal sarcastically exclaims,

> "O sanctas gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis
> *Numina!*"

We cannot imagine, that the Egyptians regarded these vegetables as personal divinities; but they conceived that there was some divine power in them, or that they were sacred

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things. Their doctrine was but one form or consequence of the pantheistic theory, by which the universe was considered as God, and the several parts of it were therefore accounted divine; *deus pertinens per naturam cujusque rei.*

"But we must distinguish between those heathen writers who preceded, and those who followed, the introduction of Christianity. The use of θεός and *deus* as common names was the necessary result of the general prevalence of polytheism. But, when the unity of God, and the infinite distinction between him and all other beings, are fully recognized, the terms denoting the possession of divine attributes become confined, in their strict and literal application, to the only being by whom such attributes are possessed. By the writers of the New Testament the appellation Θεός, either with or without the article, is constantly used as a proper name, in the same manner as the word 'God' is used at the present day. We are familiar with the fact, and it may not, without some consideration, make an impression on our minds. But, considering the universal use of θεός as a common name by the whole heathen world before their time, and by Christians, as we shall see, subsequent to their time, it is a fact, I conceive, which admits of no explanation, except that which is found in the divine origin of the Jewish and Christian dispensations.

"The rapid and wide influence of Christianity, even on those by whom it was rejected, produced a tendency to a similar use of it in their writings. The light of our religion was early reflected from the heathen philosophy which stood opposed to it. But the heathen writers after the time of Christ, who used ὁ θεός or θεός or *deus* to designate the Supreme Divinity, or the Supreme Power in nature, at the same time believed in subordinate gods; and therefore still continued to employ the words as common names. The use of them was vacillating; men's notions were unsettled; and their meaning in particular passages is often to be determined only by the known opinions of the writer, and by the attributes or acts which he ascribes to the being of whom he speaks.

"The early Fathers familiarly used Θεός and *Deus* as proper names. But they likewise fell back on the use of those words as common names. The latter use of them, however, is not to be confounded with a metaphorical use of the name of God, not infrequent in some authors both ancient and modern, according to which the name 'god' is applied to inferior beings, as to men, for example, considered as possessing attributes like those of God. This metaphorical use of the term is common in the writings of Clement of Alexandria, and not less so in the 'Night

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Thoughts' of Young. But, when the term is in use as a common name, it is not always easy to distinguish between the metaphorical and the generic use of it, and the writer himself may not well discriminate between them. We can hardly doubt, however, that Clement uses the term as a common name, when he speaks of 'the whole army of angels and gods being subject to the Son of God.'" — Vol. III. pp. lxxv. – lxxviii.

We return from this digression to the main subject, which is, to point out those peculiarities in the speculations of the Pagan philosophers, which probably suggested the theory of the Gnostics. Plato taught, that the Supreme Divinity was far removed from the beings and the concerns of this earth; that it was difficult to discover him, and impossible, when discovered, to speak of him to the multitude; that the universe was not the work of his hands, but of inferior gods, who proceeded from him, and to whose care all human souls and human affairs were intrusted. These were the proper objects of worship, the only beings to be propitiated by man. The Gnostics adopted the chief points in this theory, merely adding to it the doctrine, that in these latter days the ineffable God had manifested himself to men through the ministry of Christ. According to both theories, the immortal principle in man was furnished by the Supreme Being, or derived from the Pleroma.

Mr. Norton goes on to trace the rudiments of Gnosticism among the speculations of the unbelieving Jews, and in the scanty records of Persian theology, and to point out the influence of these views upon the opinions even of the early catholic Christians. The theory, that the material universe was created by the God of the Jews, a being inferior to the Supreme, was supported by an argument drawn from the imperfections and evils of the world, as well as from the objectionable points in the Mosaic law. The Gnostics believed, that evil was inherent in matter, and in this respect, again, their theory was connected with the general doctrine of ancient heathen philosophy. The difficulty of conceiving of the absolute creation of the universe out of nothing led the ancients, almost universally, to consider matter as uncreated and eternal. In their view, it was "the inept and contumacious material" on which divine power was exercised to reduce it to form and bring order out of chaos. The doctrine, that the body is the great source of moral

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evil, the prison in which the soul is confined and debased, was held alike by Plato and the Gnostics. The language of Paul, in speaking of the bodily appetites as warring against the soul, and of sin as the work of the flesh, points to the same conclusion. Whether the apostle is to be understood literally or metaphorically, his words show how general was the conception to which they relate. The Gnostics, adopting this common doctrine of the evil inherent in the body, drew from it different inferences according to their several temperaments; one party considered it a reason for ascetic practices and abstinence from sensual pleasures, while others made it an excuse for licentiousness, pretending that the flesh was so far separated from the spirit, that the one could not contaminate the other.

The consideration of the opinions of the Gnostics and the Pagan philosophers respecting the distinction between matter and spirit led Mr. Norton into some inquiries respecting the Platonic doctrine of ideas, the difference between things intelligible and things sensible, and the nature of matter, the results of which he has given in a supplementary dissertation of considerable length. It is very metaphysical in character, and shows to great advantage the writer's fine tact, nice perception, and clear and vigorous reasoning, when engaged with a most abstruse subject. He argues against the opinion adopted by Cudworth and some modern commentators, that the Ideas of Plato were only ideas in the common sense of the word, or mere abstract conceptions, the objects of pure thought. The obvious meaning of Plato's language is, that these ideas are real existences, the generic forms of things, subsisting by themselves. To ascribe this doctrine to him is only to maintain, that he believed what he taught, and what he expressly asserted as the fundamental or distinguishing point in his theory. To allege the intrinsic absurdity of the doctrine, according to our modern conceptions, is no mode of disproving this fact. We shall soon see what use was made of this notion of *hypostatized* or personified ideas in the system of the Gnostics.

We would gladly dwell upon many points in this valuable dissertation, which opens a wide field for remark; but we are admonished by the length of our article to hasten to a close. The speculations concerning the nature of matter, adopting in the main the views of Berkeley, and the doc-

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trine of the continuous and immediate agency of the Deity in all our sensations and perceptions, appear to us equally sound, instructive, and delightful. We have only to notice one criticism upon a theory of Berkeley's, which hardly seems to do justice to that singularly acute and original thinker; we mean the argument against his doctrine that there are no abstract general ideas. The opinion in question seems to be nothing more than what is maintained by every consistent Nominalist at the present day, — that, when we go beyond particular objects, and reason about generals, the mind is occupied only with words, or arbitrary signs, that stand for whole classes of things, although these classes are mere figments of the intellect, have no exact prototypes in nature, and therefore cannot be present to the mind as distinct and individual conceptions. The general idea of a *triangle* has no object corresponding to it, for it is neither right-angled, equiangular, nor scalene, — it is of no particular size nor proportion; but it corresponds to, and includes, all possible triangles. So the words *honor*, *virtue*, and the like, become objects of thought as mere symbols. Yet we reason correctly concerning them, because, when any doubt arises, the process of thought is instantly checked, and we recur at once to a particular instance of the object or quality in question, which can be brought before the mind as a distinct conception, and which becomes a type of the whole class in respect to those qualities that are common to all the individuals in that class. To say, that "the doctrine seems to have resulted from confounding an idea with an image existing in the mind," does not touch the point at issue; for what is an idea, if it be not either an image or a word, — an individual conception or an arbitrary symbol? The Realists maintained, that there was a *tertium quid*, — that there were "general ideas," which were not only distinct objects of contemplation to the mind, but which actually existed as "real essences," and were inherent in the nature of things. Berkeley denied this doctrine, and Mr. Norton will agree with him so far as to admit, that there are no real essences, subsisting by themselves. Yet he seems to maintain, that there are *ideal* essences corresponding to them; or, in other words, that they may become objects of thought, though they cannot be pictured by the fancy, nor even conceived of as existing without the mind. Now, we cannot conceive what is meant by an *idea*

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or *object of thought*, which is something more than a word, or mere sign, the sound or appearance of which may be conceived of, and yet is not an individual image, or distinct conception. Till this is explained, we must hold fast to the doctrine of Berkeley, Hume, Stewart, and other Nominalists.

Mr. Norton's account of the peculiar speculations of the Theosophic Gnostics is introduced by some general remarks on the character of ancient philosophy. This was necessary, in order to avoid doing injustice to these heretics, by leading the reader to confront their mystical doctrines with the comparatively sober speculations of the present day, instead of trying them by the standard of their own age, and comparing them only with the equally irrational and absurd theories of the Pagan philosophers, who were their predecessors or contemporaries. We quote a paragraph or two from the writer's remarks on the general character of these theories, and on the habits of mind from which they sprung.

"Reasoning upon the higher and more important subjects of thought was a far less serious thing with the ancient heathen philosophers, than it is at the present day. The whole region of knowledge that lies beyond the sphere of the senses was involved in obscurity and doubt. No great truths generally acknowledged served as landmarks to guide the explorer. The higher philosophy, therefore, of the ancient heathens, comprehending all that relates to their theology, consisted, in great part, of conjectures and doubtful hypotheses. Unable to find arguments to satisfy the understanding, they addressed themselves to the imagination. Proof of any theory could not be furnished. Uncertainty was on every side. The voice of Revelation was as yet unheard; and the assurance which we derive from it of the fundamental truths of religion was unknown. In this absence of any decided belief, men were neither accustomed to reason strictly themselves, nor to demand strict reasoning from others. What was plausible passed current, and became a substitute for truth." — Vol. III. pp. 71, 72.

"The art of reasoning, more slow in its progress than any other, was very imperfectly understood by the ancients. In every branch of philosophy, not less than in the physical sciences, they committed the mistake of founding their hypotheses on preconceptions, and not on facts. As regards the physical sciences, their imaginary and false speculations are now only a matter of

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history. But they were far more exposed to error in treating of objects beyond the sphere of the senses, than in explaining the phenomena of the material world. When, with our very different and more correct modes of thinking, we now study their theories, it is like freely examining in the day-time a spectacle adapted to be viewed only at a distance by artificial light. To explain the appearances observed by them, instead of investigating the laws of matter and mind, and the relations of existing things to each other, they passed beyond the bounds of human knowledge, and supposed the operation of agencies, beings, and qualities, of the existence of which no proof had been or could be produced. Thus, to explain the origin of the world, the Epicureans fancied an infinity of atoms for ever falling through void space, with a slight inclination towards each other, and for ever forming numberless combinations, of which this universe was one. To account for the changes in the qualities of material objects, Plato taught, that, from eternity, these qualities had possessed existence as *Ideas*, and that they sometimes were connected with and sometimes separated from the same portion of primitive matter; the disappearance of one Idea, or quality, being followed by the access of another. The existence of evil was, as we have seen, explained by the supposition of an evil nature inherent in eternal, uncreated matter, the necessary substratum of the visible universe. In the common intercourse of life every one may meet with undisciplined thinkers, of active minds, who are accustomed to frame theories after the same fashion. As I have said, their defect is, that they assume the operation of causes, or laws, of the existence of which there is neither proof nor probability; and it may be added, that this assumption is often connected with mistakes in regard to the character of the phenomena to be explained. Even in modern times, this sort of reasoning, after having been partially, at least, driven from the physical sciences, has maintained its ground in the higher departments of philosophy. We have examples of it in the *monads* and *preëstablished harmony* of Leibnitz; in the necessary scale of being *from Infinite to man*, *from man to nothing*, which Bolingbroke imposed on the good sense of Pope; in Hartley's theory of *vibrations*, and the conversion of *vibratiuncles* into complex and abstract ideas; in Priestley's doctrine of the materiality of the soul, connected by him with the position, that matter has no other properties than those of attraction, repulsion, and extension; in the speculations of Darwin in his Zoönomia; and throughout the writings of the modern German metaphysicians." — Vol. III. pp. 73–76.

The fanciful theories of the philosophers were copied, and

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even exaggerated, by the Theosophic Gnostics, though modified by their contemplative and devout turn of mind. Their speculations concerning the origin of spiritual beings were founded on the doctrine of the emanation of inferior beings from the Supreme, — a doctrine of the Platonic philosophy, though not of Plato himself, as it took form long after his time, and was partially developed by Philo, from whom, probably, it was immediately derived by the heretics of the second century. According to the Gnostics, the First Cause and Father of all things, who had dwelt in profound repose for infinite ages, was denominated *The Deep*. His spouse was *Thought*, also called *Favor* and *Silence*. Through his power, she produced *Intellect*, called also *The Only Son*, *The Father*, and *The Beginning* of all things. *Truth* was produced with him, as his spouse. These four formed the first Quaternity of *Æons* or *Immortals*. The derivative Æons are attributes of God in personal forms, or archetypal ideas of the Divine Mind endowed with life. They are always produced in pairs, each male Æon being a development of some attribute of the one from whom he emanates, and each female being a personified Idea of some quality intimately connected with her consort. The process of emanation going on, from *The Only Son* were emitted the *Logos* and *Life*; and from these proceeded another pair, *Man* and *The Church*. These eight Æons formed the primitive Ogdoad, which, as well as the first Quaternity, was denominated "the root and support of all things."

The process was not yet finished. Ten other Æons, besides the two already mentioned, emanated from the *Logos* and *Life*, and twelve more from *Man* and *The Church*. These thirty Immortals formed the Pleroma of the Valentinians, or the full development of the Divine Nature. Four others, as we shall see, belonged to the system of Ptolemy; but these four were not considered a part of the Pleroma. The Gnostics believed, that the mystery of the thirty Æons was shadowed forth in the thirty years which our Saviour spent in private, before commencing his ministry; and abundant notices of them were found in the New Testament, — that is to say, in all expressions where the Greek word *αἰών*, *æon*, occurs. The derivative Æons, except *The Only Son*, were not only imperfect, but fallible; he alone enjoyed the beatific vision of God. But the others craved the same

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knowledge, especially *Wisdom*, the last of the twelve proceeding from *Man* and *The Church*. In her the desire became inordinate, and she strove to comprehend the greatness of the Father; but it was impossible. She was restrained by another Æon, *Horos*, or *The Boundary*, and at last gave up her purpose, and was restored to her place in the Pleroma. But in her agony, she had given birth to a shapeless female abortion, that was cast out of the Pleroma. To prevent the other Æons from suffering as *Wisdom* had done, *The Only Son* emitted a new pair, — *Christ* and *The Holy Spirit*; the office of the former being to give them such knowledge as they were capable of receiving; and of the latter, to teach them thanksgiving, and impart to them true peace. Thus, all corresponding to each other, each male Æon became an *Intellect*, a *Logos*, a *Man*, and a *Christ*; and each female, in like manner, a *Truth*, a *Life*, a *Church*, and a *Holy Spirit*.

"'Ovid might have destroyed his Metamorphoses,' says Tertullian, 'if he had been acquainted with this greater metamorphosis.' In this account of the amalgamation, as it were, of the Æons, the conception, I suppose, discovers itself, that, notwithstanding their personal division, they are, under one aspect, included in the unity of the Father, as being his hypostatized attributes and Ideas; and that the Æons, though distinct persons, constituted but one Divine Being. This, considering all that precedes, it may be said, is an incredible imputation of absurdity on the Valentinians. Perhaps not. As we may talk of one infinite as being less than another, so we may talk of one doctrine, though utterly absurd, as being less absurd than another; and thus we may say, that the doctrine of the Valentinians is less absurd than Pantheism, a theory which has found favor in modern times. By 'Pantheism' I certainly do not mean the doctrine, that God is in all things, with which of late some have attempted to confound it; but, using the word in its proper sense, I mean the doctrine, that all things constitute the one God."— Vol. III. pp. 127, 128.

We have no space to follow the remarks of Mr. Norton on the origin and meaning of this strange scheme, and on the manner in which it was supported by appeals to the Gospels and the Epistles. We come next to the portion of the theory which relates to the formation of the visible universe. The female abortion, denominated *Achamoth*, that was cast

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out of the Pleroma, was formless, but had the spiritual essence of an Æon. *Christ*, taking compassion on her, gave her form and consciousness, but not knowledge; and then left her, that she might awaken to a sense of her privation, and long for higher things. Thus left alone, she became the prey of contending passions, and implored a renewal of the favor of *Christ*, who sent the Æon *Saviour* to her assistance. He separated the passions of *Achamoth* from her, and mingled them with primitive matter. Her yearning after *Christ* gave being also to the substance of all souls, considered, not as spiritual, but as rational. This elementary substance Mr. Norton denotes by the Greek term *psychical*. Thus three sorts of substances, spiritual, psychical, and material, now existed out of the Pleroma. Unable to give form to the spiritual, *Achamoth* took the psychical substance, and out of it fashioned the immediate Creator of the world, the God of the Jews. Under the secret direction of his mother, of whose existence he was ignorant, he became the God and Father of the new creation. He made seven heavens, each informed by an angel, the highest being inhabited by himself. *Achamoth* now dwelt in "the Middle Space," between the new heavens and the Pleroma. The Creator, ignorant of the existence of a higher order of beings, fancied himself the origin of all things, the only God; and so announced himself by his prophets of the Old Testament.

"We come next to the creation of Adam. First, an *earthy* substance was formed by the Creator, not, however, of the dust of the earth, but of invisible, floating matter. This was a soul, or principle of life, similar to that of brutes. Into this vehicle the Creator breathed a rational (psychical) soul, of the same essence with himself; and the whole was afterward clothed with a covering of flesh, a body formed of the earth. But into the rational soul which proceeded from the Creator, Achamoth, unknown to him, infused a portion of the spiritual substance which she had produced, a leaven of immortality, a spirit.

"From Adam, thus formed, proceeded three races of men, corresponding to the three parts of his *incorporeal* nature; the *earthy* and irrational, as Cain; the *psychical*, or rational, as Abel; and the *spiritual*, as Seth; the spiritual principle being always derived from Achamoth. The first are, from their nature, destined to perish; the second have the power of choice, and,

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as they incline themselves to good or evil, may be saved or lost; the last, as spiritual, are secure of obtaining the blessedness of the Pleroma. To this class the Theosophic Gnostics regarded themselves as belonging. From their spiritual nature, which was superior to that of the Creator, they were capable of understanding the mysteries which they taught, and of which he had been ignorant. Other Christians belonged to the second class. These were to attain salvation by simple faith and good works." —Vol. III. pp. 159–161.

The Creator had determined to send a Saviour; but, to remedy the disorders and evils of the universe, a higher interposition than his was necessary. "At the baptism of his Christ, the Æon *Saviour* descended into him in the form of a dove, and became the true Saviour of the world." In the consummation of all things, *Achamoth* will be restored to the Pleroma; the *spirits*, divested of their souls, will attend her, and be united as brides to the angels of the Æon *Saviour;* and the psychical will enter the realm of the Creator, where, also, the *souls* of the spiritual will remain.

If this strange theory stood by itself, it would be difficult to believe, that it had ever been seriously proclaimed by rational beings; but taken in connection with the philosophical speculations of the age to which it belongs, its absurdity and extravagance need not excite our wonder. It is not so monstrous as many of the wild fables of Eastern mythology; perhaps a parallel to some of its follies may be found in the theological speculations of some Christians even in modern times. The record of such mournful vagaries of the intellect seems to be preserved as a warning against the indulgence of an excited imagination upon the things of the invisible world. When there are no established facts or principles to serve as the basis of our speculations, when we reject authority and discard even the ordinary laws of reasoning, to proceed under the sole guidance of what is termed an internal light, though it be usually nothing but an ill regulated fancy, or an excited fanaticism, there will be no measure or rule for the absurdity of the results to which we may be conducted. The visions of a sick man's dream will seem orderly and coherent, in comparison with the insane fancies which will be seriously put forth as articles of faith on the most solemn subjects.

"The hypotheses and expositions, by which the Gnostics rec-

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onciled their conceptions with the declarations of Christ and his Apostles, could not, as many will think, be more irrational and extravagant, than the hypotheses and expositions of that modern school of German theologians, who, admitting the authenticity of the Gospels, find nothing supernatural in the history, but explain, as conformable to the common laws of nature, events, which, according to their theory, have, from the time of their occurrence to the present day, been *mistaken* for miracles. I refer to the opinions of large bodies of Christians, or of men claiming to be called Christians; and to speculations, which have been defended by such as were, or have been reputed to be, learned and able. It is not necessary to pursue the illustration by adverting to the doctrines of smaller sects. I will only observe further, as the case seems to me particularly analogous, that the disciples of Swedenborg are believers in our religion, that they have their full share of the Christian virtues, and that they have reckoned among their number men of more than common powers of mind; while he, who rejects the systems both of Ptolemy and of Swedenborg, will probably think, that there is no reason for preferring one to the other, on account of its being the more rational faith, or having a better foundation in the Gospels.

"Whatever opinions a thinking man may entertain of Christianity, or of religion unconnected with Christianity, when he compares them with those which have existed, or are existing, among mankind, he will find himself in a small minority. Whoever may really have attained to the

'bene munita, ...
Edita doctrinâ sapientum, templa serena,'

to the *serene temples, well fortified, built up by the learning of the wise,*

'Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare atque viam palenteis quærere vitæ,'

will assuredly not find them thronged; and, from their height, he will see not a few others wandering in errors as extravagant as those of the Gnostics."—Vol. III. pp. 185–187.

To reconcile such extravagant fables as we have here considered with the plain precepts and doctrines of the gospel would, at first sight, appear to be a hopeless task. But ecclesiastical history and our own observation prove, that the obvious teachings of the Scriptures have often been wrested into the support of theories as wild and unfounded as any that we have now contemplated. Grant but a few convenient assumptions respecting the laws of interpretation,

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— allow sense to be allegorized into mysticism, and a hidden and spiritual meaning to be discerned under the plain letter of the law, — make a distinction between the esoteric and exoteric doctrines of Christianity, and suppose that the former have been preserved by secret oral tradition, or may be distinguished by the eye of faith, — annul the ordinary rule of reasoning from the whole contents of a volume, and allow complete religious systems to be built up on a few detached sentences, — and there will be no end to the foolish, imaginative, and fanatical theories which will be proclaimed on the authority of Scripture. The Gnostics practised all these expedients, and seem to have found no difficulty in reconciling their doctrines with the recorded declarations of the Saviour and his Apostles. They supposed, also, that the Apostles were often entangled in Jewish prejudices, and either did not discern, or were afraid to proclaim, the whole truth. They maintained further, that the Lord himself sometimes spoke from the Creator, or Jewish God, sometimes from the "Middle Space," or according to the spiritual part of his being, which he had derived from *Achamoth*, and sometimes from the highest height, or, as the Æon *Christ*, from the Pleroma. Guided by their own spiritual illumination, they were able, of course, to separate the erroneous from the true, and to tell when the discourses of Christ were delivered under the highest degree of inspiration.

It should be mentioned, as a consequence of the opinion of the Gnostics respecting the evil nature of the body, that they did not believe that Christ had a proper body of flesh and blood, as this, they thought, would be inconsistent with his perfect purity. Marcion denied the nativity of the Saviour, and supposed that his apparent body was a mere phantom. The Theosophic Gnostics admitted his nativity and the reality of his body in a certain sense. The Æon *Saviour* descended from the Pleroma into the seeming man Jesus, at his baptism, and through him announced the unknown God. When brought before Pilate, the Æon left him; at the crucifixion, he was abandoned, also, by the spirit furnished by *Achamoth;* and only the psychical part of the complex Saviour, the body and soul of Jesus, suffered. The hypothesis of the Theosophic Gnostics, whatever may be thought of its plausibility, admits of being reconciled with the historical accounts of his life and ministry. The theory of

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Marcion is more inconsistent with the gospel record, and it induced him, accordingly, to reject the first three chapters of Luke, the only Gospel that he used. He did not deny the story of the actions, miracles, and apparent sufferings of Christ, but regarded it as a faithful narrative of what appeared to the senses of men. Mr. Norton quotes a curious passage from Origen, in which that Father seems to uphold an opinion quite as extravagant as the hypothesis of the Marcionites. He says there was a tradition, "that Jesus had not only two forms, that in which he was seen by all, and that in which he was seen by his disciples at his transfiguration; but that he appeared to every one in the form of which he was worthy; and that, at times, when present, he appeared to all like another person."

Even the very brief abstract that we have now given of the opinions of the Gnostics shows, that they made continual reference to the Gospels as authoritative and genuine records of the ministry of Jesus Christ, and that they were desirous not only of bringing their theory into harmony with the doctrines therein taught, but of making it appear to be founded exclusively upon the Christian Scriptures. In the full and satisfactory view of the subject, that is given in Mr. Norton's volumes, this point appears with great clearness. They relied upon no other books, they referred to no other authority, in their reasonings. If they did possess any other histories of his ministry, either they placed no dependence upon them, or the accounts that they contained did not vary in any essential respect from those that are given in the canonical Gospels. Marcion and his party, as we have seen, rejected the first three chapters of Luke, as containing a narrative that was irreconcilable with their creed; and this fact alone proves, that they accepted without hesitation the remainder of that book, as the work of the Evangelist whose name it bears. The Marcionites denied the authority of the other three Gospels, not because they were not genuine, but because, admitting the fact of their genuineness, they believed the authors of them to have been under the influence of Jewish prejudices. The Theosophic Gnostics, on the other hand, must have admitted all four of the Gospels, or their catholic opponents, who upbraided Marcion with his slight mutilation of the book of Luke, would have visited this party with still severer censure for rejecting the whole collection of

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records on which the faith of all Christians depended. So far as we can follow the controversy, we find no traces of such a charge.

The question is virtually settled, then; but as the inquiry may still be made, What were those apocryphal and Gnostic Gospels about which so much has been said? Mr. Norton gives a full answer to it in a separate chapter. We have not the space for following him in this examination, nor is it necessary; for the subject has been fully investigated before, and the entire falsity of the pretence, that such pretended Gospels ever had reception or authority in the church has been made sufficiently manifest. Mr. Norton examines the claim of every book, real or supposed, bearing the name of a Gospel, the title of which is mentioned by any writer in the course of the first three centuries. The references to the existence of such books during that period are remarkably few and slight, and are of such a character, that it is hardly necessary to spend a thought upon the question, whether they were ever brought into competition with the four authentic Gospels, copies of which were in the hands of so many believers. If the Gnostics had possessed such books, the contents of which were more favorable to their peculiar opinions than the received narratives of the Evangelists, and which they deemed at all trustworthy, their references to them must have been very frequent, and the dispute about their authority and authenticity must have been prominent in the discussions between them and their Catholic brethren.

The question, then, is put at rest by the satisfactory evidence which we possess, that the Gnostics did make full and free use of the admitted Scriptures. Hopeless as the attempt may seem to reconcile their extravagant theories with the doctrines of the gospel, they accepted the issue in this form, and submitted to be judged by this standard. The evidence which we have on this point is unquestionable, for it is the unwilling testimony of their opponents. From the brief development of their system already given, it appears how desirous they were to incorporate into it the facts of the Scripture narrative, and to derive confirmation for it by allegorical interpretations of detached passages from the Gospels. Irenæus, the earliest writer of authority respecting them, gives connectedly many passages from these books, which they applied to the proof of their doctrines. He com-

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pares their abundant use of Scripture language to the labor of one stringing together verses of Homer to form a cento. He says, that "there is such assurance concerning the Gospels, that the heretics themselves bear testimony to them"; and that "those who oppose us bear testimony in our favor, and use these Gospels." Tertullian wrote a book in order to show, that the heretics ought not to be allowed to argue their cause from the Scriptures. He avows his reason for taking this position to be, that, when the Gnostics were permitted to use the Gospels in support of their doctrines, they argued so plausibly as to leave the matter doubtful, — to convert some, and to weaken the faith of others. "Here, then, I meet them at the onset; they are not to be admitted to argue from the Scriptures." The conclusion seems inevitable, then, that, in managing the controversy, the Gnostics appealed to the Gospels as boldly and as frequently as their catholic opponents, and drew plausible arguments from the New Testament which it was found very difficult to answer.

Our abstract of the matter in these volumes has been a very summary one, but it may serve to give some idea of the richness and variety of their contents. If it be said, that all parts of the discussion do not bear directly and immediately upon the question respecting the genuineness of the Gospels, it must be admitted, that the whole tends that way, and has intrinsic value from its intimate connection with the general evidences of Christianity. It is a great work upon the philosophy of the early history of our faith, and upon the relations of that faith with the religious systems and the speculative opinions which then formed the belief, or engaged the attention, of the whole civilized world. The subject is one of vast compass and great importance, and, fortunately, it has been examined with much thoroughness, caution, and independence. The conclusions adopted by the writer will not command general assent; many of them will meet with strenuous opposition. But they are the views of one who thinks for himself, — not created by early prepossessions, nor restricted within the narrow limits of opinions peculiar to any school or sect. The originality and good sense of Mr. Norton's general remarks impress the reader quite as strongly as the accuracy of his scholarship, and the wide range of learning with which the subject is illustrated. His mind is neither cumbered nor confused by the rich store

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of its acquisitions, but works with the greatest clearness and effect, when engaged in the most discursive and far-reaching investigations. Those who differ from him most widely in opinion may still follow with profit the steps of his inquiry, and derive instruction from its results. We look forward with great interest to the appearance of the concluding part of the work, which will relate to the internal evidences of the genuineness of the Gospels.

Art. VIII. — 1. *The North American Sylva; or a Description of the Forest Trees of the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia, considered particularly with Respect to their Use in the Arts, and their Introduction into Commerce; to which is added a Description of the most useful of the European Forest Trees*; *illustrated by* 156 *colored Engravings: translated from the French of* F. Andrew Michaux. Second Edition. 3 vols. imp. 8vo. New Harmony, Indiana, 1840.

2. *The North American Sylva; or a Description of the Forest Trees of the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia, not described in the Work of F. Andrew Michaux, and containing all the Forest Trees discovered in the Rocky Mountains, the Territory of Oregon down to the Shores of the Pacific and into the Confines of California, as well as in various Parts of the United States; illustrated by* 122 *fine Plates.* By Thomas Nuttall, F. L. S., &c. In 3 volumes, imp. 8vo. Philadelphia: J. Dobson. Vol. I. 1842–3. pp. 136.

3. *Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum; or the Trees and Shrubs of Britain, Native and Foreign, Hardy and Half-hardy, pictorially and botanically delineated, and scientifically and popularly described, with their Propagation, Culture, Management, and Uses in the Arts, in useful and ornamental Plantations, and in Landscape Gardening; preceded by a historical and geographical Outline of the Trees and Shrubs of Temperate Climates throughout the World.* By J. C. Loudon, F. L. & H. S., &c. In 8 vols: 4 of letter-press, illustrated by above 2500 Engravings, and 4 of Plates. London: Printed for the Author. 1838. 8vo. pp. 2694.

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4. *An Encyclopædia of Trees and Shrubs; being the Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum abridged; or the Hardy Trees and Shrubs of Britain, Native and Foreign, scientifically and popularly described; with Figures of nearly all the Species.* By J. C. LOUDON, F. L. S., &c. London: Printed for the Author. 1841–2. 8vo. pp. 1162.
5. *Notice sur la Longévité des Arbres.* Par AUG. PYR. DE CANDOLLE; in the *Bibliothèque Universelle.* May, 1831.

THE *Histoire des Arbres Forestières de l'Amérique Septentrionale* of the younger Michaux is chiefly known in this country through the English translation made by Mr. Hillhouse, under the superintendence of the author, who added some new plates, and information not contained in the French edition. It was published in Paris, in the year 1819, under the slightly modified title which we have placed at the head of this article. We have no intention of formally reviewing, at this late day, a work of such long-established reputation as the Sylva of Michaux. It has been the standard treatise upon the subject ever since its publication; and it well deserves the rank it holds. We wish rather to offer our grateful acknowledgments to the memory of the late Mr. William Maclure, for his liberal endeavours to render this important and quite expensive work more generally accessible in the country, the noble forests of which it is designed to illustrate. In furtherance of this object, Mr. Maclure, if we are rightly informed, purchased in Paris the copies which remained unsold the year after its publication, and sold them in the United States at a very reduced price. With liberal forethought, he bought, also, the original copper-plates of this book, and of several other expensive works of science and art; intending to have them reprinted in this country in a cheaper form, so as to insure them a wider circulation.* During the last twelve years of his life, or from the time of the total failure of the *great social experiment* made at New Harmony, Indiana, by the celebrated Robert Owen and himself, down to his decease in 1840, Mr. Maclure resided in the

* Among these are the complete copper-plates of Veillot's *Histoire Naturelle des Oiseaux, de l'Amérique Septentrionale;* and Audebert's *Histoire Naturelle des Oiseaux,* etc.

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city of Mexico. The great interest, which he still felt in the advancement and diffusion of scientific knowledge in this country, was manifested by his continued and munificent benefactions to the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia.* It was his desire, also, that some competent person, at his expense, should collect additional information respecting the forest trees of North America, and prepare a new and augmented edition of Michaux's Sylva. Although this generous plan was not carried into execution in Mr. Maclure's lifetime, we understand that he left testamentary instructions for its accomplishment, or at least for the reprint of Michaux's original work.

Mr. Maclure's munificent intentions are — fulfilled, shall we say ? by the edition now before us, printed at New Harmony, Indiana, upon wretched, flimsy, whity-brown paper, of texture scarcely firm enough to receive the impression of the worn-out type, which seems to have done long service in the columns of some country newspaper. The engravings, to do the work full justice, are very good, at least in the colored copies; being impressions from the original plates imported by Mr. Maclure, and colored after the French edition. The subscription price was high enough to pay for the best typography and paper; and so popular a work would surely have found a ready sale at any reasonable price, as the Paris edition had been long out of print. We are bound to suppose, that the testamentary instructions of the late Mr. Maclure have been *literally* fulfilled. How far his generous intentions have been answered, or to what extent defeated, by the wretched character of the reprint, are questions which we shall not attempt to answer, except by stating, that, far from having obtained the wide circulation which Mr. Maclure desired, these volumes have entirely disappeared from the shelves of our booksellers, where, so far as we can learn, there was no demand for them; and our diligent attempt to find a single copy in the public and private libraries of three of our largest cities has proved entirely unsuccessful.

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* Besides his invaluable library of nearly 4,000 volumes, containing the choicest works in Natural History, Antiquities, the Fine Arts, Voyages and Travels, &c., and many smaller contributions to this flourishing institution, of which he was President for more than twenty years, Mr. Maclure presented to it, in the latter part of his life, the sum of twenty thousand dollars. See Dr. Morton's *Memoir of Wm. Maclure*: Philadelphia, 1841.

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The foundation of the North American Sylva was laid by the laborious researches of the elder Michaux; who, under the auspices of the French government, devoted ten years, from 1785 to 1796, to a thorough exploration of the country, from the sunny, sub-tropical groves of Florida to the cold and inhospitable shores of Hudson's Bay; repeatedly visiting nearly all the higher peaks and deepest recesses of the Alleghany Mountains, and extending his toilsome journeys westward to the prairies of Illinois and the banks of the Mississippi. He had formed indeed, and was only prevented by untoward circumstances from executing, a plan — more hardy than we can well conceive at this late day — for ascending the Missouri to its sources, and crossing the mountains into the then untrodden, but now litigated, country on the Oregon. The curious reader will find an extract from his private diary in the American Journal of Science and Arts for January, 1842;* showing that he had laid his plans and proposals upon this subject before Mr. Jefferson, who was then Secretary of State. The papers submitted by him may have suggested the scheme of the national expedition of discovery, soon afterwards ordered by Jefferson, and nobly carried into effect by Lewis and Clarke.

Soon after his return to France, and the year before he fell a victim to scientific zeal upon the coast of Madagascar, the elder Michaux published his History of North American Oaks;† which may be deemed the nucleus of the more comprehensive work subsequently published by his son. The younger Michaux accompanied his father in the earlier portion of his travels, through South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida; but he afterwards returned to Europe. Revisiting this country in the autumn of 1801, and passing the winter in South Carolina, he travelled, during the following season, from New York, across the mountains in Pennsylvania, to the Ohio, and carefully explored the States of Kentucky and Tennessee; thence, recrossing the mountains in North Carolina to Charleston, he again embarked for France.‡

* Vol. XLII. p. 7.

† *Histoire des Chênes de l'Amérique Septentrionale*, par A. Michaux. Paris: 1801. 1 vol. fol.

‡ The observations made in this tour are recorded in his "*Voyages à l'Ouest de Monts Alléghanys*," 8vo. Paris, 1804; and in a "*Mémoire sur la Naturalization des Arbres Forestières de l'Amérique Septentrionale.*" 8vo. Paris, 1805.

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Again returning in 1807, he journeyed along the whole extent of our Atlantic coast, and visited the principal ports, to examine the timber employed in ship-building and in workshops of every description; besides making separate excursions into the interior: "the first, along the Rivers Kennebec and Sandy, passing through Hallowell, Norridgewock, and Farmington; the second, from Boston to Lake Champlain; the third, from New York to the Lakes Ontario and Erie; the fourth, from Philadelphia to the borders of the Rivers Monongahela, Alleghany, and Ohio; and the fifth, from Charleston to the sources of the Savannah and Oconee." Having thus faithfully collected the requisite information, his great work upon our forest trees—the fruit of so much labor—was published at Paris in 1810–13.

But this work is not the only result of the well directed industry and zeal of the elder and the younger Michaux. To these two persons, chiefly, are the French plantations indebted for their surpassingly rich collections of American trees and shrubs; which long since gave rise to the remark, as true at this day as it was twenty years ago, that an American must visit France to see the productions of his native forests. When shall it be said, that the statement is no longer true? When shall we be able to point to a complete, or even a respectable, American collection of our indigenous trees and shrubs?

A few words will suffice for the second work on our list. Mr. Nuttall, it appears, first arrived in this country the very year that the younger Michaux finally left it. And from that time to the present, no botanist has visited so large a portion of the United States, or made such an amount of observations in the field and forest. Probably few naturalists have ever excelled him in aptitude for such observations, in quickness of eye, tact in discrimination, and tenacity of memory. In some of these respects, perhaps, he may have been equalled by Rafinesque,—and there are obvious points of resemblance between the later writings of the two, which might tempt us to continue the parallel;—but in scientific knowledge and judgment, he was always greatly superior to that eccentric individual. Mr. Nuttall has also enjoyed the best opportunities for exploring the wide regions beyond the Mississippi. In 1811, along with Mr. Bradbury, he ascended the Missouri to the Mandan villages, 1,600 miles above

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its mouth; and shortly after his return, published his extended and most happily executed botanical work, the "Genera of North American Plants." In 1819, at the imminent risk of his life, he ascended the Arkansas to the Great Salt River. And, in 1834, he finally succeeded in crossing the Rocky Mountains by the now well trodden road along the sources of the Platte, and exploring the territory of Oregon and of Upper California. Mr. Nuttall was therefore peculiarly qualified for the preparation of a supplementary North American Sylva, designed especially to comprise the forest trees of these wide regions, which are now, for obvious reasons, attracting particular attention.

The work, according to the announcement on the title-page, will consist of three volumes; and we understand that the editor committed the whole manuscript to the publisher's hands more than two years ago, when he returned to his native country, to take possession of an ample family inheritance. But from some cause, the publication has been greatly delayed; only one volume having yet appeared, and that in two portions, of which the first bears the date of 1842, while the second has but just reached us. We postpone all critical remarks until the entire publication is completed; merely observing, lest the interests of the publisher should suffer from the nominal connection between this work and the New Harmony reprint of the original Sylva, that the paper and typography are good, and the plates, which are colored lithographs, are respectable. Meanwhile the interest of the subject, and the well known scientific character of the author, will commend the work to general attention and patronage.

The plan and object of the late Mr. Loudon's greatest work, the "Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum," is fully set forth in the copious title-page, for which we have found room at the head of this article. All its promises are more than redeemed in the execution of the work, which is truly a fine monument of industry and careful research. We have particular reasons, which will appear in the sequel, for commending this work to the notice of any readers interested in these subjects, who do not already possess it. By purchasing a copy of it, or of the valuable abridgment, the "Encyclopædia of Trees and Shrubs," a work of moderate price, they will render important aid to the embarrassed

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family of the author. To give some idea of the astonishing industry of the late Mr. Loudon in the preparation of scientific books, we extract the following account from the "Gardeners' Magazine," an excellent periodical, the publication of which, after it had continued for a period of eighteen years, terminated at the death of its indefatigable editor.

"Mr. Loudon was brought up as a landscape-gardener, and began to practise in 1808, when he came to England with numerous letters of introduction to some of the first landed proprietors in the kingdom. He afterwards took a large farm in Oxfordshire, where he resided in 1809. In the years 1813, 1814, 1815, he made the tour of Northern Europe, traversing Sweden, Russia, Poland, and Austria; in 1819, he travelled through Italy, and in 1828, through France and Germany. Mr. Loudon's career as an author began in 1803, when he was only twenty years old; and it continued, with very little interruption, during the space of forty years, being only concluded by his death. The first works he published were the following:—'Observations on laying out Public Squares,' in 1803, and on 'Plantations,' in 1804; a 'Treatise on Hothouses,' in 1805, and on 'Country Residences,' in 1806, both 4to.; 'Hints on the Formation of Gardens,' in 1812; and three works on 'Hothouses,' in 1817 and 1818. In 1822, appeared the first edition of the 'Encyclopædia of Gardening'; a work remarkable for the immense mass of useful matter which it contained, and for the then unusual circumstance of a great quantity of woodcuts being mingled with the text: this book obtained an extraordinary sale, and fully established his fame as an author. Soon after was published an anonymous work, written either partly or entirely by Mr. Loudon, called the 'Greenhouse Companion'; and shortly afterwards, 'Observations on laying out Farms,' in folio, with his name. In 1824, a second edition of the 'Encyclopædia of Gardening' was published, with very great alterations and improvements; and the following year, appeared the first edition of the 'Encyclopædia of Agriculture.' In 1826, the 'Gardeners' Magazine' was commenced, being the first periodical ever devoted exclusively to horticultural subjects. The 'Magazine of Natural History,' also the first of its kind, was begun in 1828. Mr. Loudon was now occupied in the preparation of the 'Encyclopædia of Plants,' which was published early in 1829, and was speedily followed by the 'Hortus Britannicus.' In 1830, a second and nearly rewritten edition of the 'Encyclopædia of Agriculture' was published, and this was followed

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by an entirely rewritten edition of the 'Encyclopædia of Gardening,' in 1831; and the 'Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture,' the first he published on his own account, in 1832. This last work was one of the most successful, because it was one of the most useful, he ever wrote, and it is likely long to continue a standard book on the subject of which it treats. Mr. Loudon now began to prepare his great and ruinous work, the 'Arboretum Britannicum,' the anxieties attendant on which were, undoubtedly, the primary cause of that decay of constitution which terminated in his death. This work was not, however, completed till 1838, and in the mean time he began the 'Architectural Magazine,' the first periodical devoted exclusively to architecture. The labor he underwent at this time is almost incredible. He had four periodicals, viz., the 'Gardeners',' 'Natural History,' and 'Architectural Magazines,' and the 'Arboretum Britannicum,' which was published in monthly numbers, going on at the same time; and, to produce these at the proper times, he literally worked night and day. Immediately on the conclusion of the 'Arboretum Britannicum,' he began the 'Suburban Gardener,' which was also published in 1838, as was the 'Hortus Lignosus Londinensis'; and in 1839, appeared his edition of Repton's 'Landscape Gardening.' In 1840, he accepted the editorship of the 'Gardeners' Gazette,' which he retained till November, 1841; and in 1842, he published his 'Encyclopædia of Trees and Shrubs.' In the same year, he completed his 'Suburban Horticulturist'; and finally, in 1843, he published his work on 'Cemeteries,' the last separate work he ever wrote. In this list, many minor productions of Mr. Loudon's pen have necessarily been omitted; but it may be mentioned, that he contributed to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and Brande's 'Dictionary of Science'; and that he published numerous supplements, from time to time, to his various works."

The adverse circumstances under which all this labor was performed make the result appear still more remarkable. Early in life, an attack of inflammatory rheumatism permanently stiffened one of his knees and contracted his left arm. In 1820, his right arm was broken near the shoulder, and the bones were never properly united. But he still continued to write with his right hand until 1825, when the arm was broken a second time, and it became necessary to amputate it; after which, having about this time lost the use of the thumb and two fingers of the left hand, he was obliged to employ amanuenses. It was under these trying circumstances, that

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his great "Arboretum" was prepared. The work was undertaken against the advice of his publishers and friends, who foresaw that it would wholly absorb his former earnings. But it was his favorite and crowning work, and he unflinchingly carried it onward to completion; though the result verified the predictions of his advisers. It cost ten thousand pounds sterling; and the whole proceeds of the sale, as well as the copy-rights of his other works, were pledged to the publishers for payment. It is gratifying to learn, that, since the writer's decease, an appeal has been made to the public in England, and with great success, to purchase copies of this work and of the other publications of Mr. Loudon, so that the copyrights may be redeemed, and their future proceeds applied to the benefit of his surviving family. The subjects of landscape gardening and arboriculture are attracting increased attention in the United States, and these valuable treatises are not yet so generally known as they deserve to be; we have thought it proper, therefore, to make this statement.

While systematically treating of the botanical character, propagation, management, and economical uses of trees, Mr. Loudon has interwoven a vast amount of curious matter respecting their history, geography, and literature. Being himself a distinguished landscape-gardener, he has successfully treated of their character and adaptation as component parts of general scenery, of which they form a most important element; for no other constituents — no lifeless objects — produce impressions at once so strong and so widely varied as trees. He has also collected interesting statistics respecting the longevity of trees; — a subject upon which we intend to task the patience of our readers to some extent.

The most interesting ideas connected with trees are those suggested by their stability and duration. They far outlast all other living things, and form the familiar and appropriate symbols of long-protracted existence. "As the days of a tree shall be the days of my people" is one of the most beautiful and striking figures under which a blessing can be conveyed. We are naturally led to inquire, whether there is any absolute limit to their existence. If not destroyed by accident,— that is, by extrinsic causes, of whatever sort, — do trees eventually perish, like ourselves, from old age? It is commonly thought, no doubt, that trees are fully exposed to

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the inevitable fate of all other living things. The opposite opinion seems to involve a paradox, and to be contradicted by every one's observation. But popular opinion is an unsafe guide; — the more so in this case, as our ordinary conceptions on the subject spring from a false analogy, which we have unconsciously established, between plants and animals. This common analogy might, perhaps, hold good, if the tree were actually formed like the animal, all the parts of which are created at once in their rudimentary state, and soon attain their fullest development, so that the functions are carried on, throughout life, in the same set of organs. If this were the case with the tree, it would likewise die, sooner or later, of old age, — would perish from causes strictly analogous to those which fix a natural limit to the life of animals. The unavoidable induration and incrustation of its cells and vessels, apart from other causes, would put an early and sure limit to the life of the tree, just as it does in fact terminate the existence of the leaf, the proper emblem of mortality, — which, although it generally lives only a single season, may yet truly be said to die of old age. But as the leaves are necessarily renewed every year, so also are the other essential organs of the plant. The tree is gradually developed by the successive addition of new parts. It annually renews not only its buds and leaves, but its wood and its roots; every thing, indeed, that is concerned in its life and growth. Thus, like the fabled Æson, being restored from the decrepitude of age to the bloom of early youth, — the most recent branchlets being placed, by means of the latest layer of wood, in favorable communication with the newly formed roots, and these extending at a corresponding rate into fresh soil, —

> "Quæ quantum vertice ad auras
> Ætherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit,"—

why has not the tree all the conditions of existence in the thousandth, that it possessed in the hundredth, or the tenth, year of its age? The old and central part of the trunk may, indeed, decay; but this is of little moment, so long as new layers are regularly formed at the circumference. The tree survives; and it is difficult to show that it is liable to death from old age in any proper sense of the term. Nor do we arrive at a different conclusion, when we contemplate the tree under a less familiar, but more philosophical, aspect, — considering it, not as a simple individual, like man or

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the higher animals, but as an aggregate of many individuals, which, though ordinarily connected with the parent stock, are capable of growing by themselves, and indeed often do separate spontaneously, and in a variety of ways acquire independent existence. If, then, the tree be, as it undeniably is, a complex being, an aggregate of as many individuals, united in a common trunk, as there are, or have been, buds developed on its surface; and if the component individuals be annually renewed, why should not the aggregate, the *tree*, last indefinitely? To establish a proper analogy, we must not compare the tree with man, but with the coral formations, in which numberless individuals, engrafted and blended on a common base, though capable of living when detached from the mass, conspire to build up those arborescent structures, so puzzling to the older naturalists, that they were not inappropriately named "zoophytes," or *animal-plants*. The immense coral-groves, which have thus grown up in tropical seas, have, no doubt, endured for ages; the inner and older parts consisting of the untenanted cells of individuals that have long since perished, while fresh structures are continually produced on the surface. The individuals, indeed, perish; but the aggregate may endure as long as time itself. So with a tree, considered under this point of view. Though the wood in the centre of the trunk and large branches — the produce of buds and leaves that have long ago disappeared — may die and decay; yet while new individuals are formed upon the surface with each successive crop of fresh buds, and placed in as favorable communication with the soil and the air as their predecessors, the aggregate tree would appear to have no necessary, no inherent, limit to its existence.*

* A beautiful confirmation of this view may be drawn from the celebrated Banyan, or India Fig-tree, and a few other tropical trees, which freely strike root, high in the open air, from their spreading branches. These aërial roots, after reaching the earth, become in time new trunks; and the whole tree appears like a huge tent, supported by many columns. Milton's description of the Banyan (in "Paradise Lost") is incorrect, so far as it supposes the bending branches themselves to reach the ground, and there to strike root, just as the gardener propagates shrubs by *layering*; whereas the roots themselves descend from a great height. When a sufficient number of these collateral trunks are formed to support the whole weight, the central, original stem may decay and disappear, as it often does, without affecting the existence of the tree; which thus increases into a grove, "high over-arched, with echoing walks between," that obviously may endure for

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No one denies, however, that different species may have an *habitual* period of death; we only insist, that this is not a *necessary* period. In the course of things, a multitude of different accidents conspire to fix a mean limit to the life of man, which, though far below the natural period of death by old age, yet occurs with such regularity, under given conditions, that it is made a matter of calculation. So a particular kind of tree may be liable to certain accidents which habitually insure its destruction within a definite period. A tree of rapid growth generally has a soft and fragile wood, and is therefore especially subject to decay, or to be broken or overthrown by tempests; and the chances of its destruction are fearfully multiplied with the increasing spread and weight of the branches. Each species, too, being somewhat uniformly exposed to a particular class of accidents, according to its constitution and mode of growth, may consequently exhibit something like an average duration. But death can no more be said to ensue from old age, in such a case, than in that of the ordinary mortality of mankind. The whole tree does not necessarily suffer, like the animal, from the death or amputation of its limbs; those that remain may be thereby placed, perhaps, in a more favorable condition than before. A tree may certainly be conceived to survive all ordinary accidents, or to be protected against them, and thus to live indefinitely; while animals, even if shielded from all external injury, must at last succumb to internal causes of destruction, — unavoidable, because inseparable from their organization.

The Talipot-palm, which blossoms but once, and then perishes,— or the Century-plant, which continues in our conservatories even for a hundred years without flowering, but dies when it has ripened its fruit, — may be adduced as cases of death by old age. But in its native climes, where our so-called Century-plant blossoms in the fifth or sixth year of its age, it as uniformly dies immediately afterwards. The re-

an indefinite period. Many such trees are known, of immense magnitude, and, doubtless, of most extraordinary age. But the vegetable physiologist well knows, that these essentially differ from ordinary trees, only in that a portion of the new wood, detached as it were from the branches, forms separate trunks, instead of adhering throughout to the main trunk, and contributing to its increase in circumference. These collateral trunks merely represent the outer and newer layers of ordinary trees, while the main stem represents the old and often decaying centre.

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sult, in all such cases, is rather analogous to death from parturition, than to death by old age.

This doctrine of the indefinite longevity of trees — that they die from injury or disease, or, in one word, from accidents, but never really from old age — was first propounded by the distinguished De Candolle in one of his earliest writings*, near the commencement of the present century. It is entirely a modern doctrine, (unless, indeed, we may suppose, that Pliny comprehended the full meaning of his words, "*Vites sine fine crescunt*," which is improbable,) and it is by no means surprising, that it should have been received with incredulity, or vehemently controverted, by those who had not taken the pains to understand it. For the *a priori* considerations, from which the young Genevan botanist deduced his novel theory, were then, in truth, more or less hypothetical, and involved some hardy assumptions. They are now, however, amply confirmed, or, at least, so generally admitted by all vegetable physiologists, as to give the theory a high degree of antecedent probability. But De Candolle proceeded to indicate a mode in which its correctness might almost be tested by actual observation, and, having accumulated a great number of interesting *data*, he published, in 1831, the memoir which we have cited at the head of this article, and which, having been still further augmented, now constitutes one of the most interesting chapters of his masterly *Physiologie Végétale*.

If this view be well founded, it is to be expected, that different individuals of the same species should perish at very irregular periods; and that some should be found to escape all the ordinary accidents that trees are heir to, and thus attain a longevity far transcending the *habitual* duration of the species. Is this view sustained by observation?

Before adducing the evidence which bears upon this question, it is necessary to inquire how the actual age of a tree may be ascertained. In most cases, — in all those trees which increase in diameter by annual concentric layers, — that is to say, in nearly all trees except Palms and their allies, which for the present we may leave out of the question, the age may be directly ascertained by counting the annual rings on a cross section of the trunk. The record is

* *Flore Française*, 1, p. 223.

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sometimes illegible or nearly so, but it is perfectly authentic; and when fairly deciphered, we may rely upon its correctness.* But the venerable trunks, whose age we are most interested in determining, are rarely sound to the centre; and if they were, even the paramount interests of science would seldom excuse the *arboricide*. This decisive test, therefore, can seldom be practically employed, except in the case of comparatively young trees. The most remarkable recorded instance of its application is that of one of the old oaks at Bordza in Samogitia (Russian Poland); which, having been greatly injured by a conflagration, was felled in the year 1812, and seven hundred and ten concentric layers were distinctly counted on the transverse section, from the circumference towards the centre, where the space in which the layers could not be clearly made out was estimated to have comprised three hundred more. If the injured portion was not over-estimated, the tree must have been a thousand years old. We have now before us a section of a fine trunk of the American Cypress (*Taxodium distichum*), upon the radius of which, twenty-seven inches in length, six hundred and seventy annual layers may be distinctly counted. The wood of this tree is so durable, that probably the age of trunks of more than twice that size might be ascertained by direct inspection.

When such a section cannot be obtained, we are obliged to resort to other and less direct evidence, affording only approximate, or more or less probable, conclusions. Sometimes lateral incisions, not endangering the life of the tree, furnish the means of inspecting and measuring a considerable number of the outer layers, and of computing the age of

*The discovery, or at least the first explicit announcement of the now familiar fact, that ordinary trees grow by annual layers, so that the record of their age is inscribed upon the section of the trunk, is generally attributed to Malpighi. But, probably, we should understand this celebrated anatomist as merely giving a formal statement of what was already popularly known; for so obvious a fact could scarcely have escaped notice. Prof. Adrien de Jussieu, the present representative of that illustrious family, has, moreover, lately reproduced a passage in the "*Voyage de Montaigne en Italie*," written in the year 1581, nearly fifty years before Malpighi was born, which proves this to have been the case: "*L'ouvrier, homme ingénieux et fameux à faire de beaux instruments de Mathématique, m'enseigna que tous les arbres portent autant de cercles qu'ils ont duré d'années, et me le fit voir dans tous ceux qu'il avoit dans sa boutique, travaillant en bois. Et la partie qui regarde le septentrion est plus étroite, et a les cercles plus serrés et plus denses que l'autre.*"

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the trunk from its diameter and actual rate of growth. But, as young trees grow much more rapidly than old ones, we should greatly exaggerate the age of a large trunk, if we deduced its rate of growth from the outer layers alone. We must therefore ascertain, by repeated observations, the average thickness of the layers of young trees of the same species; and by the judicious combination of both these *data*, a highly probable estimate may often be formed.

When unable to inspect any portion of the annual layers of remarkable old trees, we may occasionally obtain other indications upon which some reliance may be placed; such as the amount of increase in circumference between stated intervals; but as, on the one hand, we can never depend upon the entire accuracy of two measurements made at widely distant periods, while, on the other, the growth of a small number of years, however carefully ascertained, would be an unsafe criterion, this method can seldom be employed with much confidence. A more common mode is, to employ the average rate of growth of the oldest trees of which complete sections have been examined, for the approximate determination of the age of remarkably large trunks of the same species, where the size alone is known. For often repeated observation proves, that the increase is greatest, in other words, the layers are thickest, in young trees; but that afterwards, —after the first century, for instance, — the tree increases in diameter at a much slower, but somewhat uniform, or else still decreasing, rate, which does not greatly vary in different trees of the same species. Such estimates would, therefore, always tend to underrate, rather than to exaggerate, the age of a large tree. But it is unsafe to apply this method to other than really venerable trunks; for the growth of a tree is liable to great variations, during the first century or two; either from year to year, or between different individuals of the same species. The injury of a single leading root or branch, or the influence of a stratum of sterile soil, may affect the whole growth of a young tree for a series of years; while, in an older individual, the wide distribution of the roots and multiplication of the branches render the effect of local injuries nearly inappreciable, and the influence of any one or more unfavorable seasons is lost, in the average of a great number. Thus, the fine Elm in Cambridge, which, during the last winter, fell a victim to

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one of the most fatal and frequent accidents which, in this country, interfere with the longevity of trees, — having been cut down to make room for a petty building, just as it had reached its hundredth anniversary, — was fourteen feet in circumference, at the height of three or four feet from the ground.* The girth of its more renowned and fortunate neighbour, the "Washington Elm," is but little over thirteen feet; and it might accordingly be inferred that it is some years the junior of the "Palmer Elm." But we learn from a very authentic source, that the celebrated Whitfield, when excluded from the pulpits of the town and college, preached under the shade of this tree in the summer of 1744, — just a century ago. It is, doubtless, at least one hundred and twenty, or one hundred and thirty years old. We wish to place its size upon record, for the use of future generations; and we therefore take this opportunity to state, that the trunk of the "Washington Elm," at Cambridge, now measures thirteen feet and two and a half inches in circumference, at the height of three feet from the ground; this being the point at which the girth is smallest, being unaffected either by the expansion of the roots below, or of the branches above, and therefore the proper place to measure it for this purpose. That this size is conformable to the age assigned is apparent from a comparison with other trees; such, for instance, as the "Aspinwall Elm, in Brookline, standing near the ancient house belonging to the family of that name, and which was known to be one hundred and eighty-one years old in 1837, when it measured sixteen feet eight inches at five feet from the ground, and twenty-six feet five inches close by the surface."† The noted Elm upon Boston Common should be about the same age. Its present girth, at five feet from the ground, is sixteen feet and one inch; at the height of three feet, it measures seventeen feet eleven inches; near the earth, twenty-three feet and six inches. We have seen a map of Boston, published in the

* This "Palmer Elm," as it was called, grew with more than ordinary rapidity for the first seventy years; when, to casual observation, it must have appeared nearly as large as when it was felled. For, during the last twenty-two years, it had increased only five and one half inches in diameter, that is, at the rate of a quarter of an inch *per annum*.

† We quote the manuscript of an esteemed friend, who has devoted much attention to the history and growth of trees, and whose long expected volume, on the trees of New England, we hope will soon be given to the public.

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year 1720, upon which this Elm is delineated as a large tree. Its age, therefore, is certainly as great as that assigned to it in the subjoined account, which recently appeared in the newspapers of the day; — we know not upon what authority.*

"The Boston Traveller states, that this noble tree was set out about the year 1670, by Captain Daniel Henchman, and is therefore one hundred and seventy-five years old. Captain Henchman was a schoolmaster in Boston, from 1666 to 1671. He joined the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company in 1675. He was a distinguished captain, in King Philip's War, of a company of infantry. Forty-five years ago, the Great Elm had a large hollow in it, and was rapidly decaying, but was treated in the mode recommended by Forsyth, by clearing the cavity of rotten wood, and filling it with a composition composed principally of lime, rubbish from old buildings, and clay, and thus restored. It is now apparently as flourishing as ever, and without any appearance of the hollow, which was once large enough for a boy to hide himself in. The tree is a native Elm, which is the most hardy kind. Many of the old Elm-trees are what are called English Elms, with less extended roots and branches than the American."

But more commonly, perhaps, our estimates rest, either wholly or in part, upon historical evidence or tradition; and the most numerous and best authenticated cases of this kind may be expected to occur in Europe, where many trees, especially Chestnuts, Lindens, Oaks, and Yews, may be satisfactorily traced by records through several centuries.

Having thus briefly indicated the kinds or sources of evidence, which are brought to bear with more or less directness and force upon this interesting question, we proceed to offer a condensed account of some of the more remarkable or curious cases of longevity in trees; which may show to what extent, and with what results, this various testimony has been actually applied. The evidence is cumulative. Individual

* As such *data* may hereafter possess some interest, we may simply state, that the large "English Elm," one of the finest trees on Boston Common, is now eleven feet two inches in girth, at five feet from the ground; and twelve feet three inches, at the height of three feet. The American Elm, near the Botanic Garden at Cambridge, in front of the house of Judge Phillips, has a girth of thirteen feet, at six feet from the earth, and of fifteen feet, three feet lower down. Its neighbour, opposite the gardener's residence, is fourteen feet three inches in circumference, at six feet from the ground.

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cases would be little worth, if unsupported by others. But mutually strengthening each other, the obvious conclusion becomes almost irresistible, even when the testimony in particular cases is very imperfect.

We leave entirely out of view the numerous allusions to old trees that may be gathered from classical writers. Nor are the more circumstantial accounts by Pausanias, Josephus, or the younger Pliny, available for our present purpose. The two latter, indeed, speak of trees as old as the creation ;* but they have unfortunately neglected to mention the evidence upon which their opinions were founded. Restricting ourselves, therefore, to trees which still survive, or which have existed within recent times, we commence our enumeration with one which is rather remarkable for its historical associations than for any extraordinary longevity ; namely, the celebrated Sycamore-Maple (*Acer Pseudo-Platanus*), which stands near the entrance of the village of Trons, in the Grisons, the cradle of liberty among the Rhœtian Alps. Under the once spreading branches of this now hollow and cloven trunk, the Gray League — so called, either from the gray beards, or the homespun clothing, of the peasants who there met the nobles favorable to their cause — was solemnly ratified in March, 1424. Upon the supposition, that it was only a century old, when the meeting, to which its celebrity is owing, took place, — and a younger tree would hardly have been selected for the purpose, — it has now attained the age of 520 years. It can scarcely be younger, it may be much older than this. In some of the earlier accounts, this tree is said to be a Linden. Indeed, it is so called in the inscription upon the walls of the adjacent little chapel. They were better patriots than botanists in those days ; for the investigations of Colonel Bontemps leave no doubt as to the identity of the tree.†

The Linden itself, however, is associated with some interesting points of Swiss history ; it also affords some instances of remarkable longevity, which the lightness and

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* Josephus relates, that he saw near Hebron a Terebinthus, which had existed ever since the creation (Lib. V., c. 31) ; and Pliny speaks of Oaks in the Hercynian forest, which he deems coeval with the world. *Hist. Nat.*, Lib. XVI., c. 2.

† *Bibliothèque Univ. de Genève*, Août, 1831.

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softness of its wood would by no means lead us to expect. The Linden in the town of Friburg, which was planted in 1476, to commemorate the bloody battle of Morât, though now beginning to decay, has already proved a more durable memorial than the famous ossuary on the battle-field,

> "Where Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,
> A bony heap, through ages to remain
> Themselves their monument"; —

and may even outlast the obelisk recently erected upon its site. The age of this tree and the girth of its trunk being well known, — having attained the circumference of fourteen English feet in 364 years, — it has been employed as a standard of comparison, in computing the age of larger and more venerable trunks of the same species.

Such a tree is still standing at the village of Villars-en-Moing, near the town of Morât, in full health and vigor, although portions of the bark are known to have been stripped off about the time of the battle in 1476, when it was already a noted tree. At four feet above the ground, the trunk has a circumference of thirty-eight English feet, and, consequently, a diameter of about twelve feet. Supposing it to have grown, on the whole, even a little more rapidly than the Friburg Linden, which may be deemed a safe estimate, when we recollect that old trees grow much more slowly than younger ones, — supposing it to have increased in diameter at the average rate of one-sixth of an inch in a year, it must have been 864 years old at the time the measurement was made, in the year 1831. It is not probable, that this estimate materially exaggerates the age of the tree, even supposing the Linden at Friburg to have grown at less than the average rate for the species. It is nearly corroborated, indeed, by the more celebrated Linden of Neustadt on the Kocher, in Wurtemberg, whose age rests wholly upon historic evidence. The readers of Evelyn will surely remember his interesting account of this tree; and in recent times, some further particulars in its history have been rescued from oblivion by M. Jules Trembley, who visited it in 1831, at the instance of the illustrious De Candolle. It must have been already remarkable early in the thirteenth century; for, as is proved by documents still extant in the registers of the town, the village of Helmbundt, having been destroyed in the year 1226, was rebuilt three years afterwards, at some distance

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from its former site, in the vicinity of this tree, and took the name of *Neustadt an der grossen Linden.* An old poem, which bears the date of 1408, informs us, that "before the gate rises a Linden, whose branches are sustained by sixty-seven columns." The number of these columns, or pillars of stone, raised to support the heavy and widely spreading branches, one of which extends horizontally for more than a hundred feet, had increased to eighty-two when the tree was visited by Evelyn, and to one hundred and six when it was examined by Trembley. To these supports, doubtless, its preservation is chiefly owing; as the tender wood of the Linden could never sustain the enormous weight of the limbs, or resist the force of the winds. These pillars are nearly covered with inscriptions; of which the most ancient that was extant in Evelyn's time bore the date of 1551; but the oldest now legible bears the arms of Christopher, Duke of Wurtemberg, with the date of 1558. At five or six feet from the ground, the trunk is thirty-five and a half English feet in circumference. If, therefore, it has grown at the actual rate of the Friburg Linden, it must nearly have reached its thousandth anniversary. Or if, as in the case of the tree near Morât, we allow a sixth of an inch *per annum* for the average increase in diameter, its computed age would be a little over 800 years; surely, a moderate estimate for a tree which was called the Great Linden more than six centuries ago.

No tree of temperate climates so frequently attains an extraordinary size as the Plane, or Sycamore (*Platanus*); trunks of forty or fifty feet in circumference being by no means uncommon in this country. The Oriental Plane offers many equally striking instances in the South of Europe, particularly in the Levant. The celebrated tree on the island of Cos, so conspicuously seen from the channel on the Asiatic side, has recently been beautifully figured in Allan's "Pictorial Tour in the Mediterranean."

But old trunks, both of the Oriental, and our own very similar species, are always hollow,—mere shells; hence, in the absence of historical *data*, their age is only to be computed by their rate of growth; which is so rapid for the first century or two, and, at the same time, the wood is so liable to decay, that the Plane-tree is not likely to afford any instances of extreme longevity. A different conclusion might, indeed, be drawn from the accounts of an enormous Plane in

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the valley of Bouyoudereh, near Constantinople, described by Olivier, Dr. Walsh, and others ; the trunk of which is one hundred and fifty feet in girth, with a central hollow of eighty feet in circumference. But the recent observations of an excellent scientific observer, Mr. Webb, leave no doubt, that this monster-trunk is formed by the junction of several original trees, planted in close proximity.* Along the shores of the Bosphorus, there are many groups of younger Planes, which, for their shade, have been designedly planted in a narrow circle, and their trunks will in time become similarly incorporated. Pliny's Lycian Plane, with a cavity of eighty-one feet in circumference, in which the consul Licinius Mutianus used to lodge with a suite of eighteen persons, may have had such an origin.

We next notice the Chestnut, for the purpose of disposing of an analogous case of pseudo-longevity ; that of the famous *Castagno di cento cavalli;* so named from the somewhat apocryphal tradition, that Jeanne of Arragon, and a hundred cavaliers of her suite, took refuge under its branches during a heavy shower, and were completely sheltered from the rain. According to Brydone, who visited it in the year 1770, the trunk, or rather trunks, — for it then had the appearance of five distinct trees, — measured two hundred and four feet in circumference ; but later and more trustworthy observers reduce these dimensions to one hundred and eighty or one hundred and ninety feet. A hut has been erected in the hollow space, with an oven, in which the inhabitants dry the chestnuts and other fruits which they wish to preserve for winter, using at times, for fuel, pieces cut with a hatchet from the interior of the tree. The separation of a large hollow trunk into independent portions, appearing like the remains of as many distinct trees, is not in itself improbable. The ancient Yew in Fortingal churchyard, Scotland, presents a striking instance of the kind. Indeed, Brydone's guides assured him,

" that, by the universal tradition and even testimony of the country, all these were once united in one stem ; that their grand-

* Moquin-Tandon, *Teratologie Vég.* p. 290.— By the way, although De Candolle was not at the time apprized of the real nature of this Plane, yet he was far too cautious a reasoner to estimate its age at 2,000 years, as Mr. Nuttall has inadvertently stated (*Sylva*, I., p. 50). Whoever will read the whole paragraph in the *Physiologie Végétale*, II., p. 994, will perceive that it will by no means bear that construction.

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fathers remembered this, when it was looked upon as the glory of the forest, and visited from all quarters; though, for many years past, it had been reduced to the ruin we beheld. We began to examine it with more attention, and found that there is an appearance, that these five trees were once really united in one. The opening in the middle is at present prodigious, and it does indeed require faith to believe, that so vast a space was once occupied by solid timber. But there is no appearance of bark on the inside of any of the stumps, nor on the sides that are opposite to one another. . . . . I have since been told by the Canon Ricupero, an ingenious ecclesiastic of this place, that he was at the expense of carrying up peasants with tools to dig round the *Castagno di cento cavalli;* and he assures me, upon his honor, that he found all these stems united below ground into one root." *

It appears, however, that Brydone has not fairly represented the worthy Canon Ricupero's opinion: for he thought it probable, that these present trunks were offshoots from the persistent base of a more ancient stem; a conclusion which is fully sustained by the observations of several competent naturalists, such as Duby,† Brunner,‡ and Philippi.§ Every one knows how readily the Chestnut will throw up shoots from the root; and Philippi says it is a general custom in Sicily to cut them down after they have attained a considerable size, when the new stems that are thrown out from the base shortly become trees again. Other considerations would prevent our assigning the highest antiquity to a tree not originally indigenous to Sicily, but doubtless introduced from the East.

There are, however, some colossal Chestnuts upon Mount Etna, with undoubtedly single trunks; three of which, recently measured, are found to have a circumference respectively of fifty-seven, sixty-four, and seventy feet. Some general idea of their age may perhaps be formed by a comparison with other individuals, whose history is better known; such as that at Sancerre, described by Bosc, which, although only thirty-three feet in girth at six feet from the ground, has been called the "Great Chestnut of Sancerre" for six hun-

* *Tour through Sicily and Malta.*

† De Candolle, *Phys. Vég.*, II., p. 992.

‡ *Excursion through the East of Liguria, Sicily, and Malta.*

§ *Über die Vegetation am Ætna; in Linnæa*, VII., p. 727; and in *Comp. to Bot. Mag.*, I., p. 90.

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dred years ; or the celebrated " Tortworth Chestnut," which Strutt, who, in his *Sylva Britannica*, has given a fine illustration of its massive bole, considers as probably the largest, as well as the oldest tree, standing in England, and which, in the reign of Stephen, who ascended the throne in 1135, was already remarkable for its size, and well known as a signal boundary to the manor of Tamworth, now Tortworth, in Gloucestershire. But even this tree, although it has probably long since celebrated its thousandth anniversary, does not equal the smallest of the three Sicilian Chestnuts, being only fifty-two feet in circumference at five feet from the ground.

In the ascending scale of longevity, we pass from the Chestnut to the Oak, the emblem of embodied strength, one of the longest-lived, as it is the slowest-growing, of deciduous-leaved forest trees. The light and soft wood of the Linden, and even of the Chestnut, seems incompatible with great longevity. Such trees of eight hundred or a thousand years old are extraordinary phenomena, owing their prolonged existence to a rare conjunction of favorable circumstances, — the more important, as they are unexpected witnesses to the truth of our leading proposition. But this is no very uncommon age for that

" Lord of the woods, the long-surviving Oak."

The briefest biographical notice of Oaks remarkable for their age or size, or for historic memorials attesting their antiquity, would alone fill our pages. We can only refer the curious reader to the pages of Evelyn, of Gilpin, and of Strutt ; to the learned, but over-labored, *Amœnitates Quercineæ* of the late Professor Burnet, in Burgess's *Eidodendron*, and especially to the more accessible and standard *Arboretum* of Loudon, whose condensed statistical account of celebrated British Oaks, occupying thirty closely printed pages of that elaborate work, is a monument of diligence, and contains a vast amount of interesting information. Indeed, Mr. Loudon's whole account of the Oak is incomparable, and should alone suffice to immortalize his name. Among the oldest specimens now extant in England are to be enumerated, the " Parliament Oak," in Clipstone park, supposed to be the oldest park in England, which derives its name from a Parliament having been held under it by Edward the First, in 1290 ; the Oak in Yardley Chase, which

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Cowper has immortalized; the "Winfarthing Oak," now a bleached ruin, which is said to have been called an old Oak at the time of the Conquest; the Oak in Melbury park, Dorsetshire, which Mitchell calls "as curly, surly, knotty an old monster as can be conceived"; the "Greendale Oak," in the Duke of Portland's park at Welbeck, well known from Evelyn's account, and from the series of figures which his editor, Hunter, has given of its mutilated trunk, pierced by a lofty arch through which carriages have been driven; the "Cowthorpe Oak," in Yorkshire, also figured by Hunter, the trunk of which measures seventy eight feet in circumference near the ground, and the age is estimated as nearly coeval with the Christian era; and the "Great Oak of Salcey Forest," in Northamptonshire, "a most picturesque sylvan ruin," which is perhaps of equal antiquity.

We have already mentioned the tree at Bordza, felled some thirty years ago, which was proved, by inspection of its annual layers, to have been about a thousand years old. Its trunk was forty English feet in circumference, or twelve and a half feet in diameter. This was a goodly tree for an Oak; but it shrinks almost to insignificance when compared with one in the South of France; an account of which has quite recently been published. From a late number of the "Gardeners' Chronicle," edited by Professor Lindley, we copy the following account, which purports to have been extracted from the Annals of the Agricultural Society of Rochelle.

"At about six miles west-southwest of Saintes (in the Lower Charente) near the road to Cozes, stands an old Oak-tree, in the large court of a modern mansion, which still promises to live many centuries, if the axe of some Vandal does not cut it down. The following are the proportions of this king of the forests of France, and probably of all Europe. The diameter of the trunk at the ground is from nine to ten yards [consequently, its circumference is from eighty-five to ninety-four feet]; at the height of a man, from six and a half to seven and a half yards [from sixty to sixty-seven feet in circumference]; the diameter of the whole head, from forty to forty-three yards; the height of the trunk, eight yards; the general height of the tree, twenty-two yards. A room has been cut out of the dead wood of the interior of the trunk, measuring from nine to twelve feet in diameter, and nine feet high; and they have cut a circular seat out of the solid wood. They put a round table in the middle, when it is wanted, around which twelve guests can sit. A door and a

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window admit daylight into this new sort of dining-room, which is adorned by a living carpet of Ferns, Fungi, Lichens, &c. Upon a plate of wood taken from the trunk about the height of the door, two hundred annual rings have been counted, whence it results, in taking a horizontal radius from the exterior circumference to the centre of the oak, that there must have been from 1,800 to 2,000 of these rings; which makes its age nearly two thousand years."

We should have been told, however, from what portion of the radius this block was taken. If near the circumference, where the rings are narrowest, the age of the tree has been over-estimated; perhaps not materially so, as it must have been growing at a slow and nearly equable rate for many centuries; if towards the centre, the computed age is within the truth. To this tree, therefore, as being probably the patriarch of the species in Europe, may well be applied the lines addressed by Cowper to the Yardley Oak:

> "O, couldst thou speak,
> As in Dodona once thy kindred trees,
> Oracular, I would not curious ask
> The future, best unknown; but, at thy mouth,
> Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past!
> By thee I might correct, erroneous oft,
> The clock of history; facts and events
> Timing more punctual; unrecorded facts
> Recovering; and misstated, setting right."

Rich although this country is, above all other parts of the world, in different species of the Oak, it would not be difficult to explain why we cannot boast of such venerable trees,

> "Whose boughs are mossed with age,
> And high top bald with dry antiquity."

It is not merely, or chiefly, that, in clearing away the forest which so recently covered the soil, "men were famous according as they had lifted up axes upon the thick trees." The close, stifling growth of our primeval forests, like the democratic institutions which they seem to foreshadow, although favorable to mediocrity, forbids preëminence. "A chilly, cheerless, everlasting shade" prevents the fullest individual development; and even if the woodman's axe had spared the older trees, their high-drawn trunks, no longer shielded by the dense array of their brethren, were sure to be overthrown by the winds. Had the aboriginal inhabitants been tillers of the ground, our White Oaks had

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long since spread their broad brawny arms, and emulated their more renowned brethren in the parks of England. The "Charter Oak" at Hartford, so conspicuous in the colonial history of Connecticut, and a few others of equal size, but less note, were probably mere saplings at the first settlement of the country. "The Wadsworth Oak" in Geneseo, N. Y., however, may claim a higher antiquity. It stands in an old "Indian clearing," on the bank of the Genesee River, which, we are sorry to say, is gradually undermining its roots and threatening its destruction; — a catastrophe which we beseech the worthy proprietor of that princely estate to avert, by a seasonable embankment. A note in an earlier volume of this Review * assigns to this noble tree the age of at least five hundred years; — a credible estimate, notwithstanding the girth of the tree is somewhat overstated in that account. Its circumference at the smallest part of the trunk, (four feet above the ground,) — which is always the proper point for measurement, — instead of from twenty-four to twenty-seven, is only twenty-two feet four inches; although near the base, owing to the influence of the spreading roots, its girth is considerably greater.

But of all American species, the invaluable Live Oak of our southern coasts will probably be found to attain the greatest longevity; although it seldom becomes a very large, or, at any rate, a very tall tree. Like the finest European Oaks, its branches spread very widely, and contain a prodigious quantity of timber. "The trunk of the Live Oak," says Mr. Bartram, in his delightful "Travels in Florida," "is generally [on the St. John's River] from twelve to eighteen feet in girth, and rises ten or twelve feet erect from the earth; some I have seen eighteen or twenty; then divides itself into three, four, or five great limbs, which continue to grow in nearly a horizontal direction, each limb forming a gentle curve, or arch, from its base to its extremity. I have stepped above fifty paces, on a straight line, from the trunk of one of these trees to the extremity of the limbs."

The younger Michaux mentions a tree felled near Charleston, whose trunk was twenty-four feet in circumference; and we learn that another individual of still greater size is still flourishing on the plantation of Mr. Middleton, near that

* Vol. XLIV., p. 345, note.

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city. According to Mr. Nuttall,* the tree sometimes acquires the diameter of eight or nine feet in West Florida. All these trees must have attained a great age; for this heavy and almost incorruptible wood is of extremely slow growth. May we not hope, that some competent observer will collect the requisite information upon this subject, before all the larger trunks have yielded to their impending fate?

The Olive grows much more slowly than the Oak; and as its wood is very compact and durable, it is not surprising that it should furnish instances of extraordinary longevity. In comparative youth, the stem increases in diameter only at the rate of an eighth of an inch in a year. Therefore the Olive at Pescio, mentioned by De Candolle, having a trunk of twenty-four feet in girth, should be seven hundred years old; even supposing it to have grown, throughout, at the ordinary rate for younger trees; while the still larger tree at Beaulieu, near Nice, described by Risso, and recently measured by Berthelot, doubtless the oldest of the race in Europe, should be more than a thousand years old. Although now in a state of decrepitude, it still bears an abundant crop of fruit, or at least did so, as late as the year 1828.† It is not improbable, therefore, that those eight venerable trees, which yet survive upon the Mount of Olives, may have been in existence, as tradition asserts, at the time of our Saviour's passion.

Let us now direct our attention to the class of Coniferous trees; among which, on account of the resinous matters that commonly pervade their wood and tend to preserve it from decay, as well as for other reasons which we will not stop to explain, instances of longevity may be expected to occur not inferior to those already noticed.

We begin with the classical Cypress (*Cupressus sempervirens*), so celebrated in all antiquity for the incorruptibility of its wood and its funereal uses; doubtless, one of the longest-lived trees of Southern Europe and of the East. Hunter, in his edition of Evelyn, about a century ago, mentions the fine avenue of Cypresses, *Los Cupressos de la Reyna Sultana*, which adorns the garden of the Generaliffe at

* *N. Am. Sylva*, Supplement, I., p. 16.

† Risso, *Hist. Nat. Europ. Merid.* ex Moquin-Tand., *Teratol. Vég.*, p. 105.

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Granada. Under their shade, according to the well known legend, the last Moorish king of Granada surprised his wife with one of the Abencerrages; which led to the massacre of thirty-six princes of that race. This was, of course, before the year 1492, the date of the final expulsion of the Moors. These enduring memorials of frailty and revenge were still flourishing in perennial vigor in 1831, when they were examined by Mr. Webb. Supposing them to have been only forty or fifty years old at the occurrence of the event to which they owe their celebrity, — surely a reasonable supposition, as they were then large trees, according to the legend, — they have now reached the age of about four hundred years. They are probably much older than this.

But these, and all other Cypresses known in Europe, are striplings in comparison with the tree at Somma, in Lombardy; which Loudon has figured in his *Arboretum* (p. 2470), from an original drawing furnished by Signor Manetti of Monza. The tree is greatly reverenced by the inhabitants of that part of Lombardy, who have a tradition, that it was planted in the year of our Saviour's birth. Even Napoleon is said to have treated it with some deference, and to have deviated from a direct line to avoid injuring it, when laying down the plan for the great road over the Simplon. Its trunk was twenty feet in girth, according to the Abbé Belèze's measurement, in 1832; or twenty-three feet at the height of a foot from the ground, as Signor Manetti states. Since the Cypress only attains the circumference of fourteen or fifteen feet in four hundred years or more, and after that must increase with extreme slowness, we may, perhaps, place some credit in the popular tradition respecting the age of this tree, or in the testimony of the Abbé Belèze, who informed Mr. Loudon, that his brother assured him, that there is an ancient chronicle extant at Milan, which proves this tree to have been in existence in the time of Julius Cæsar!

To the same class, also, belongs the goodly Cedar of Lebanon (*Cedrus Libani*), from which the sacred writers have derived so many forcible and noble images. It is generally employed as an emblem of perennial vigor and longevity. The most plausible derivation of the name is from the Arabic *kedroum* or *kèdre*, signifying *power;* and the most characteristic description of the tree, with its wide-spread

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horizontal branches and close-woven leafy canopy, is that given by the prophet Ezekiel, where it is assumed as a type of the grandeur and strength of the Assyrian empire.

"Behold, the Assyrian was a Cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs. . . . . Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches; for his root was by great waters. The Cedars in the garden of God could not hide him; the Fir-trees were not like his boughs, and the Chestnut-trees were not like his branches; nor any tree in the garden of God like unto him in beauty."—*Ezekiel*, xxxi. 3, 7, 8.

The celebrated grove near the summit of Mount Lebanon, to which there are particular allusions in Holy Writ, was first described in modern times by Belon, who visited it about the year 1550. The majestic old Cedars of this grove — at that time the sole, as they are still the finest, known representatives of the species — were then, as now, venerated by the Maronite Christians; who firmly believed them to have been coeval with Solomon, if not planted by his own hands; and made an annual pilgrimage to the spot, at the festival of the Transfiguration; the Patriarch celebrating high mass under one of the oldest Cedars, and very properly anathematizing all who should presume to injure them. The larger trees were described and measured by Rauwolf, an early German traveller, in 1574; by Thevenot, in 1655; and more particularly by Maundrell, in 1696; by La Roque, in 1722; by Dr. Pococke, in 1744; and by Labillardière, in 1787; since which time, De Candolle states, that all the older trees have been destroyed. But we have not been able to find the authority for this statement, and have reason to doubt its correctness. Although the number of large trees has diminished in every succeeding age, yet several recent visiters mention a few large trunks of equal size with those described by the earlier travellers. Indeed, M. Laure, an officer of the French Marine, who, with the Prince de Joinville, visited Mount Lebanon in the autumn of 1836, says, that all but one of the sixteen old Cedars mentioned by Maundrell are still alive, although in a decaying state; and that one of the healthiest, but perhaps the smallest trunks, measured thirty-three French feet, or about thirty-six English feet, in circumference, which, by the way, is nearly the girth of the largest that Maundrell measured. We have little faith, how-

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ever, in this particular identification; nor do we place confidence in the rate of growth of old Cedars, as deduced from the measurement of these trees at different periods. For, could we be sure that any two of these measurements were actually taken from the same trunk, it is still very unlikely that they were made at the same height from the ground; — a matter of great consequence, but which is left out of view in the records of the early travellers. But the girth of the larger trees being known by various measurements, and the average rate of growth of young Cedars being approximately determined from individuals that have grown in Europe, of well ascertained age and size, — such, for instance, as those in the Chelsea Botanic Garden, near London, planted in 1683, and the fine tree which adorns the hill in the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, and which was brought from England in 1734 by Bernard de Jussieu, — carried, it is said, in the crown of his hat, for greater security, whose trunk, at its centennial anniversary, had just attained the circumference of ten feet, — we only need to know the thickness of the outer layers of these remarkable old trunks, or, in other words, their actual and recent rate of increase, in order to form a highly probable estimate of their age. By a few careful incisions into these trunks, the next traveller into the now frequented East, who feels interested in such questions, might supply this remaining *desideratum*, without real injury to these renowned natural monuments, or just exposure to the Patriarch's anathema.

From such very imperfect *data* as we now possess, De Candolle deems the trees measured by Rauwolf to have been at least six hundred years old; which would give the age of nearly nine hundred years to any of the number that may still survive. This estimate may fall considerably below the truth; but our present knowledge will not warrant the assumption of a higher one. Doubtless, this remarkable forest has existed from primeval times, while the oldest individuals, from age to age, have decayed and disappeared. But venerable as are the present representatives, which La Martine so grandiloquently apostrophizes, and conceives to have existed in the days of Solomon, "yet few comparatively have the days of the years of their life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of their fathers," the real patriarchs of this world-renowned grove.

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The Yew has, probably, a well founded claim to its reputation, as the longest-lived tree of Northern Europe; and its longevity appears the less surprising, when the closeness and incorruptibility of the wood are considered, as well as its extreme slowness of growth. A Yew

> "Of vast circumference and gloom profound"

is truly, as Wordsworth has it,

> "a living thing,
> Produced too slowly ever to decay;
> Of form and aspect too magnificent
> To be destroyed."

The frequent occurrence of ancient Yews in English church-yards is simply and beautifully explained by Mr. Bowman; * — the Yew, being indisputably indigenous to Great Britain, and being, from its perennial verdure, its longevity, and the durability of its wood, at once an emblem and an example of immortality, its branches would be employed by our Pagan ancestors, on their first arrival, as the best substitute for the Cypress, to deck the graves of the dead, and for other sacred purposes; and the innocent custom, like others of heathen origin, would naturally be retained and engrafted upon Christianity, at its first introduction.

From the inspection of various trunks of two or three hundred years old, De Candolle drew the conclusion, that the trunk of the Yew increases in diameter at the rate of a little more than a line — the twelfth of an inch — in a year, for the first 150 years, and at a little less than this rate, during the next century or two. De Candolle proposed, therefore, to estimate the age of ancient Yews by assuming a line *per annum*, as their average growth in diameter. Their age would in this way be readily computed by measuring their circumference, and thence obtaining the radius in lines; the tree being reckoned as many years old as there are lines in its diameter. Since all trees grow the more slowly as they advance in years, this method would seem to be a safe one, if we were well assured that the average rate of growth has been correctly assumed. But extended observation upon Yews in England has shown, that young trees often grow much more rapidly than De Candolle supposed; so that,

* In *Mag. Nat. Hist.*, 2d Ser., I., p. 86.

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from the application of his rule to Yews not more than four or five hundred years old, we should be liable greatly to exaggerate their age. But it is also found, that still older trees grow so much more slowly, that the rule may be applied to very ancient Yews with reasonable probability that the estimate will fall beneath the truth, and make them appear younger than they really are. The greater the circumference of the tree, the less the danger that its more rapid early growth will falsify the estimate. The adoption of this rule leads, however, to rather startling conclusions.

The computed age of the famous Yews of Fountains' Abbey, near Ripon, in Yorkshire, is to a great extent sustained by the history of the abbey itself, as chronicled by Hugh, a monk of Kirkstall, whose narrative — still preserved, it is said, in the library of the Royal Society — forms the basis of the well known account in Burton's *Monasticon*. This monastery, the noble ruins of which are now overlooked by the venerable trees that watched its erection, was founded in the year 1132, by Thurstan, Archbishop of York, for certain monks, whose consciences, being too tender to allow them to indulge in the relaxed habits of their own order, made them desirous of adopting the more rigid rule of the Cistercians, then recently introduced into England.

"At Christmas," therefore, says Burton, "the Archbishop, being at Ripon, assigned to these monks some land in the patrimony of St. Peter, about three miles west of that place, for the erecting of a monastery. The spot of ground had never been inhabited, unless by wild beasts, being overgrown with wood and brambles, lying between two steep hills and rocks, covered with wood on all sides, more proper for a retreat for wild beasts than for the human species. . . . . Richard, the Prior of St. Mary's at York, was chosen Abbot by the monks, being the first of this Monastery of Fountains; with whom they withdrew into this uncouth desert, without any house to shelter them in that winter season, or provisions to subsist on, but entirely depending on Divine Providence. There stood a large Elm in the midst of the vale, on which they put some thatch or straw, and under that they lay, ate, and prayed; the Bishop for a time supplying them with bread, and the rivulet with drink. But it is supposed, that they soon changed the shelter of their Elm for that of seven Yew-trees growing on the declivity of the hill on the south side of the abbey; all standing at this present time [1658], except

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the largest, which was blown down about the middle of the last century. They are of an extraordinary size; the trunk of one of them is twenty-six feet six inches in circumference, at the height of three feet from the ground; and they stand so near each other as to form a cover almost equal to a thatched roof. Under these trees, we are told by tradition, the monks resided till they built the monastery; which seems to be very probable, if we consider how little a Yew-tree increases in a year, and to what a bulk these are grown." — BURTON, *Monast.*, fol. 141.

We have Pennant's measurement of one of these trees, taken in 1770, giving it a diameter of eight feet five inches, or 1,212 lines. Hence, according to De Candolle's rule, it was then 1,200 years old.

The fine Yew at Dryburgh Abbey, which is supposed to have been planted when the abbey was founded, in 1136, and which is in full health and vigor, has a trunk only twelve feet in circumference; its estimated age would, therefore, be less than 600 years.

The "Ankernyke Yew," near Staines, a witness of the conference between the English Barons and King John, and in sight of which Magna Charta was signed (between Runnymede and Ankernyke house), and beneath whose shade the brutal Henry the Eighth first saw gospel light in Anna Boleyn's eyes, measures twenty-seven feet eight inches in circumference, and should therefore be 1,100 years old, which is about the age that tradition assigns to it. The trunk of the "Darley Yew" in Derbyshire, having a mean diameter of nine feet five inches, would, by this rule, be 1,356 years old. The Yew in Tisbury church-yard, Dorsetshire, the trunk of which measures thirty-seven feet in circumference, would now be almost 1,600 years old. The same computation, applied to the "superannuated Yew-tree of Braburne church-yard, Kent," which, by the measurements of Evelyn himself, and of Sir George Carteret, was fifty-eight feet eleven inches in circumference, in the year 1660, would give it the respectable age of 2,540 years at that time! This tree has long ago disappeared. But it did not greatly exceed in size the Yew still extant in Fortingal church-yard, in Perthshire, Scotland, situated in a wild district among the Grampian Mountains, which forms a good collateral witness to the credibility of Evelyn's account. The trunk of the "Fortingal Yew" was fifty-two feet in circumference, when

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measured by the Hon. Daines Barrington in 1769;* or fifty-six feet six inches, according to Pennant's somewhat later measurement;† the discrepancy being, no doubt, attributable to the fact, that the two measurements were taken at different heights. In Barrington's time, the surface was nearly entire at the base, although upon one side all the interior had decayed. Afterwards, the cavity reached the opposite surface; and the trunk at length separated into two distinct semicircular portions, dead and decaying within, but alive and growing at the circumference, between which the rustic funeral processions were long accustomed to pass, on their way to the grave. In this condition, it is figured by Strutt, as the first illustration of his *Sylva Scotica;* but he has omitted to inform us when the sketch was taken. We suspect, that it represents the tree as it appeared more than fifty years ago; for, if we rightly apprehend the account given by the excellent Dr. Neill of Edinburgh, who visited the place in the summer of 1833, one of these half-trunks has now disappeared, with the exception of some decayed portions that scarcely rise above the soil; but the other, which still shoots forth branches from the summit, "gives a diameter of more than fifteen feet; so that it is easy to conceive, that the circumference of the bole, when entire, should have exceeded fifty feet." "Considerable spoliations," Dr. Neill further observes, "have evidently been committed on the tree since 1769; large arms have been removed, and masses of the trunk itself carried off by the country people, with the view of forming *quechs*, or drinking-cups, and other relics, which visiters were in the habit of purchasing. Happily, further depredations have been prevented by means of an iron rail, which now surrounds the sacred spot; and this venerable Yew, which, in all probability, was a flourishing tree at the commencement of the Christian era, may yet survive for centuries to come."‡

But we must not forget the typical representatives of the class of Coniferous trees, the stately Pines and Firs; several species of which attain a great size, and especially an unexampled height. Indeed, their mode of growth—their straight, regularly tapering trunks, carried steadily upwards by the

* *Phil. Trans.*, LIX., p. 37.
† *Tours in Scotland*, in Pinkerton's *Gen. Coll.*, Vol. III.
‡ Jameson's *Edinb. Phil. Jour.* (1833), XV. p, .343.

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continued prolongation of the leading shoot, as well as the small lateral extension of their branches — is extremely favorable to loftiness of stature, and to full development in the midst of the forest. In such trees our own country abounds. We need not dwell upon so familiar an object as our own White Pine, which, like Saul, "from his shoulders upwards, higher than any of the people," lifts its kingly form above its forest-brethren, to the altitude of from one hundred and fifty to at least one hundred and eighty feet.

> "Not a prince,
> In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
> E'er wore his crown as loftily, as he
> Wears his green coronal of leaves."

The White Pine is, *par excellence*, a New England tree, and has ever been identified with our commercial prosperity. The colonists of Massachusetts Bay, at a very early period, selected it as their cognizance, and when they first assumed the rights of a free people, they stamped its image on their coins. It does not seem to flourish on foreign soil; as we infer from Loudon's description, and the ill-favored figure which he gives as an illustration of its general appearance in English parks and pleasure-grounds;* no less than from Gilpin's complaint of its "*meagreness* in foliage."†

Yet even the White Pine is overtopped by the Douglas Spruce (*Pinus Douglasi*), which forms the principal part of the gloomy forests of Oregon. The extraordinary height which this species attains was first recorded by Lewis and Clarke; who state, that the trunk is very commonly twenty-seven, and often thirty-six feet, in circumference, at six feet above the earth's surface; and rises to the height of two hundred and thirty feet, — one hundred and twenty of that height without a limb. One which was measured by a member of their party is said to have been forty-two feet in girth, at a height beyond the reach of an ordinary man, and was estimated to reach the altitude of three hundred feet!‡

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* *Arb. Brit.*, IV., p. 2881, f. 2196.

† *Forest Scenery*, I., p. 87. — The natural and economical history of this important tree has already been fully recorded on the pages of this Journal. Vol. XLIV., p. 339, and Vol. LVIII., p. 300.

‡ *History of the Expedition of Lewis and Clarke*, II., p. 155. — More surprising still, and, as to the height compared with the diameter of the trunk, to us nearly incredible, is their account of a fallen tree of the same species on Wappatoo Island, which, they state, "measured 318 feet in length, although its diameter was only three feet!" — *Op. cit.*, II., p. 225.

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This account, so far as respects the general height of the tree, has been amply confirmed by succeeding travellers, and especially by that enterprising botanist, the late Mr. Douglas, whose name the species bears, and to whom its discovery is generally attributed.* Mr. Douglas was really the first to make known the Lambert Pine (*Pinus Lambertiana*) to the scientific world; a species which grows on the southern frontiers of the Oregon Territory and in Northern California: the height of which is the more extraordinary, as the trees do not form a thick forest, but are rather sparsely scattered over the plains. To give our readers some idea of the hardships which this indefatigable collector endured, and the risks at which our nurseries have been stocked with the trees, and our gardens with the now familiar flowers of Oregon and California, we extract from the Journal of Douglas a portion of the account of his visit to a group of these Lambert Pinĕs; merely remarking, that it seems to afford a fair specimen of the perils which he continually incurred. Poor fellow! to have the life at last stamped out of him by a mad bullock in a pit, while pursuing his researches upon one of the Sandwich Islands!

"*Thursday, the 25th.* Weather dull, cold, and cloudy. When my friends in England are made acquainted with my travels, I fear they will think that I have told them nothing but my miseries. This may be very true; but I now know, as they may do also, if they choose to come here on such an expedition, that the objects of which I am in quest cannot be obtained without labor, anxiety of mind, and no small risk of personal safety, of which latter statement my this day's adventures are an instance. I quitted my camp early in the morning, to survey the neighbouring country, leaving my guide to take charge of the horses until my return in the evening, when I found that he had done as I wished, and in the interval dried some wet paper which I had desired him to put in order. About an hour's walk from my camp, I met an Indian, who, on perceiving me, instantly strung his bow, placed on his left arm a sleeve of raccoon skin, and stood on the defensive. Being quite satisfied that this conduct was prompted by fear, and not by hostile intentions, the poor fellow having probably never seen such a being as myself before, I laid my gun at my feet, on the ground, and waved my

* We have not found Lewis and Clarke's account anywhere cited or alluded to, except by the accurate (former) editor of the *American Almanac*, in the volume for 1838, p. 108.

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hand for him to come to me, which he did, slowly and with great caution. I then made him place his bow and quiver of arrows beside my gun, and, striking a light, gave him a smoke out of my own pipe, and a present of a few beads. With my pencil I made a rough sketch of the *Cone* and *Pine-tree* which I wanted to obtain, and drew his attention to it, when he instantly pointed with his hand to the hills fifteen or twenty miles distant towards the south; and when I expressed my intention of going thither, he cheerfully set about accompanying me. At mid-day I reached my long-wished-for Pines, and lost no time in examining them, and endeavouring to collect specimens and seeds. New and strange things seldom fail to make strong impressions, and are therefore frequently overrated; so that, lest I should never again see my friends in England to inform them verbally of this most beautiful and immensely grand tree, I shall here state the dimensions of the largest I could find among several that had been blown down by the wind. At three feet from the ground, its circumference is fifty-seven feet nine inches; at one hundred and thirty-four feet, seventeen feet five inches; the extreme length two hundred and forty-five feet.* The trunks are uncommonly straight, and the bark remarkably smooth, for such large timber, of a whitish or light-brown color, and yielding a great quantity of bright amber gum. The tallest stems are generally unbranched for two thirds of the height of the tree; the branches rather pendulous, with cones hanging from their points, like sugar-loaves in a grocer's shop. These cones are, however, only seen on the loftiest trees, and the putting myself in possession of three of these (all I could obtain) nearly brought my life to a close. As it was impossible either to climb the tree or hew it down, I endeavoured to knock off the cones by firing at them with ball, when the report of my gun brought eight Indians, all of them painted with red earth, armed with bows, arrows, bone-tipped spears, and flint knives. They appeared anything but friendly. I endeavoured to explain to them what I wanted, and they seemed satisfied, and sat down to smoke; but presently I perceived one of them string his bow, and another

* We take this to be the correct account. But, by an error in copying, as we suppose, the length of this same tree is given at only *two hundred and fifteen feet*, in the memoir inserted in the 16th volume of the *Transactions of the Linnæan Society;* whence it has been copied into Lambert's great work on the Pines, Loudon's *Arboretum*, the *American Almanac* for 1838, and Hooker's *Flora Boreali-Americana*. There is another apparent discrepancy between the two accounts. In the *Linnæan Transactions*, the timber is said to be "white, soft, and light." In his Journal, Douglas says, the wood of the large tree he examined was "remarkably fine-grained and heavy."

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sharpen his flint-knife with a pair of wooden pincers, and suspend it on the wrist of the right hand. Further testimony of their intentions was unnecessary. To save myself by flight was impossible; so, without hesitation, I stepped back about five paces, cocked my gun, drew one of the pistols out of my belt, and holding it in my left hand and the gun in my right, showed myself determined to fight for my life. As much as possible I endeavoured to preserve my coolness, and thus we stood looking at one another without making any movement or uttering a word for perhaps ten minutes, when one, at last, who seemed the leader, gave a sign that they wished for some tobacco: this I signified that they should have, if they fetched me a quantity of cones. They went off immediately in search of them, and no sooner were they all out of sight, than I picked up my three cones and some twigs of the trees, and made the quickest possible retreat, hurrying back to my camp, which I reached before dusk. The Indian who last undertook to be my guide to the trees, I sent off before gaining my encampment, lest he should betray me. How irksome is the darkness of night to one under my present circumstances! I cannot speak a word to my guide, nor have I a book to divert my thoughts, which are continually occupied with the dread lest the hostile Indians should trace me hither, and make an attack; I now write lying on the grass, with my gun cocked beside me, and penning these lines by the light of my *Columbian candle*, namely, an ignited piece of rosiny wood." — *Compan. to Bot. Mag.*, II., pp. 130, 131.

It is to be regretted, although, under the circumstances, it is by no means surprising, that Mr. Douglas did not secure, at the time, complete *data* for ascertaining the age of the prostrate trunk he measured, which, as he states, was certainly not the largest he saw. But in a block from a smaller trunk, of the same species, sent to England, "there are fifty-six annual layers in a space of four and a half inches next the outside." If we suppose the large tree to have grown at an equivalent rate throughout, it must have been 1,400 years old when overthrown. But if it grew during the first century at the average rate of our White Pine for the same period, the estimate would be reduced to 1,100 years; which is probably much beneath the truth.

But the most stately tree in North America — apparently an evergreen species of *Taxodium* or American Cypress — was subsequently observed by Douglas in Upper California. "This tree," he says, "gives the mountains a most peculiar,

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I was almost going to say, awful appearance, — something which plainly tells that we are not in Europe. I have repeatedly measured specimens of this tree, two hundred and seventy feet long, and thirty-two feet round at three feet above the ground. Some few I saw upwards of three hundred feet high."* Truly, these are trees,

> " to equal which the tallest pine,
> Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
> Of some great ammiral, were but a wand."

This naturally brings us to the proper North American Cypress (*Taxodium distichum*); one of the largest and most remarkable trees of our Southern States, but which appears to attain its most ample development in the *tierras templadas* of Mexico. Bartram gives a characteristic description of the tree.

" It generally grows in the water, or in low, flat lands, near the banks of great rivers and lakes, that are covered great part of the year with two or three feet depth of water; and that part of the trunk which is subject to be under water, and four or five feet higher up, is greatly enlarged by prodigious buttresses, or pilasters, which, in full-grown trees, project out on every side to such a distance, that several men might easily hide themselves in the hollows between. Each pilaster terminates under ground in a very large, strong, serpentine root, which strikes off and branches every way just under the surface of the earth; and from these roots grow woody cones, called Cypress-knees, four, five, and six feet high, and from six to eighteen inches and two feet in diameter at their bases. The large ones are hollow, and serve very well for bee-hives! A small space of the tree itself is hollow, nearly as high as the buttresses already mentioned. From this place the tree, as it were, takes another beginning, forming a great, straight column, eighty or ninety feet high; when it divides every way around into an extensive, flat, horizontal top, like an umbrella, where eagles have their secure nests, and cranes and storks their temporary resting-places. And what adds to the magnificence of their appearance is the streamers of *long moss* that hang from the lofty limbs, and float in the winds." — Bartram's *Travels through Carolina, Georgia, etc.*, p. 91.

In favorable situations, the tree sometimes attains the height of one hundred and twenty, or one hundred and forty

* Journal of Douglas's Second Visit to the Columbia, &c., in Hooker, *Compan. to Bot. Mag.*, II., p. 150.

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feet, and a circumference of from twenty to forty feet, when measured quite above the singularly dilated base. This is scarcely exceeded by the largest of the celebrated Cypresses in the gardens of Chapoltepec, at Mexico, called the "Cypress of Montezuma," and which was already a remarkable tree in the palmy days of that unfortunate monarch, three and a half centuries ago. The girth of its trunk is forty-one feet, according to Mr. Ward *, or about forty-five, according to Mr. Exter; but its height is so great in proportion, that the whole mass appears light and graceful.

But this tree is greatly surpassed by the famous *Ahuehuete* (the Mexican name for the species) of the village of Atlisco, in the intendancy of Puebla, which was first described by Lorenzana, from personal observation. The worthy Archbishop says, that "the cavity of the trunk" — for the tree is hollow — "might contain twelve or thirteen men on horseback; and that, in the presence of the most illustrious Archbishop of Guatemala and the Bishop of Puebla, more than a hundred boys entered it." † The girth of the trunk, according to Humboldt, is a little over twenty-three metres, or seventy-six English feet, and the diameter of the cavity about sixteen feet. ‡

Still more gigantic — the Nestor of the race, if not of the whole vegetable kingdom — is the Cypress which stands in the church-yard of the village of Santa Maria del Tule, in the intendancy of Oaxaca, two and a half leagues east of that city, on the road to Guatemala by the way of Tehuantepec. In its neighbourhood there are five or six other trees of the kind, which are nearly as large as the "Cypress of Montezuma," but which this one as much surpasses, as that does the ordinary denizens of the forest. We possess three independent measurements of this enormous trunk. The first is that given by Humboldt, who states, probably on the authority of his informant, M. Anza, that the trunk is thirty-six metres (one hundred and eighteen English feet) in circumference. In the year 1827, Mr. Poinsett, then our minister at the court of Mexico, transmitted to the American Philosophical Society, at Philadelphia, a cord

* *Travels in Mexico*, II., p. 230.

† Note to the Third Despatch of Cortes. This note is not found in Mr. Folsom's translation.

‡ *Essai Polit. Nouv. Esp.*, ed. 2, II., p. 54.

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which represented the exact circumference of this tree. Its extraordinary length naturally excited some doubts as to the correctness of the measurement; and immediate application was made to Mr. Poinsett for further particulars. He accordingly transmitted a communication from Mr. Exter, an English traveller who had just returned from Oaxaca, and who had carefully examined the tree in question. Mr. Exter's letter was afterwards published in Loudon's "Magazine of Natural History"; and a French translation, accompanied by some interesting comments by the younger De Candolle, appeared in the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, for 1831.* According to Mr. Exter's measurement, the trunk is forty-six *varas* — one hundred and twenty-two English feet — in circumference; which is nearly in accordance with Humboldt's account. In neither case is the height at which the trunk was measured expressly mentioned. But this point has been duly attended to by a recent scientific observer, M. Galeotti, who visited this celebrated tree in 1839 and in 1840, and whose careful measurement gives to the trunk the circumference of one hundred and five French (equal to one hundred and twelve English) feet, at the height of four feet above the surface of the soil.† The previous measurements, therefore, were taken somewhat nearer the base. The tree as yet shows no sign of decay, although it bears less foliage in proportion to its size than its younger fellows. But we find no authority for Mr. Exter's statement, that this tree was mentioned by Cortés, and that its shade once afforded shelter to his whole European army. Perhaps he has in some way confounded it in his memory with a Cypress which the *Conquistador* passed on the march to Mexico, and which is still traditionally associated with his name.‡

Mr. Exter reports, and the observations of recent travellers to some extent confirm the statement, that there are Cypresses near the ruins of Palenque, equal in size to the tree at Santa Maria del Tule. If this be so, they may claim a much higher antiquity than the ruins they overshadow. They must have witnessed the rise, the flourishing existence, the decline, and the final extinction of a race whose whole history has sunk into oblivion; while they are still alive!

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* Tom. XLVI., p. 387.

† *Bulletin de l'Acad. Roy. des Sciences de Bruxelles*, 1843, tom. X., p. 123.

‡ See Prescott's *History of the Conquest*, I., p. 404.

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By what means can we ascertain the age of large Cypress-trees? Some years since, when Professor Alphonse De Candolle — the son and worthy successor of the botanist who has rendered that name illustrious — attempted to answer this question, the only evidence within his reach was drawn from the rate at which trees of the kind had grown in France during half a century. He inferred, that the American Cypress, in its early days, increases at the rate of about a foot in diameter every fifty years; and the estimate, although surely much too low for trees planted in favorable open situations (which have even been known to add annually an inch to their diameter for a series of years, both in Europe and in the United States), is yet quite as high as our own observations will allow for those which grow in their native forests. This rate would give to the Cypress of Montezuma the age of about seven centuries, and would render that at Oaxaca scarcely coeval with the Christian era. Perhaps this is as great an age as we are warranted in assuming for the Cypress of Montezuma; but old trunks increase so much the more slowly as they advance in age, that we must certainly assign a vastly higher antiquity to the trees of Atlisco and Santa Maria del Tule. Yet far the most important element in the calculation is wanting; namely, the actual present rate of growth of these monstrous trunks, or of other old trees of the same species. In default of this essential evidence, De Candolle has instituted a comparison between these trees and the famous Baobabs of Senegal, upon which we place no great reliance, but from which he infers, that the great Cypress of Santa Maria del Tule, if really the growth of a single trunk, is from four to six thousand years old, and perhaps dates its existence as far back as the actual creation of the world.*

We trust, that the next intelligent traveller who visits this most ancient living monument, or any other Cypress of remarkable size, will not fail to complete the evidence that is needed, as the full solution of this curious problem may throw light upon some interesting questions respecting the physical history of the world. One or more lateral incisions, not at all endangering the existence of the tree, would

*Alph. De Candolle, in *Bibl. Univ.*, XLVI., p. 393. Aug. Pyr. De Candolle, *Phys. Veg.*, II., p. 1006.

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at once reveal its actual growth for the last few centuries. And if made at proper points, and carried to a sufficient depth, they might enable the judicious operator to disprove or confirm the surmise, that this huge bole may consist of the trunks of two or three original trees, long since united and blended into one. This conjecture is by no means very improbable, although there is nothing in the external appearance of the trunk to confirm it.*

Meanwhile, the Cypresses of our Southern States, although of more moderate dimensions, afford important assistance in this inquiry. It is generally known, that old trees of the kind grow very slowly; but there are no accounts on record, so far as we can learn, respecting their rate of growth. Our own observations, though not so extended as could be wished, incline us to adopt the standard which De Candolle assumed for the Yew; namely, the twelfth of an inch for the annual increase of old Cypresses in diameter, when growing in their native forests. But we would only apply this rule to trunks of large size, and with all the precautions that have already been mentioned; for the Cypress grows, or at least may grow, quite rapidly for the first century or two; but when old, it appears to increase quite as slowly as the Yew. We have counted sixty layers of the wood, in the space of an inch. A fine section of a Cypress-trunk, which grew near Wilmington, in North Carolina, now lies before us, which, on an average radius of twenty-seven inches, or diameter of fifty-four inches, exhibits six hundred and seventy annual layers. It has, therefore, grown throughout at the average rate of less than the twenty-fourth of an inch a year, measured on the radius, or the twelfth of an inch on the diameter. The trunk was thirteen inches in diameter at the expiration of its first century; and twenty-seven inches, about the close of the second; it added seven inches to its diameter during the third century, and a nearly equal amount during the fourth; and for the remaining three hundred and seventy years, it grew at a still slower, but, on the whole, nearly equable rate.

* In opposition to the remark of M. Anza, cited by Humboldt (*Essai Polit.*, the Engl. Transl., II., p. 190), we may adduce the account of Mr. Exter, and the negative testimony of M. Galeotti.

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Now it is deemed a safe mode, as we have already shown, to employ the rate of growth deduced from comparatively young trees, for the determination of the age of larger and older trunks of the same species. Not only is our estimate, in all such cases, likely to fall below the truth, but the larger the trunk in question the less the danger of exaggeration. Let us apply to the Mexican Cypresses the *data* furnished by our Wilmington tree. If the Cypress of Montezuma has grown, on the average, even a little more rapidly than the trunk before us, — has increased in diameter at the mean rate of an inch in twelve years, — it must now be fully two thousand years old. But if we suppose it to have grown at twelve times this rate (which is the *maximum* for young Cypresses under the most favorable circumstances), during the whole of the first century, we should thereby reduce the estimated age to a thousand years. By the same computation, the Cypress at Atlisco would be 3,480 years old ; or 2,390 years, if we allow it the *maximum* rate of growth for the first century. So, likewise, the great Cypress at Santa Maria del Tule would be 5,124 years of age, or 4,024 years, with the aforesaid deduction. The latter accords perfectly with De Candolle's *minimum* estimate ; and is the lowest age that, in the present state of our knowledge, can possibly be assigned to this prodigious tree, upon the supposition that its trunk is really single.

We are obliged to pass unnoticed those trees of unknown species, but of surprising size, which the learned and enthusiastic Professor Martius visited in the interminable woods that border the Amazon, and of which he has recently published such a spirited account.* Their trunks were so huge, that the outstretched arms of fifteen men were required to grasp them ; and so lofty, as to mock every effort for obtaining even a leaf or flower, by which the species might be determined. As to their age, Martius offers only a conjectural estimate.

The Baobab, or Monkey-Bread (*Adansonia digitata*), of Senegal and the Cape de Verde islands, has long afforded the most celebrated instances of vegetable longevity. The tree is remarkable for the small height which it attains, com-

* *Flora Brasiliensis*, Tab. Physiog., IX. ; "*Arbores ante Christum natum enatæ.*"

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pared with the diameter of the trunk or the length of its branches. Trunks which are seventy or eighty feet in circumference rise to the height of only ten or twelve feet, when they divide into a great number of extremely large branches, fifty or sixty feet in length, which, spreading widely in every direction, form a hemisphere or hillock of verdure, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and only seventy in elevation. To this peculiarity, rather than to the nature of the wood, which is light and soft, the great longevity of the tree is probably owing, its form opposing an effectual resistance to the tempests which would overthrow ordinary trees. Its roots spread in a similar manner beneath the surface of the soil. When laid bare by a torrent that had washed away the earth, they have been traced to a distance of more than a hundred feet without reaching their extremity. The history of these Baobabs, possibly of the very trees which Adanson's account has rendered famous, reaches back to the discovery of that part of the African coast, and of the Cape de Verde islands, by Cadamosto, in 1455 ; who, in his narrative, mentions the singular disproportion between the height and the girth of these trees.* But they were first fully described by the French naturalist Adanson, who examined them about a century ago. The largest trunks that Adanson measured were eighty-five feet in circumference, or twenty-seven in diameter. Golberry is said to have measured one that was over a hundred feet in girth. Quite recently, M. Perrottet has met with many Baobabs in Senegambia, varying from sixty to ninety feet in circumference, yet still in a green old age, and showing no signs of decrepitude. There can be no doubt, therefore, respecting the prodigious size which these trees attain ; and there is great reason to believe, that they are among the oldest denizens of our planet. Indeed, their age is plausibly estimated at five or six thousand years ! And the younger De Candolle has placed so much confidence in this estimate, that he has employed it as a standard of comparison, in the case of the Mexican Cypresses which we have just considered. If the evidence were really as

* "*Arbores vero ibi sunt tantæ magnitudinis, ut earum ambitus sit pedum XVII., licet eminentia altitudinis non quadret magnitudini ; non enim altius tolluntur quam pedes XX.*," *etc.* Aloys. Cadamusti *Navig.*, c. XLIII., in Grynæus, *Nov. Orb.*, p. 45.

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direct as is generally thought, we could interpose no serious objection to such a conclusion. But a critical examination proves, that the whole account given by recent writers, upon Adanson's authority, is strangely at variance with his own statements.

The current narrative is substantially and briefly as follows: — that Adanson observed, at the Madelaine islands, near Cape de Verde, some Baobab-trees of thirty feet in diameter, upon the trunks of which he found inscriptions that had been made by former visiters three centuries before; that, by cutting through three hundred annual layers, he discovered the vestiges of these inscriptions upon the wood, thus proving that they were actually made at the date assigned; that, by measuring the thickness of these layers, he ascertained the actual increase of the trunk during the last three centuries; that, having thus obtained the rate of growth in old age, and having, by actual inspection of young trunks, learned the rate of growth during the first hundred years, he deduced from these combined *data* the almost inevitable conclusion, that the trees in question were five or six thousand years old.*

Let us compare this with Adanson's own statements, from which it purports to have been taken. His first account, which comprises all the principal facts in the case, is given in the *Voyage au Sénégal*, prefixed to his volume on the natural history of that country, which was published soon after his return to France, in 1753. Adanson simply relates, that, on his visit to the Madelaine islands, he found Baobab-trees of *five or six feet in diameter*, which bore European names and dates, deeply engraven upon the bark. Two of these he took the trouble to renew, one of which was dated in the fifteenth, the other in the sixteenth century. The characters were about six inches in length, and as in breadth they occupied but a small part of the circumference of the trunk, Adanson reasonably inferred, that they were not engraven in the early youth of these trees. He had previously seen, on the island of Senegal, trees of the kind, which were sixty-three and sixty-five feet in circumference; but *he does not intimate that he inspected the layers of wood in any case.* He merely remarks, that these inscriptions

* See Alph. De Candolle, in *Bibl. Univ.*, XLVI., p. 389. Aug. Pyr. De Candolle, *Phys. Veg.*, II., p. 1003. Moquin-Tandon, *Teratol. Veg.*, p. 107.

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might furnish some evidence respecting the age which the Baobabs sometimes attained; "For," says he, "if we suppose that the inscriptions were engraven even in the early years of these trees, and that they have grown to six feet in diameter in the course of *two* centuries, we may calculate how many centuries they would require to attain the full diameter of twenty-five feet."* Soon afterwards, Adanson communicated to the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris, a full account of the Baobab; which was published in the volume of Memoirs of that society for the year 1761; and, lastly, he wrote the article "Baobab" for the supplement to the great French Encyclopædia, published in the year 1776. These accounts, although more detailed, embody no essential additions to what has already been given. He says, that the trees in question were two in number, upon the bark of which the names of Europeans were engraved, with dates, some posterior to the year 1600; and others, as far back as 1555, were probably the work of those who accompanied Thevet, who, in his voyage to Antarctic lands, saw some of these trees that same year.† Some of the dates appeared to be anterior to 1500, but these were somewhat equivocal. Neglecting, therefore, the indistinct dates in the fourteenth century, continues Adanson, and even allowing that the inscriptions were made when the trees were very young, which is highly improbable, as they occupied less than an eighth of the entire circumference, it is evident, that, if the Baobab has attained six feet in diameter between 1555 and 1749, that is, in two hundred years, it would require more than eight centuries to attain the diameter of twenty-five feet, supposing the growth to continue at a uniform rate. But Adanson goes on to say, that trees grow the more slowly as they advance in age; so that such an estimate would fall below the truth. As to its rate of growth when young, he

* *Voyage au Sénégal*, Paris, 1757, p. 66.

† "*Aupres du promontoire Verd, y a trois petites isles prochaines de terre ferme, autres que celles, que nous appellõs Isles de Cap Verd, dont nous parlerons cy apres, assez belles, pour les beaux arbres, qu'elles produisent; toutesfois elles ne sont habitées. . . . En l'une de ces isles se trouve un arbre, lequel porte feuilles semblables à celles de noz figuiers; le fruit est lõg de deux pieds ou environ, et gros en proportion*," etc. Thevet, *Singularités de la France Antarctique*: Anvers, 1558, p. 18. Thevet proceeds to describe the fruit, its edible character, its furnishing food for monkeys, &c., so as to leave no doubt as to its being a Baobab; and the rude woodcut which he has appended confirms his statement.

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states, that the tree acquires the diameter of an inch or an inch and a half in the first year; the diameter of a foot in ten years, and about a foot and a half in thirty years; but so far from having extended these *data*, and employed them in the manner which is attributed to him, he says, that, although it might be desirable thus to employ them, a sound geometry teaches that they are quite insufficient for the purpose. Hence, instead of attempting any precise determination, he merely offers the probable conjecture, that these largest Baobabs may have been in existence several thousand years, or nearly from the period of the universal deluge; which would give them a claim to be considered the most ancient living monuments in the world.*

We cannot learn, that Adanson ever made any further statements upon the subject; and, as he never revisited the African coast, he cannot have collected additional facts. His original writings plainly show, that he never pretended to have obtained the *data* and made the estimates which have so long been attributed to him. To whom belongs the credit of falsifying his testimony we are unable to ascertain, as the authors above-mentioned do not cite their immediate authority; — perhaps to one M. Duchesne, whose name the elder De Candolle has casually alluded to, as having drawn up a table, exhibiting the diameter of the Baobab at different periods, doubtless upon the very plan that Adanson pointed out and condemned. We are only surprised, that such accurate and judicious writers as the De Candolles, father and son, should have relied upon second-hand authorities in any case where the originals were accessible, and especially in what they term "the most celebrated case of extreme longevity that has yet been observed with precision."†

We close our enumeration, already too protracted, with a case of longevity, perhaps transcending that of the oldest Baobabs, or of the Mexican Cypresses; namely, the famous Dragon-tree (*Dracœna Draco*) of the city of Orotava, in Teneriffe. This tree has been visited by many compe-

* *Mém. Acad. Sciences*, 1761, p. 231; and *Encycl. Suppl.*, Vol. I., p. 798.

† A passage which has met our eye in Mirbel's *Elémens de Physiologie Végétale*, I., p. 116, shows, that no such *data* as those which have been, as we suppose, falsely assumed, were known to that author down to the year 1815.

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tent observers; and among others, by that prince of scientific travellers, the veteran Humboldt, who has given a good figure of it, as it appeared about seventy years ago, from a drawing made by M. Ozonne in 1776. A later and much fuller account was published about twenty years since, by M. Berthelot,* who has assiduously devoted many years to the study of the civil and natural history of the Canary islands; and a fine figure of the mutilated trunk, as it appeared after the terrible storm of the 21st of July, 1819, forms one of the most striking pictorial illustrations of that elaborate and excellent work, the *Histoire Naturelle des Iles Canaries*, by P. Barker Webb, Esq., and M. Berthelot.

The trunk is by no means equal in size to some of the trees already noticed. It is only fifty feet in girth at the base, and not more than sixty or seventy in elevation. But, at the discovery of Teneriffe in 1402, nearly four and a half centuries ago, this Dragon-tree was nearly as large as at the present day, and had been immemorially an object of veneration among the *Guanches*. After the conquest, at the close of the fifteenth century, the trunk was employed as a boundary in dividing the lands, and as such is mentioned in ancient documents. It had changed very little since that period, except that the centre had been hollowed by slow decay, until the summer of 1819, when a third of its spreading top was carried away by a tempest. But it still continues to vegetate; and its remaining branches are still annually crowned, — as they have been each returning autumn, perhaps for *hundreds of centuries*, with its beautiful clusters of white, lily-like blossoms, — emblems of "the eternal youth of nature."

The Dragon-tree, like its allies, the Palms, and unlike ordinary trees, does not increase in diameter by annual concentric layers. The usual means of investigation are here of no account; and, apart from historic evidence, we can only form a somewhat conjectural estimate of the age of this celebrated trunk, by a comparison with young trees of the same species; which are known to grow with extreme slowness. M. Berthelot, who has attempted the comparison under the most favorable circumstances, — having lived many years upon the island, — declares, that the calculations which

* In *Nova Acta Acad. Nat. Cur.*, XIII., (1827,) p. 781.

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he has made, upon the supposition that the trunk has increased in size even at the rate of young Dragon-trees up to within the last eight hundred or one thousand years, have more than once *confounded his imagination.* We cannot but assign the very highest antiquity to a tree like this, which the storms and casualties of four centuries have scarcely changed.

Upon the whole, we cannot resist the conclusion, that many trees have far survived what we are accustomed to consider their habitual duration; — that even in Europe, where man has so often and so extensively changed the face of the soil, as his wants or caprices have dictated, some trees, favored by fortune, have escaped destruction for at least one or two thousand years; while in other, and particularly in some tropical countries, either on account of a more favorable climate, or because they have been more respected, or haply more neglected, by the inhabitants, a few may with strong probability be traced back to twice that period; and, perhaps, almost to that epoch which the monuments both of history and geology seem to indicate as that of the last great revolution of the earth's surface. After making every reasonable allowance for errors of observation and too sanguine inference, and assuming, in the more extraordinary cases, those estimates which give *minimum* results, we must still regard some of these trees, not only as the oldest inhabitants of the globe, but as more ancient than any human monument, — as exhibiting a *living* antiquity, compared with which the mouldering relics of the earliest Egyptian civilization, the pyramids themselves, are but structures of yesterday.

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Art. IX. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *The Literary Remains of the late Willis Gaylord Clark.* Nos. 1, 2, and 3. New York. 1844. 8vo.

These three numbers of Mr. Clark's writings contain a series of essays and sketches, under the rather fantastic title of "Olla-podiana," which were originally published in the Knickerbocker. They are written in a free and flowing style, merry and sad by turns, now in the sunshine and now in the shade, but always with an under-current of deep feeling, in which there are no impurities. Occasionally, poems, sometimes original and at others selected, are introduced, showing the taste and graceful power of the author, and the habitual tendency of his mind toward the beautiful. Indeed, we think Mr. Clark a better poet than prose writer. The whole tone of his mind is highly poetical, and his thoughts continually flow into rhythm, if not into rhyme. The following poem is full of melancholy tenderness; and is remarkable alike for the expression it wears of sincere, deep-seated grief, and for the mournful melody of its verse.

"DIRGE IN AUTUMN.

"'T is an autumnal eve, — the low winds sighing
To wet leaves, rustling as they hasten by;
The eddying gusts to tossing waves replying,
And ebon darkness filling all the sky;
The moon, pale mistress, palled in solemn vapor,
The rack, swift-wandering through the void above,
As I, a dreamer by my lonely taper,
Send back to faded hours the plaint of love.

"Blossoms of peace, once in my pathway springing,
Where have your brightness and your splendor gone?
And *thou*, whose voice to me came sweet as singing,
What region holds thee, in the vast *unknown?*
What star far brighter than the rest contains thee,
Beloved, departed, — empress of my heart?
What bond of full beatitude enchains thee,
In realms unveiled by pen, or prophet's art?

"Ah! loved and lost! in these autumnal hours,
When fairy colors deck the painted tree,
When the vast woodlands seem a sea of flowers,
O, then, my soul, exulting, bounds to thee!
Springs, as to clasp thee yet in *this* existence,
Yet to behold thee at my lonely side;
But the fond vision melts at once to distance,
And my sad heart gives echo, — *she has died!*

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"Yes! when the morning of her years was brightest,
That angel-presence into dust went down;
While yet with rosy dreams her rest was lightest,
Death for the olive wove the cypress crown;
Sleep, which no waking knows, o'ercame her bosom,
O'ercame her large, bright, spiritual eyes;
Spared in her bower connubial one fair blossom,—
Then bore her spirit to the upper skies.

"There let me meet her, when, life's struggles over,
The pure in love and thought their faith renew;
Where earth's forgiving and redeeming Lover
Spreads out his paradise to every view.
Let the dim autumn, with its leaves descending,
Howl on the winter's verge,—yet spring will come:
So my freed soul, no more 'gainst fate contending,
With all it loveth, shall regain its home."

All Mr. Clark's friends (and few men have had more or warmer ones) will welcome this volume, as a mirror of his mind, of his quaintness, his humor, his pathos, his easy, careless manner, his disregard of conventionalities, and, above all, of his gentle, humane, and generous heart.

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2. — *An Elementary Treatise on Mineralogy; comprising an Introduction to the Science;* by William Phillips, F. L. S. Fifth Edition, from the Fourth London Edition, by Robert Allan; containing the latest Discoveries in American and Foreign Mineralogy; with numerous Additions to the Introduction. By Francis Alger, Member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co. 1844. 8vo. pp. 662.

The increasing attention paid to mineralogy, both in Europe and our own country, has created a demand for elementary treatises on this fascinating branch of science, which has been met by several of our accomplished mineralogists in a manner of which we have just reason to be proud. To Professor Cleaveland, of Brunswick, belongs the honor of having been the first to prepare a work, which, while it gained for him an enviable reputation in Europe, as well as at home, allured many to the study of the science, and gave an impetus to its prosecution which is still felt. The number of students who have engaged with ardor in mineralogical researches has been constantly increasing, and discoveries of new, beautiful, and valuable miner-

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als, in all parts of the United States, have been most rapid and numerous. European cabinets are now rich in American specimens, while many of the collections in the public institutions in this country are rarely surpassed, even in places where the science has been cultivated for a much longer period.

In 1822, a second edition of Professor Cleaveland's highly popular work appeared, and the call for a third was soon made, though we regret to say, that the author has not as yet found time to respond to it, in consequence, no doubt, of the arduous duties of his professorship. We trust, however, that the appearance of the works of Mr. Dana and Mr. Alger will not induce him to abandon the completion of his third edition, upon which, it is understood, he has been engaged whenever his official duties and health have permitted.

In his Preface, Mr. Alger informs us, that, in consequence of Professor Cleaveland's work "having been long out of print, there had been for some time an urgent call in this country for an elementary system," and that he at first contemplated a work on the basis of Dr. Thomson's, but relinquished the idea "on learning that Professor Webster had been engaged in the same labor, and had actually prepared a volume on the basis of Dr. Thomson's and Phillips's, which was even publicly announced as in the press." Learning, however, after some time, that the publisher, who had announced the work as in his press, had suspended its publication, Mr. Alger deemed the call for such a work so general and urgent, that he resumed his task, and the work before us is the result. He might almost have called his book an original one, as he has made so many and so important changes, corrections, and additions in that which he has taken as a basis.

Mr. Phillips's treatise has long been in the hands of mineralogists, and after his death, an edition was edited by Allan, who made many additions and improvements, though it was still left in an imperfect state. In the present edition, Mr. Alger has supplied many deficiencies, corrected many errors, given new measurements of crystals, new chemical analyses, and made most valuable additions to the introductory chapters. Especially has he enhanced the value and utility of this part of the work by the revision of the whole subject of crystallography, and the intelligible manner in which he has explained the new doctrines of Pseudomorphism, Isomorphism, and Dimorphism, of which so little was known when Mr. Phillips prepared his last edition, and which were entirely overlooked by Mr. Allan.

The value of the work is also enhanced by the introduction of the symbolic characters and mineralogical formulæ of Dr.

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Thomson, for which purpose it was necessary to make a new arrangement of the introductory sections on the metals and other simple bodies, and "to express their atomic relations to each other, according to the system of equivalents which had been arrived at by the investigations of Drs. Thomson and Prout." The student will find the tabular form into which these have been thrown, and the illustrations of their uses, of great convenience.

The volume exhibits, throughout, evidences of great labor and research. The discoveries and results contained in it were to be collected and deduced from numerous periodical journals, from the memoirs of societies, and from treatises in various languages, of all which Mr. Alger has faithfully availed himself. He has profited by the skill and learning of two of our eminent men of science, Mr. Teschemacher and Mr. Hayes, whose crystallographical and analytical examinations of a great number of the substances described greatly enhance the value of the work.

Among the new minerals described by Mr. Alger is a remarkable borate of lime from Peru, to which he has given the name *Hayerine*, a deserved compliment to the analytical skill of the accomplished chemist who first ascertained its chemical composition. The very rare and beautiful mineral, hitherto found only in Siberia, and of which but a single specimen had been met with, the *Pyrrhite*, appears likely to become better known, having, as we learn at page 625, been discovered in the Azores by Professor Webster. Among the new minerals, a pure magnesian alum is described, from Peru, to which the name *Pickeringite* has been given, in honor of the President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Mr. Alger has shown great fairness and impartiality in his notices of the discoveries of American minerals, and collected many facts of interest connected with them. Of this we have an example in the note on page 145, in relation to an interesting species which occurs in New Jersey, *Condrodite* or *Brucite*, than which, remarks Mr. Alger, "there is no mineral in the whole range of the science that offers a more interesting history, considered in reference to its chemical nature; and it is to American mineralogists and chemists, that we owe our most important knowledge concerning it." We are compelled to refer the reader to the work for a particular account of it, and we would also direct his attention to the history of the beautiful chrysoberyl of Hadham.

In the general arrangement of the book, Mr. Alger does not appear to have made much change; but he has occasionally

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transferred a species from one class to another, when the alteration was necessary in consequence of new and more accurate analyses; and for the same reason, "substances described as distinct species have been united with others, or introduced only as varieties." Of these, a list is given in the Preface. The new matter introduced rather exceeds three hundred pages, or nearly one half the whole volume. Besides the additions already mentioned, we should point to the articles upon cupellation, the action of acids, the atomic constitution of minerals, and the tables of specific gravities and hardness.

The book is very fully illustrated by figures of crystalline forms, executed with great neatness. It is printed upon good paper, and in a manner that deserves especial notice in this age of "opthalmic type." We have no doubt, that this edition of a treatise so well known and deservedly popular will soon be taken up and another be demanded, and that it will be generally adopted as a text-book in all our institutions where the science is taught.

3.— *Waldemar, surnamed Seir, or the Victorious;* translated from the Danish of B. S. INGEMANN, by a Lady. In three volumes. London: Saunders & Otley. 1841. 8vo.

WITHIN a few years, the attention of most modern nations has been earnestly attracted to their early history, and to the ancient monuments of their languages. Bishop Percy's collection of English ballads gave the first considerable impulse to these retrospective studies; and his work, notwithstanding that it excited the ponderous ridicule of Dr. Johnson, is, by universal consent, both with regard to its intrinsic merits and the remarkable consequences that have followed its publication, one of the most important productions in modern literature. The universal popularity of Walter Scott's poems and novels, steeped as they were in the spirit of chivalry, and breathing the fire of national poetry, roused an enthusiasm all over Europe for investigating the legends, traditions, history, habits, and belief of the early and picturesque ages of the existing nations of Christendom. Poetry, romance, and even sober history, have been inspired with a new soul, have been kindled into a new life. The past has been reproduced, in works of fiction, in dramas, epic poems, and ballads, without number; and the literature of the present age, with much that is crude, wild, and extravagant in thought, fantastic in expression, and imperfect in plan or execution, has the elements of popular and vigorous life, and contrasts, as to

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essential interest and value, most favorably with the literature of a century ago.

Germany and the North of Europe have been deeply moved by this new spirit. The rich and picturesque materials to be found in the heroic history of the Middle Ages have been eagerly sought, and laboriously worked up into all the forms of literary composition. The vast treasures of mediæval poetry,— the works of Wolfram von Eschenbach, Walther von der Vogelweide; the poems of the Minnesingers and the Meistersingers; the "Book of Heroes" and the "Lay of the Nibelungen"; old ballads and old chronicles innumerable, in Germany; the Kaempeviser, in Denmark; the poems and traditions of Frithiof, in Sweden,— have been brought from the burial-place of ages, republished with commentaries and illustrations, translated into the modern tongues, and combined with the great body of national literature, giving it the freshness, the vigor, the passion, and the exulting glory of renewed national youth. With what exuberant riches of poetical genius has Bishop Tegnér reproduced the heroic age of the North, in his magnificent epic, the "Frithiof's Saga"! With what living reality do the mighty forms of ancient Denmark move before us in the dramas of Oehlenschläger, and the poems and novels of Ingemann!

These phenomena of modern literature have an absorbing interest; but the present is not an occasion for more than this passing allusion. The work, the title of which stands at the head of this notice, is one of the productions of the genius of the present age, roused into activity by the revival of a love for the past. Professor Ingemann, the author, is one of the most distinguished writers of Denmark, both in poetry and prose. He was born in 1789, educated at Copenhagen, and in 1822 became Professor of Æsthetics and the Danish Language in the College of Soroe. He had already excited the expectation of the public by a collection of poems, distinguished for skilful versification, profound feeling, picturesque imagery, and a free, flowing, and perspicuous style. As a lyrical poet, he ranks high among the first poets of his country; and his popular pieces, as that to the "Danebrog" (the Danish flag), have had very great success, breathing, as they do, the fiery inspiration of Northern patriotism. His epic poem, "The Black Knights," has not been very popular; but his tragedies, "Masaniello" and "Blanca," together with other dramatic works not intended for the stage, have given him, in this department of literature, a brilliant reputation. As a writer of historical romances, Ingemann has been called the Danish Walter Scott; and though he has not the vast imagination nor the copious style of Scott, he is, perhaps, superior in the

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art and skill with which his plans are formed and his stories conducted, and in the simplicity and correctness of his composition. Like Scott, he has selected national subjects, and sought the spirit of the times he has delineated more in the popular poetry, the ballads, superstitions, and quaint old chronicles, than in the formal and philosophical histories of modern writers. His mind is deeply imbued with this archaic lore, and it gives a color to all his writings. His style is marked by the simplicity, freshness, and vigor of the hearty old times in which his scenes are laid; and the graphic traits preserved in the elder poetry are wrought with beautiful taste and appropriateness into the texture of his works.

The time in which the scene of "Waldemar the Victorious" is placed is the early part of the thirteenth century, — a period that closed one of the most famous epochs in the ancient history of Denmark, and an age abounding in those strongly marked characters which must always rouse the attention and fix the interest of the reader. Chivalrous and warlike monarchs; militant ecclesiastics; knights in gorgeous armor, with numerous retinues of pages and dependents; vassals bound by feudal tenure to mighty lords, sometimes faithful to the ties of chivalry, and anon chafing under the restraint, and breaking into rebellion; the pomp and circumstance of war, and the nearly equal pomp of the tournament; the minstrel and his harp, almost reproducing the lyre and singer of the Homeric age; — these are the brilliant figures that form the many-colored and stirring panorama of the Middle Ages, — the heroic antiquity of modern Europe. The character of Waldemar, as he appears in history, his tumultuous and fiery youth, his early victories and his later reverses, his wide-spread power, and his extraordinary captivity in the castle of a traitorous vassal, Black Henrik, his "redemption thence," and all his "travels' history," his heroic and amiable personal qualities, his influence upon the fortunes of the North, as a legislator, during the peaceful closing years of his life, are most attractive materials for the writer of romance. Then the impressive contrasts created by the introduction of Christianity into Scandinivia, forcibly setting off the new converts against the still existing Pagans, and the remnants of the old superstitions, side by side with the equally extravagant, but more humane, superstitions of the Church, present a motley, but most impressive picture. In writing this romance, Ingemann has placed himself on the level of the thirteenth century. His knowledge of the antiquities and elder poetry of his country is accurate and profound. The obscure images of the remote past come forth from their dark recesses, and stand in living reality

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before us, illuminated by the light of his learning and imagination. The rich fruits of his studies are carefully and judiciously employed. His acquisitions in Scandinavian and chivalrous lore are under the guidance of an exquisite taste in the art of composition, not pedantically overloading his pages, like the wearisome minuteness of La Motte Fouqué's chivalrous details in some of his romantic tales, but introduced with the unaffected propriety, the ready skill, and the easy familiarity of one who is a contemporary of the age he portrays.

The stirring interest of the historical delineations is softened by the pictures of chivalrous love, with which Ingemann has skilfully relieved the ruder and harsher features of the characters with which he had to deal. The story of Margaret of Bohemia, the beautiful *Dagmar*, or Dayspring, of Danish song; the underplot of the imperial Beengierd, and her tragical destiny; the loves of Carl and Rigmor, are treated with the feeling of a poet, and the effective handling of an artist.

The English translation of this excellent romance can hardly be commended too much. Though published anonymously, it is known to be from the pen of an accomplished English lady, Miss Chapman. It has none of the stiffness of a translation. It reads like an original work, and yet retains the flavor of its foreign origin. Considered as a specimen of English writing, it is marked by an easy and idiomatic flow, and a high degree of finish and elegance, and will certainly hold a permanent place in the literature of the day. We hope to have other translations of imaginative works from the same racy and graceful pen. To translate a good book well is a service to literature only inferior to that of writing an equally good original work.

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4. — *A Catalogue of Greek Verbs. For the Use of Colleges.* By E. A. Sophocles, A. M. Hartford: H. Huntington. 1844. 12mo. pp. 319.

This work will be found to be one of great utility to all who seek a critical knowledge of the Greek language. It will be of especial service to students in Greek composition. The list of verbs herein illustrated is very full, and the greatest care has been taken in bringing together all the forms that occur in the classical Greek authors. The works referred to and consulted embrace the leading writers in Greek literature, and many of the most important critical works of modern scholars. In the "Remarks," which form the opening part of the volume, the

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"commutation of letters" is very curiously illustrated, and the forms of the tenses are accurately given. In the catalogue of verbs, a great amount of valuable information is presented, with the pointed and significant brevity for which the writings of Mr. Sophocles are distinguished. A great many interesting facts in comparative philology are interwoven, showing the relations between the Greek and other languages, ancient and modern, by which the laws of language are well exhibited, and many philological facts set forth in a clear and satisfactory light. The nature and use of the digamma, that stone of stumbling to scholars, are well illustrated, both from original documents and from the analogies of cognate languages. Mr. Sophocles is far from being insane on the subject; he takes a sound, rational, and critical view of it, herein differing materially from several very celebrated digammato-maniacs, whom some mysterious property in that celebrated, but obscure, Æolic cockneyism has, since the time of Bentley, bereft of their senses. It is a very singular fact, and deserves a place among the curiosities of classical literature, that a letter which the Greeks themselves, in the best ages of their literature, turned out of their alphabet without ceremony; which the Athenian editors of the Homeric poems never dreamed of inserting in those immortal rhapsodies; which in itself, and in its effect upon words into which it is introduced, is highly unmelodious and disagreeable; that such an outcast from all respectable alphabetical society should have turned the heads of great and solemn scholars, and been cockered up into such importance, that in some modern editions of Homer it plays a more distinguished part than any of its compeers; thrusting itself into all places, at the beginning and in the middle of words; gets not only before vowels, but, unheard of audacity! marches off at the head of companies of consonants, and

> "towering o'er the alphabet, like Saul
> Stands the Digamma, and o'ertops them all."

Mr. Sophocles has explained the true character of the letter, and shown how it was transmuted, in the course of the changes of language, into other letters of kindred but softened sound, and how it occasionally reappears, in the Latin and some of the modern languages, with various modifications. The tables of verbal anomalies, so important for learners, are accurate and complete, and many of the more singular grammatical phenomena are very ingeniously accounted for. No peculiar form is left unnoticed, and all the given forms are established by references to classical Greek authors; and the etymology is usually mentioned. The Appendix contains a selection of ancient inscriptions taken from Rose, and from the great work of Boeckh, the *Corpus Inscriptionum.* These inscriptions, used judiciously,

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are of great importance to Hellenists, though almost universally neglected by writers on Greek grammar. In some respects, they are of the highest authority. They are *original documents;* whereas all the texts of all the Greek authors have passed through the hands of innumerable transcribers and editors, losing, of course, something of their authority at each remove from the autograph of the author. But in the inscriptions, we have the very letters as they were chiselled by the hands of the Greeks themselves; and though they do not, at least in many instances, show any critical accuracy, in the modern sense of the term, they exhibit the language as it existed in the mouths of the people; they show how words were popularly written, and what changes took place in letters, when words were combined into sentences; and they throw much light on Greek pronunciation in general, and clear up many points in grammar. Mr. Sophocles has elicited a variety of interesting facts from them, and, by their authority, established the truth, in several controverted grammatical questions. The volume closes with a valuable essay on the Greek alphabet.

We are satisfied that this little volume will be considered by scholars as one of the richest and most important contributions to Greek philological literature of our times, and we take especial pride in introducing it to our readers as a production of Greek scholarship in the United States.

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5. — *Grammar of the Greek Language for the use of High Schools and Colleges.* By Dr. Raphael Kühner, Corrector of the Lyceum, Hanover. Translated from the German by B. B. Edwards, Professor in the Theological Seminary, and S. H. Taylor, Principal of Phillips Academy, Andover. Andover: Allen, Morrill, & Wardwell. 1844. 8vo. pp. 603.

Dr. Kühner has been, for some time, known as one of the most distinguished classical scholars and teachers in Germany. He received his early education in the Gymnasium at Gotha, and then studied at the University of Göttingen under Mitscherlich, Dissen, and Ottfried Müller. On the completion of his university studies, he became an instructer in the Lyceum at Hanover, and has since taken a high rank among the philological scholars of Germany, by a series of excellent works on the Greek and Latin languages. He has published three Greek grammars, adapted to the different stages of classical education, and all marked by clearness of conception, judgment in arranging the

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materials, and scientific order in the development of the grammatical principles of the language. The middle one of the three, called *Schulgrammatik der Griechischen Sprache*, is the work which Mr. Edwards and Mr. Taylor have given to the public in the translation, the title of which is copied above. It is a grammar of the highest excellence, indicating a thorough knowledge of the Greek language in all its stages, and that completeness of arrangement, which can only result from long experience as a classical teacher. The principles which control the formation of the language are explained with fulness and precision. But the most important improvements are in the mode of treatment to which Dr. Kühner has subjected the syntax, the principles of which are laid down in accordance with the natural and logical relations of words with each other, as representatives of intellectual conceptions and thoughts. Language is treated, not as a stiff, mechanical contrivance, subjected to unbending *rules, but as a natural, though wonderful, growth and organization*, adapting itself with magical flexibility to the subtlest processes of thought. Grammar becomes, under this mode of treatment, a highly interesting and intellectual study, and one closely related to the philosophy of the human mind.

The Greek language, having early received a rich and beautiful development in the sacred hymns, the epic narratives, and the didactic poems, of a race of bards who chanted their compositions to listening multitudes; and afterwards, by the varied productions of the lyric genius of Greece, in many local dialects of equal excellence; by the tragic and comic pieces that were brought upon the stage before the thronging spectators of the festivals; by the chronicles of historians, which were read to enthusiastic assemblies; by the harangues of orators, the discourses of teachers, the lectures and dialogues of philosophers, all composed to act upon present hearers, and with reference to the excited sympathies of a living audience; — the language, extended to its richest compass by such influences, long before grammarians existed, and without the restraints of priggish and pedantic purists, attained to an extraordinary degree of completeness as an exponent of human thought, under all the modifications of poetry, history, popular eloquence, and philosophy. Such a language cannot be brought under the rubric of a dead and merely mechanical system of rules and exceptions; but the multiplicity of its forms, springing from, and coextensive with, the relations of thought, must be taken up in a genial and comprehensive spirit, and arranged according to a philosophical apprehension of all the phenomena of the Hellenic intellect, so far as they have been embodied in written records.

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This is a problem which Dr. Kühner seems to have accomplished better than any other grammarian with whose works we are acquainted. The German language approaches the Greek more nearly, in richness and flexibility, than any other modern tongue. It has been so much employed in the most subtile discussions of philosophy and philology; it has such boundless native resources to draw from, when new terms and fresh combinations of words are required for the expression of new and peculiar relations of thought, that a science like that of Greek grammar may be fully and variously developed in it with comparative facility. Dr. Kühner has brought the capacities of his native language to a severe test, in attempting to express the phenomena of Hellenic thought and the most subtile modes of conception, by corresponding expressions and combinations.

The translators of the present work — one of them well known as a learned theologian, and an accomplished scholar, the other as one of the ablest and most promising classical teachers in New England, and earnestly devoted to his profession — have manifested signal power in overcoming the obstacles which lay in their path. They have made a close and faithful version of Kühner, which, where it does not adhere verbally to the original, gives always its spirit and substance, and is at the same time true to the idioms of the English language. The copious illustrations of Kühner are retained, and all his references to the classical authors have been carefully verified. For the analogies adduced in the original, the translators have supplied corresponding analogies from the English, and have sometimes furnished ingenious parallels where none are found in the German.

NOTE

TO ARTICLE I.

We made a blunder in ascribing the intrigue with Lady Grosvenor to his Majesty, the reigning king of Hanover. It was not "*this* Duke of Cumberland," but his relative and immediate predecessor in bearing the title, whose amour with her Ladyship, in the latter part of the last century, gratified the English love of scandal, and fostered the English respect for rank and royal blood. The mistake is of no importance to the course of our remarks, for the honor of the affair is still *all in the family.*

In our paper on English morals, manners, and poetry, in the present number, we said that the line of epic poets closed with Robert Pollok. We were never more mistaken in our lives;

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it ends with John Fitchett. Since that article was printed, we have received from England literary intelligence of the highest importance. We regret extremely, that the steamship which crossed the Atlantic Ocean, freighted with such interesting news, should have been delayed by an adverse fate too long for us to make the great announcement in the body of our article. The epic genius of Britain has risen to the vertical point, —

"his beams at noon
Culminate from the equator," —

and henceforth he can only descend towards the setting. A new epic poet, of such gigantic dimensions, that the great men of other ages seem dwarfed to pigmies in his presence, has unexpectedly burst, a hundred and thirty thousand verses strong, upon the startled world. The light of his genius has had no dawn, but has blazed forth, like the meridian sun, or the intrusive comet of 1843, with strange fear perplexing the critics. The journals advertise, as just from the press, "King Alfred, a Poem by John Fitchett," six volumes, 8vo.: Pickering, London. All the English magazines are aghast. Editors, unable to curb their impatience, have hastened, before reading the poem through, to give the world the benefit of their partial observations upon this stupendous phenomenon. Mr. Forster, the able and accomplished literary editor of the London *Examiner*, speaks in the following flattering terms of this sudden avatar, this overwhelming avalanche of poetry. "It is contained in six large octavo volumes; each volume comprising eight books of the poem. Each book of the poem has its average of nearly three thousand lines. We have called an experienced accountant to our help, and find that the sum total of lines is one hundred and thirty-one thousand two hundred and thirty-eight. The same authority has ascertained for us, that Homer's *Iliad* can boast but fifteen thousand six hundred and ninety-three lines; the *Æneid* of Virgil, but nine thousand eight hundred and ninety-five; and the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, no more than ten thousand five hundred and sixty-five. Thus four *Iliads*, four *Æneids*, and four *Paradise Losts* are, summed all together, about the quantity of one *King Alfred*."

Mr. John Fitchett was a country lawyer. He devoted leisure, fortune, and life to the composition of "King Alfred"; resolved, cost what it might, to outdo the immortal work of Joseph Cottle. He was forty years in travelling the great and terrible desert of this epic, — just the time the Israelites were occupied in getting through the wilderness, — and did not reach the promised land of publication, at last. He died in 1838; nor ought any reasonable person to be surprised at the melancholy event.

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The volumes are published by his surviving friends, — that any should have survived "King Alfred"! — as a monument to his memory, a *cenotaph* to his fame. The poem was not entirely finished at his lamented demise, but, more fortunate than Virgil, or the famous Londoner, who

"left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,"

he had a friend who took up the tale, — all told to be sure, except the last few pages of the sixth volume, — and without pause or faltering sung it out to the end.

"Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii."

We regret extremely, that we cannot give our readers a fuller account of this, the last and greatest work of the British epic muse. The English reviewers are so full of wonder and admiration, that they cease to be as perspicuous and didactic as usual. In the midst of their rhapsodies, however, we discern the fact, that the machinery consists of demons, headed by Satan, on the part of the Danes, and of an angelic host which supports Alfred and the English. A writer in the London *Spectator*, by way we suppose of proving him to be a true John Bull of a poet, remarks, that the work shows Mr. Fitchett to have had "not the least idea of the manners of a barbarous age, or of any other." He then proceeds to quote, with such panegyrical comments as he seems to think the poetry deserved, a lofty description of the portent by which the archangel Michael stops the career of the Danes in the midst of victory. We subjoin only a few lines, by way of whet to our readers' appetite for the whole, which they will have by and by, if they want it.

"Immediate from the victor host arose
Shrieks horrible of terror and dismay,
Filling heaven's concave; shouts and cries succeed,
That stun all ears. Lo! wondrous to relate,
Suddenly stops the universal mass
In height of victory. Nor the hot pursuit,
Nor lust of battle, claims one wandering thought;
Sole towards the awful omen each man bends
His *total soul*";—

or his *demned total*, as Mr. Mantalini says. The addition of this new and illustrious name to the records of British poetry has been discussed with the respect which so thrilling an event deserved; and it gives us no common pleasure to inform our readers, that the compass of English epic genius is enlarged to the magic number five. The euphonious *pentade* comprises the great names of Cowley, Glover, Cottle, Pollok, and Fitchett.

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LETTER FROM DR. ROBINSON.

The following letter refers to the article in review of Dr. Olin's "Travels in Palestine" in the North American Review for October, 1843, and to the letter from Dr. Olin in reply to that article, which we published in a note to the number for January, 1844.

To the Editor of the North American Review.

Dear Sir, — I am very reluctantly induced to ask a place in your Journal for the following statement, respecting a single point in the matter recently at issue between the North American Review and the Rev. Dr. Olin. It relates to *the bridge* which anciently connected the Jewish temple with Mount Zion. As to the other matters in question, I suppose the issue to lie, not with me, but between Dr. Olin and the public, whom the reviewer represents.

In my work on Palestine, after recounting the manner in which I was led to recognize the remains of the ancient bridge so often mentioned by Josephus, and after describing those remains, there is subjoined the following note.

"Since the above was written, I have been informed by both Messrs. Bonomi and Catherwood, the well known artists, that they likewise remarked these large stones in 1833, and recognized in them the beginning of an immense arch. They regarded them, too, as probably among the most ancient remains in or around Jerusalem; but had no suspicion of their historical import." *Biblical Researches in Palestine*, Vol. I., p. 427.

This note was first written in London, in October, 1840, after an interview with Mr. Bonomi. He spoke of the remains as being the fragment of an arch; but frankly added, "We could make nothing more of them." The note was afterwards submitted in manuscript to Mr. Catherwood, in New York; who kindly showed me his very beautiful drawing of the remains in question, and corroborated the general statement of Mr. Bonomi. The note was printed with his sanction. My work appeared in July, 1841. The facts respecting the recognition of the bridge had been published in this country in October, 1838; and, before the middle of 1839, they had been further spread before the world as widely as the public presses of England, Germany, and the United States could give them currency.

Dr. Olin was in Jerusalem in April, 1840; and in his Travels, published in April, 1843, after describing the ancient remains around the mosque, he has the following passage.

"I could not learn that the most interesting and unquestionable of these remains — the massive arch of the ancient bridge — had been so

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much as mentioned by any modern traveller, though its existence has long been well known to European and other residents, as well as visiters. At least, this is the impression which I derived from my conversation with Mr. Nicolayson; who told me that Mr. Catherwood had examined the remains of the bridge seven years before." Vol. II. p. 268.

To this passage the reviewer took exceptions; and Dr. Olin, in his reply, uses the following language.

"Mr. Nicolayson was my guide to this monument; and I recorded his statement and my own measurement at the time. I now declare, that I never saw or heard the name of Dr. Robinson connected with this subject in Jerusalem or elsewhere, until I read the 'Researches' nearly two years after my visit. Having no reason to distrust my own information, I of course presumed Dr. Robinson was in an error, in regarding himself as the original discoverer. Mr. Catherwood, who is a professional architect, and the author of Dr. Robinson's plan of Jerusalem,* as well as the one always in my hand, in which he had laid down the Temple, Mount Zion, and the valley between them, across which the arch looks directly, could hardly have doubted or been mistaken with regard to its design. Mr. Catherwood has often told me since, that my account is strictly true; and that he, as well as several other gentlemen with whom he conversed in Jerusalem, regarded and spoke of this monument as the remains of an ancient bridge, that connected the Jewish temple with Mount Zion."

It is the testimony here ascribed to Mr. Catherwood, to which I would invite the reader's attention. On comparing it with my note in the Biblical Researches quoted above, the discrepancy is seen to be so striking, that one of three things must necessarily follow, namely: either I was wrong in my statement respecting Messrs. Bonomi and Catherwood; or Dr. Olin was here in the wrong; or Mr. Catherwood at different times had made different statements. It seemed due to Mr. C. as well as to myself, to call his attention to the matter. The article appeared on the 1st of January last; and by the packet of January 6th, I wrote to him on the subject. His reply is so full of frank and honorable feeling, and so creditable to his candor, that I should not feel justified in withholding it from the public. I therefore give it here entire, subjoining a few remarks. The date of the postscript shows why it could not appear in your April number.

* Mr. Catherwood was not the author of the plan of Jerusalem in the Biblical Researches; but Mr. H. Kiepert, of Berlin. He made use of the same original as Mr. C. appears to have done, viz., the earlier plan of Sieber, and introduced all Mr. C.'s corrections in and around the haram, which were made from careful measurements. But Kiepert's plan varies very materially from Mr. C.'s, on the south and west, and in the shading of the hills within the city; all these being corrections derived from measurements made with my own hands. — E. R.

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"London, 9th February, 1844.

"DEAR SIR, — Your favor of January 6th reached me but a few days before the sailing of the February steamer, and I was too much engaged to answer it at the moment. I had also to make some inquiries, to refresh my memory, which is not very good, in regard to conversations held many years ago. I am sorry that any thing I should have said, or omitted saying, should have produced an apparent discrepancy in my testimony regarding the bridge; but I will endeavour to recall to mind and relate all I know of the matter in question.

"Before going to Jerusalem, I was furnished with a manuscript map of the city by Mr. J. J. Scoles, architect, who made it on the spot, and at that time it was the best extant. I also had conversations with Mr. Barry and Mr. Scoles regarding the most interesting points that still remained for investigation. Among other directions, Mr. Scoles told me to 'look out for the remains of a bridge which joined Mount Moriah to Mount Zion.' He had been unsuccessful in finding it himself; and did not mention to me whence he derived his information respecting it. (I have a note from Mr. Scoles to this effect, dated a few days ago.) This direction was a verbal one, not written down, and which I afterwards forgot altogether; and when I discovered the arch, it was not from purposely looking for it, but casually, in making my survey of the walls surrounding the mosque of Omar.

"I therefore was in error when I stated to Dr. Olin, that others (meaning Messrs. Barry and Scoles) were previously acquainted with the arch in question. Mr. S. has set me right on this point; and I thus rather unexpectedly find myself to have been (so far as I know) the discoverer. I had no doubt, from the moment I saw it, that it had formed part of a viaduct and aqueduct; but I was totally ignorant of its historical importance. I merely looked at it, as an architect, with reference to its position, both to *the watercourse from Bethlehem* and the deep ground between it and Mount Zion. I do not recollect whether I spoke on the subject to Mr. Bonomi or Mr. Nicolayson; but when Dr. Olin told me that Mr. N. mentioned my name in connection with it, I concluded I had spoken to him on the point; which is very probable, from my having had almost daily intercourse with Mr. N.

"This, therefore, will explain my not having made any observation, when I read your note. I was in doubt, and therefore said nothing; at least, so far as I can recollect. I was, moreover, desirous, that you, who have labored so diligently and successfully in the field of Jewish antiquities, should have the full merit (as is justly due to you) of being the first to publish and bring to light the historical importance of this monument. I

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have stated the facts to the best of my recollection and present knowledge; and hope the explanation will prove satisfactory.

"I am, dear Sir, very truly yours,

"F. CATHERWOOD.

"P. S.—March 2d. About a week ago I received a letter from Dr. Olin, asking some explanation on this subject; and I thought the best plan would be, to send him a transcript of my letter to you; which I have accordingly done. F. C."

REMARKS.

I. The question here at issue is not, whether these remains have ever been noticed before; for they must have been seen by thousands upon thousands, in the long course of seventeen centuries, and especially in the age of the Crusades. Nor is it, whether they have before been recognized as an arch; for among the multitudes who have looked upon them, it is scarcely possible to suppose, that some one should not have detected their true character in this respect. Yet there is no known testimony extant earlier than that of Mr. Catherwood; so that, in this sense, he is the discoverer, as I have stated in the Researches. Nor is it here the question, whether any one had, or had not, before speculated upon the purpose of such an arch in this place; for among the multitudes of learned men and artists who have visited the city, as, for instance, during the Crusades, we can hardly suppose, that such speculations would not have arisen in some minds; and then nothing would have been more natural than to refer these remains to a bridge or an aqueduct. Yet here, too, there is no recorded testimony in behalf of any one before Mr. Catherwood. The true question at issue is simply this: Had any person, before my visit to Jerusalem, in April, 1838, in any way brought these remains into connection with the important historical fact, made known to us by the Jewish historian, that a bridge anciently existed over the valley between the Temple and Mount Zion? I know of no such person. Had Mr. Scoles found the spot, he very probably would have brought out the result years ago. Or had Mr. Catherwood published his own observations, it is hardly to be supposed, that scientific inquirers would not have quickly perceived their identity with the bridge of Josephus. But he did not do this; and he frankly says of himself, "I was totally ignorant of its historical importance." There is no other person, so far as I know, who can in any way be brought forward in derogation of my right to this very casual honor; and this is all that I have ever claimed for myself in the Biblical Researches or elsewhere. I went to Jerusalem knowing nothing of the existence of any such remains; my attention was

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called to them there; and their identity with the ancient bridge instantly suggested itself to my mind.

II. I sincerely regret, that Mr. Catherwood, in his conversations with me, in January, 1841, did not mention that he had, at the time, regarded the arch as having "formed part of a viaduct and aqueduct." Had he done so, I certainly should have stated the fact in connection with my note; both because my only object was, and is, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and also because, in a matter of so much archæological importance, it is interesting to scholars to be able to trace the progress of discovery. The idea of an aqueduct and viaduct would very naturally present itself to Mr. C.'s mind, not only as an architect, but also from the analogous fact, that the water-course from Bethlehem is actually carried over the Valley of Hinnom, on the west of the city, in this very manner. But how little stress Mr. Catherwood himself laid upon this hypothesis, as also upon the whole matter, is obvious, not only from his having thus left it to sleep for so many years; but also from the fact, that, on his plan of the city, instead of bringing the said water-course into the haram in any possible connection with the arch, he actually brings it in from the south, at a point where the ground is nearly a hundred feet below the level of the mosque and of the ancient bridge. The real place of its entrance is along the eastern precipice of Zion, and across the Tyropœon, at an elevation considerably less than that of the bridge.

III. It may be asked, What is here the difference between *a* bridge and *the* bridge? Why is not the inference of a scientific architect just as conclusive and important as the testimony of a historian? The reply is, that, while such an inference brings out no result beyond or more important than itself, the identification of the arch in question with a known ancient bridge is at once an immense step gained in the archæology and topography of the Temple and city. For example: travellers have for ages gazed upon many courses of huge stones in the external substructions of the haram; and perhaps all have conjectured, and many have believed, that these had been in some way connected with the Jewish Temple. This, however, was merely matter of credence, and not of demonstration; and it is not too much to say, that not a single point in the topography of the city had ever been certainly and indubitably settled. But the moment we identify this arch with the bridge described by Josephus, the conclusion follows irresistibly, that these courses of stones, with which it is thus connected, are parts of the identical wall existing in the time of Josephus. Similar reasoning applies to the southern and western walls; and hence is demonstrated beyond

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cavil the general identity of the present area of the mosque with that of the ancient Temple. Further; the same bridge connected the Temple with Zion; and the hill now opposite on the west is thus proved to be Zion. In this way is shown the falsity of Dr. Clarke's theory, who held Zion to be the hill south of the Valley of Hinnom; — a theory which, heretofore, scholars might disbelieve, but could not disprove. Thus we may go on through the whole city; and, as one point after another is gained, each may be referred back, for all the certainty it can claim, to the identification of the arch in question with the ancient bridge.

IV. The sum of the whole matter may, therefore, be stated as follows: Mr. Scoles was aware, doubtless, from Josephus, that an ancient bridge had existed; but was unable to find any remains. He suggested to Mr. Catherwood to look for such remains, but the suggestion was forgotten; and when Mr. C. found the arch in question, he was not aware that there had been an ancient bridge. That is to say; the former knew there had been a bridge, but found no remains; the latter did not know that a bridge had existed, but found the fragment of an arch, which he referred to an aqueduct and viaduct. Thus far there was no gain to history or topography. It was left to a third person, five years afterwards, knowing nothing of what the former two had done, to connect and identify on the spot the said remains with the ancient bridge; and thus to fix a definite and imperishable landmark, from which to trace out and settle beyond controversy many most important points in the archæology and topography of the Holy City.

V. In accordance with these remarks, the statement of Mr. Bartlett is to be modified, in his recent work, entitled, "Walks about the City and Environs of Jerusalem," London, 1844, p. 149. — I may here add, that the engraved view of the arch given in that work (p. 150) does not strike me as very correct. The wall in that part does by no means present an appearance so regular and well defined. If my memory is right, the drawing made by Mr. Catherwood is far more truthful.

In conclusion, I would repeat, that it is with very great reluctance that I thus come before the public. It has, however, seemed to me, that justice to Mr. Catherwood, as well as to myself, demands it.

Yours, with great respect,

EDWARD ROBINSON.

New York, June 10th, 1844.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Theory of Morals: an Inquiry concerning the Law of Moral Distinctions, and the Variations and Contradictions of Ethical Codes. By Richard Hildreth. Boston: Little & Brown. 1844. 12mo. pp. 272.

Statutes of the State of Connecticut and Additional Laws to 1844, reduced to Questions and Answers, for the Use of Schools and Families. By William B. Wedgwood, A. M. Hartford: Gurdon Robins. 1844. 12mo. pp. 104.

The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, with the Manual of Epictetus, and a Summary of Christian Morality. Freely translated from the original Greek, by Henry M'Cormac, M. D. London: Longmans & Co. 1844. 12mo. pp. 126.

Aids to English Composition, prepared for Students of all Grades; embracing Specimens and Models of School and College Exercises, and most of the higher Departments of English Composition, both in Prose and Verse: designed as a Sequel to "Progressive Exercises in English Composition." By Richard Green Parker. Boston: Robert S. Davis. 1844. 12mo. pp. 418.

The Ciceronian: or the Prussian Method of teaching the Elements of the Latin Language. Adapted to the Use of American Schools. By B. Sears. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1844. 12mo. pp. 184.

Sweet Auburn and Mount Auburn, with other Poems. By Caroline F. Orne. Cambridge: John Owen. 12mo. pp. 196.

The Acts of the Apostles: with a Commentary. By Abiel Abbot Livermore. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1844. 12mo. pp. 330.

The Obligations of the World to the Bible: a Series of Lectures to Young Men. By Gardiner Spring, Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in the City of New York. New York: John S. Taylor & Co. 1844. 12mo. pp. 404.

Memoirs of the Rev. Noah Worcester, D. D. By the Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., D. D. With a Preface, Notes, and a Concluding Chapter, by Samuel Worcester. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1844. 12mo. pp. 155.

Transactions of the New York State Agricultural Society, together with an Abstract of the Proceedings of the County Agricultural Societies. Vol. III. 1843. Albany: 1844. 8vo. pp. 670.

The Life of Benjamin Franklin; containing the Autobiography, with Notes and a Continuation. By Jared Sparks. Boston: Tappan & Dennet. 1844. 8vo. pp. 612.

Girlhood and Womanhood: or Sketches of my Schoolmates. By Mrs. A. J. Graves, Author of Woman in America. Boston: T. H. Carter & Co., and B. B. Mussey. 1844. 12mo. pp. 216.

Drawings and Tintings [Poems]. By Alfred B. Street. New York: Burgess & Stringer, and M. Y. Beach. 1844. 8vo. pp. 48.

An Address on Pauperism, its Extent, Causes, and the best Means of Prevention; delivered at the Church in Bowdoin Square, February 4, 1844. By R. C. Waterston. Boston: Little & Brown. 1844. 8vo. pp. 52.

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An Address, by Frederic W. Lincoln, Jr., and a Poem, by George Coolidge, delivered before the Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association, on its Twenty-Fourth Anniversary, February 22, 1844. Boston: Published for the Association. 1844. 8vo. pp. 34 and 16.

Evil Speaking. A Sermon preached in the Congregational Church in Tyngsborough, February 4, 1844. By Horatio Wood, Minister of that Church. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1844. 8vo. pp. 16.

An Introductory Lecture to the Course of Chemistry and Pharmacy, in the Medical Department of St. Louis University. By A. Litton, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy. St. Louis: 1844. 8vo. pp. 23.

Memorial of Nahum Capen, of Boston, Massachusetts, on the Subject of International Copy-right, presented to Congress, January 15, 1844. 8vo. pp. 12.

The Guests of Brazil, or the Martyrdom of Frederick, a Tragedy. New York: Burgess, Stringer, & Co. 1844. 12mo. pp. 70.

The Government and the Currency. Part I. By Henry Middleton, Jr. Philadelphia: Printed for the Author. 1844. 12mo. pp. 69.

The Valley of Vision; or the Dry Bones of Israel Revived. An Attempted Proof (from Ezekiel, xxxvii., 1 – 14) of the Restoration and Conversion of the Jews. By George Bush, Professor of Hebrew, New York City University. New York: Saxton & Miles. 1844. 8vo. pp. 60.

Texas and the Massachusetts Resolutions. By Charles Francis Adams. Boston: Eastburn's Press. 1844. 8vo. pp. 54.

The Democratic Monthly Magazine, and Western Review. Vol. I. No. I. May, 1844. Columbus, Ohio: Printed by S. Medary. 1844. 8vo. pp. 100.

Ninth Annual Report of the Association for the Religious Instruction of the Negroes, in Liberty County, Georgia, together with the Address to the Association, by the President, the Rev. Robert Quarterman. Savannah: Printed by Thomas Purse. 1844. 12mo. pp. 44.

The Junius Tracts. New York: Greeley & McElrath. 1844. 8vo. pp. 128.

A Complete Greek and English Lexicon of the Poems of Homer and the Homeridæ, from the German of G. C. Crusius. Translated and revised by Henry Smith, Professor of Greek in Marietta College. Hartford: H. Huntington. 1844. 8vo. pp. 600.

The Poetical Works of Winthrop Mackworth Praed. Now first collected, by Rufus W. Griswold. New York: Henry G. Langley. 1844. 12mo. pp. 287.

The Mysteries of the Heaths; or the Chateau de Chevalaine. From the French of Frederic Soulié. Translated by George Fleming. New York: Henry G. Langley. 1844. 8vo. pp. 168.

Masonic Melodies: adapted to the Ceremonies and Festivals of the Fraternity. By Thomas Power, Past Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. Boston: Oliver Ditson. 1844. 8vo. pp. 105.

The Irish Girl, and other Poems. By Sarah Ellis, author of the Women of England, &c. New York: James Langley. 1844. 12mo. pp. 263.

The Brother and Sister, and other Tales. By Mrs. Ellis, author of the Irish Girl, &c. New York: James Langley. 1844. 18mo. pp. 216.

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